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July 1984

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HARPER'S



PLAYING POLITICS
Why the Democrats Don't Care Who Wins in November
By Walter Karp

IF I WERE RUNNING AGAINST REAGAN
Incendiary Oratory for a Dry Political Season

Eugene McCarthy Studs Terkel Tom Hayden
Ronald V. Dellums Ben J. Wattenberg Karl Hess

THE 'NEW YORKER' STORY
By Martha Bayles

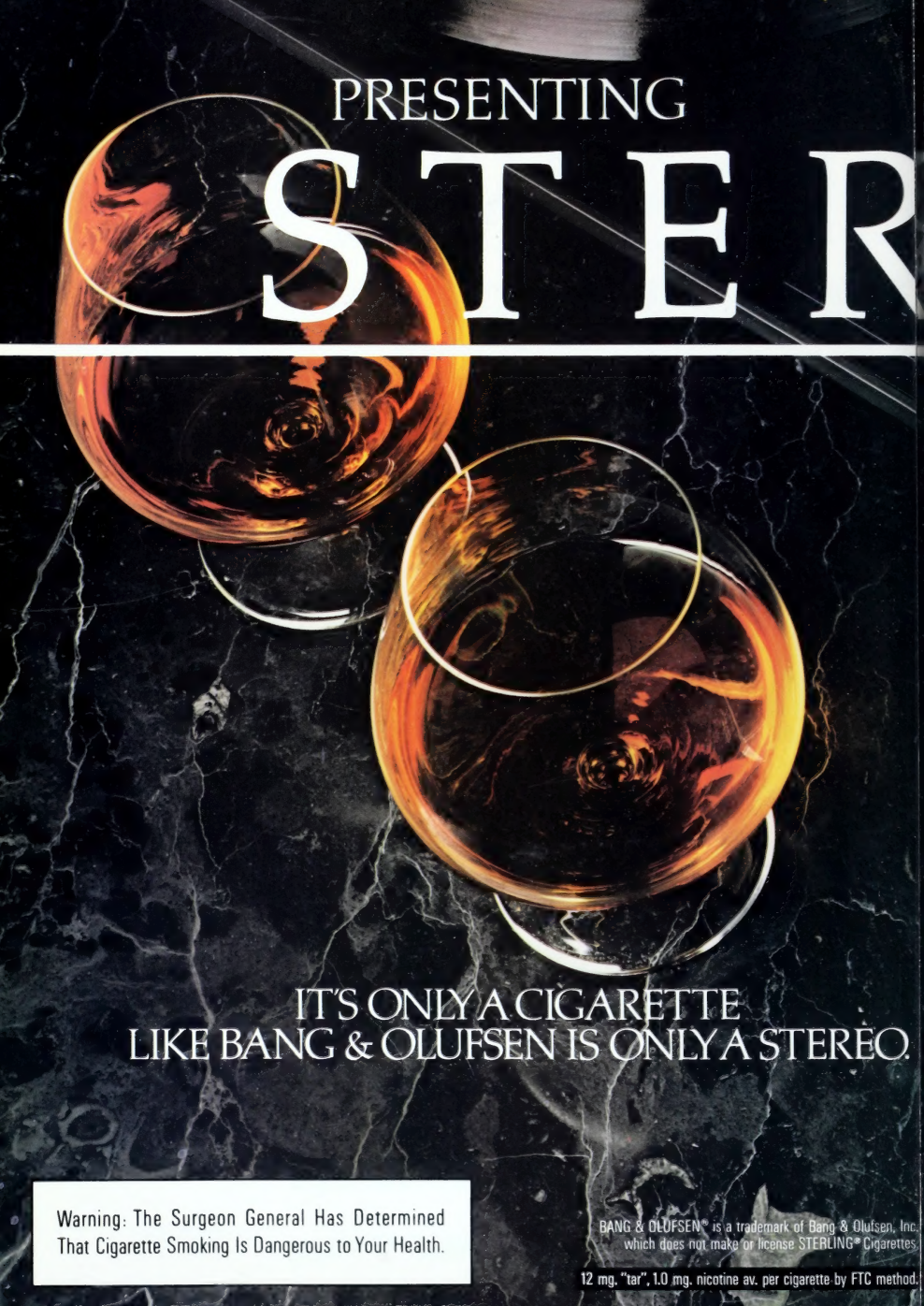
BY ROLLS TO RUSSIA
By Simon Winchester

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BREAKTHROUGH: ONE IF BY LAND. ONE BILLION IF BY LASER.

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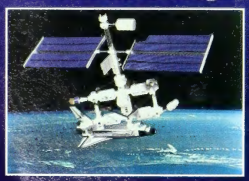
Today our challenge is to use light for communication through satellites. The problem: How to make light pulse as fast as possible and contain as much information as possible.

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FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 269, NO. 1610
JULY 1984

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LETTERS

Perfect Worlds

Re: "A Press Guide to Paradise" [*Harper's*, May]

TIME: 2001.

PLACE: An independent space colony called Twain. Population: approximately 600.

POLITICS: Twain is one of the twenty-four island cantons that make up the Bel Air Confederation. The confederation is an Electronic Democracy. Citizens present their views and wishes daily to the Confed-Computer. The computer feeds back "decision options," which are put to a weekly vote. It is a rare occasion when any citizen is required to do something he does not wish to do.

The Bel Air Confederation is part of the United States of Jefferson, a nation of some 700,000 inhabitants. The U.S.J. is made up of 1,152 space-colony islands designed according to the specifications of NASA's Ames Laboratory. The colonies were constructed by cooperatives under contract to the American government of the Old World.

NATIONAL DEFENSE: The U.S.J. possesses no weapons that can destroy Earth. The colonies are protected by screens of lasers capable of neutralizing hostile rockets from Earth.

RELIGION: Banned.

HOUSING: Designed for robot service. Completely computerized. All outside walls are glass, opening onto gardens and lawns. The roof panels slide back so that the sky is visible. ("3 BR, 3 Ba, LR, DR, Study. Charming. Offered by Century 21.") Every house has a communications studio with satellite dishes for receiving and transmitting signals.

TRANSPORTATION: Travel from one island to another is by vacuum jitney, space bike, and rocket roadster. There is body-soaring in the central (low-gravity) regions of each island.

RECREATION: Building new, improved mini-earths, navigating clipper ships through the solar system, building devices for contacting Higher Intelligence, searching for metal-rich asteroids.

WORK: Robots work. Humans perform.

LANGUAGE: Neurolog, vulgarly called Einstein. Brain-reimprints facilitate the learning of earth languages.

SEX: Constant. Every action is eroticized.

CRIMES: Mistakes are understood and forgiven by all concerned. They are generally not repeated.

Timothy Leary
Los Angeles, Calif.

As a passionate filmgoer, I can hardly endorse W. H. Auden's vision of an Eden without movies. The shadows on the wall of Plato's cave have always been my consolation for a reality that has never lived up to my childhood expectations. Nor would I ever be comfortable in the Edens devised by reclusive poets and philosophers to the manor born. My own metabolism was set to withstand Times Square on New Year's Eve. As Aldous Huxley once remarked, the poets of the Lake District might have expressed a less benign view of "Nature" if they had lived in equatorial Africa.

Perhaps the time has come to make distinctions between Eden and Utopia. Eden is usually designed for oneself and one's dearest friends. Utopia

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. *Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*

is usually designed for everyone else. Eden is generally pre-; Utopia generally post-. Eden has more to do with aesthetics; Utopia more with economics. Eden is an idyllic summer vacation; Utopia a pleasant workweek.

I don't believe I would ever be entirely happy in any Eden or Utopia. But then I would never be entirely happy anywhere. By both temperament and vocation, I am a carper, a crank, a critic.

Andrew Sarris
New York, N.Y.

Eden is not so much an idea as it is a place to be understood. The understanding begins with one's perception as to the existence or nonexistence of objective truth. Because I believe there is objective truth, I believe Eden was real.

Eden represented a state of perfection on earth; it was a place where God and man could meet and walk and talk (this was before Yale, remember?). What was it like? The Bible gives only a broad picture, but we know that there was no death, no pain, no poverty, no human need of any kind. The climate was probably tropical. It was warm enough that clothing was not needed, but no one noticed what was later called "nakedness." Animals were under the dominion of humans, and neither had anything to fear from the other.

Eden ceased to exist because of man's rebellion against God, and since then mankind has conjured up imaginary states of perfection that have fallen far short of this glorious ideal. These states of perfection have usually been grounded in materialism, hedonism, and "looking out for number one." This is not Eden. It is hell, where the pursuit of self-gratification is eternal, but the goal unattainable. It is, in short, the ultimate frustration. The closest earthly analogy I can think of is eternal life with a never satisfied boss or spouse.

There can be no Eden on this earth as it is currently constituted. No matter how much pleasure or comfort any man achieves, his "eden" must eventually end in death.

Eden is behind. Heaven is before. Adam, the first inhabitant of Eden, died. We, to whom death was bequeathed, are offered the opportunity to overcome death and escape hell. Satan, who defeated Adam with temptation, has been defeated by Jesus Christ, who offers to all eternal life in a new eden, heaven itself.

One need not be concerned, as W. H. Auden was in his essay, with such temporal things as language, climate, weights and measures, and entertainment. These things were ushered in after "the fall." They will cease to occupy our attention in the new eden, where there will be no pursuit of perfection. There, perfection has already been attained, and a new order that transcends all mutable standards of delight, pleasure, and contentment already exists.

Reverend Jerry Falwell
Lynchburg, Va.

LANDSCAPE: A city on a river. A village on an island. Something as dramatic as Iceland close by. The past is fossilized and visible.

WEATHER: Slate blue sky, shafts of sunlight. Smooth rain. A July afternoon, no clouds. A mid-November morning in New England, every leaf turned gold or crimson. If there is snow, serious feet of it; it remains clean when it melts, and melts swiftly.

ARCHITECTURE: The purpose of architecture is to accommodate rather than confound.

COMMUNICATION: Languages differ, but only enough to make it interesting.

GENDER AND RACE: Differences are celebrated, but they are significant only when productive.

IDEALS OF PHYSICAL BEAUTY: Their realization does not require pain or self-denial.

PAIN AND FEAR: Venerated paths to enlightenment.

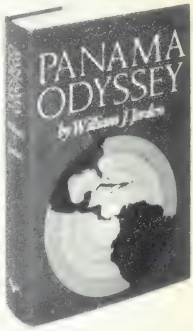
PLEASURE: Never confused with sin.

VALUES: Whatever in the human spirit is comforted by greed, let it be quieted by an acceptance of powerlessness. Whatever in the human heart is protected by obsession, let it prefer to be nourished by feeling.

Honor Moore
New York, N.Y.

Continued on page 74

PANAMA ODYSSEY
William J. Jorden



A first-hand account of the negotiations culminating in the Panama Canal Treaties of 1978—the most significant foreign policy achievement of the Carter presidency—by the former U.S. ambassador to Panama and diplomatic correspondent for the *New York Times*. Timely and well written, this vivid chronicle provides an insider's view of how the United States conducts its foreign policy.

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NOTEBOOK

Hotel America

By Lewis H. Lapham

Maybe I still cherish overly fond expectations, or maybe I have read or listened to so many campaign speeches over the last twenty years that I have become indifferent to their poetics. Whatever the reasons, I find it increasingly difficult to guess at what the candidates hope to accomplish if and when they arrive in office. They run through the lists of their policy positions (on foreign and economic affairs, racial prejudice, education, weapons, the deficit, etc.), but they never set forth, at least in a language that I can understand, their visions of an ethical or decent society. I know what they say they will do about taxes or El Salvador, but what dreams of justice do they pursue through the long and exhausting months of photo opportunities, airport press briefings, and noon appearances in suburban shopping malls? If all their promises could be redeemed, and all their good intentions changed into the currency of law, what sort of society would they build in what they describe as a wilderness made desolate by the folly of their opponents? How would they arrange the hierarchy of moral and commercial truth? How would they define a happy man or an exemplary life?

The questions seldom get asked because the answers tend to blur the distinctions between candidates of theoretically antagonistic views. Although slight, these distinctions cost so much to promote and take up so much space in the media that it is thought rude, especially by the grand pooh-bahs of the opinion-making community, to dismiss them as negligible. Jesse Jackson stands for freedom and fairness, but so do Walter Mondale and President Reagan, and it is hard to imagine any of those gentlemen conceiving of a system of values other than the one already operative in the Defense Department and the stock market.

The assumptions implicit in the candidates' texts reveal a depressingly uniform conception not only of the state but also of what is meant by the words for freedom, law, and politics. Without even a murmur of dissent, they agree on the landscaping and architectural design of the great, good American place on the far side of election day. Republican or Democrat, liberal or conservative, insurgent or incumbent, the candidates offer almost identical blueprints for Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. They talk about the technologies of government, not about the meaning of society.

The narrowness of their collective political imagination leads them to conceive of the Republic as something very much like a resort hotel, in which the citizens receive the comforts owed to them by virtue of their status as America's guests. The subsidiary ideological arguments amount to little more than complaints about the number, quality, and cost of the available services. Listed under the rubrics of a travel advertisement, the principal characteristics of Hotel America might be advertised as follows:

1. The Electorate. Another name for the clientele. The guests expect a good time, and they prefer to leave the making of a moral effort at home with the laundry and the children. Recognizing the popular vote as the personification of will and appetite, even the youngest candidates avoid the mistake of addressing their remarks to the nobler impulses in the crowd. To do so would require tiresome explanations as well as annoying exhortations to sacrifice, renunciation, and self-restraint.

2. The State. A fanciful term for the hotel management. Deserving of respect in the exact degree to which it satisfies the whims of its patrons and meets the public expectation of convenience and style at a fair price. The candidates never speak of the state as if it were a cherished ideal embodying the history of the people.

The guests have no obligation to the state except to pay their bills, preferably with a credit card and, if possible, under the heading of a tax-deductible business expense. This commercial definition of the state (as object rather than subject, as inanimate machinery instead of living organism) would have frightened both Aristotle and Machiavelli. It differs only slightly from the Mafia's designation of itself as "Cosa Nostra," i.e., our thing.

3. The Laws. The rules of the hotel, subject to seasonal changes in the weather or the presence of trade conventions. The candidates construe the laws not as the permanent ethical code of the society but rather as tools with which to harvest the crops of wealth. It is assumed by all parties that the laws can be written or rewritten as easily as computer programs and that they serve at the pleasure of whatever transient majorities or special interests make the most trouble or pay the luxury rates.

4. Politics. A Greek word for the printed forms on which the guests can "take a few minutes" to jot down their complaints or suggestions. Every two years the hotel collects these memorandums about the freshness of the orange juice, the enthusiasm of the staff, and the placement of the tennis courts. After submitting the results to the media and the opinion polls, maybe the management decides to replace the wine steward or change the furniture on the sun deck.

5. The Good Life. On sale twenty-four hours a day in the dining room

and the lounge as well as in the international shops located in the mezzanine arcade. The management takes pride in its ability to maintain an Old World atmosphere that reflects a state of being rather than a state of becoming. The latter condition implies movement, which requires change, which creates friction, which causes pain, which is unconstitutional.

6. *Freedom.* Invariably celebrated as the supreme good and almost always confused with the license to exploit. The candidates never mention the use of freedom to create a higher order of responsibility or love. Every guest enjoys the inalienable right to indulge his or her holiday lust for goods and experience. The guarantee of happiness is included in the price of a room. Soon after their arrival, guests receive different grades of accommodations (first-class, economy, immigrant, etc.), but these may be revised upon payment of an appropriate fee.

To the extent that these assumptions underlie the political discourse, the vote-getting image of Hotel America bears an unhappy resemblance to the Marxist advertisement for a workers' resort on the shores of the Black Sea. Conceivably it is the materialist ethos implicit in the design that prompts so many people to shun the polls on election day. Undoubtedly it is true that for the last twenty years, ever since the death of President John Kennedy, the nature of American politics has become increasingly small and mean-spirited. Maybe this is all that anybody has a right to expect of politics; maybe it is a necessary stage in the cycle of death and regeneration. The old beliefs fall like leaves in a November wind; they settle into the compost heap of the society's dreaming mind, and in the new soil of a new spring they burst forth in the colors of a new and growing truth. For reasons I don't yet know how to express, and certainly couldn't begin to explain, I expect the stirrings of a political renaissance to become audible in the not too distant future. Obviously not this year, and probably not in 1988 or 1992, but, with any luck, and if we quit thinking of ourselves as the guests of a hotel management, before the early hours of the next century. ■

Lamentation

In the 1981 August and September issues of *Harper's Magazine*, Bryan F. Griffin, in a pair of articles entitled "Panic among the Philistines," excoriated the American literary establishment–writers, critics, and publishers–lambasting the passion for blockbusters and the neglect of good writing. He lamented:

"...all the worthy writers who were being ignored or shoved into the corner in the process—all the writers who were more interested in being read than in being talked about, who exhibited an eccentric desire to write sentences and paragraphs rather than Bombs and Blockbusters. ....grown-up folk like J.I.M. Stewart and Gabriel Fielding... and Gerald Warner Brace...and Lady Snow...and Michael Campbell...and Leslie Croxford and Roger Cleeve..."

Inspiration

Meanwhile out in Chicago, the University of Chicago Press had for some time been pondering the "instant oblivion" that has been the fate of so much worthy fiction. For a publisher whose logo is the Phoenix, what could be more appropriate than to give new life to well-written novels that had given pleasure to countless people but that were not "commercial" enough to be kept in print or put into paperback by their original publishers? Griffin's articles inspired the Press to take this idea beyond the talking stage and into action. So the paperback reprint series Phoenix Fiction came into being.

Jubilation

We are delighted to say that now the above-mentioned "grown-up folk" are on the Phoenix Fiction list.

J.I.M. Stewart is there with **A USE OF RICHES,** $6.95;
Gabriel Fielding, with
IN THE TIME OF GREENBLOOM, $8.95;
Gerald Warner Brace, with **THE DEPARTMENT,** $6.95;
Pamela Hansford Johnson (Lady Snow), with
THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST, $9.95;
Michael Campbell, with **LORD DISMISS US,** $9.95;
Leslie Croxford, with **SOLOMON'S FOLLY,** $6.95;
Roger Cleeve, with **THE LAST, LONG JOURNEY,** $7.95.

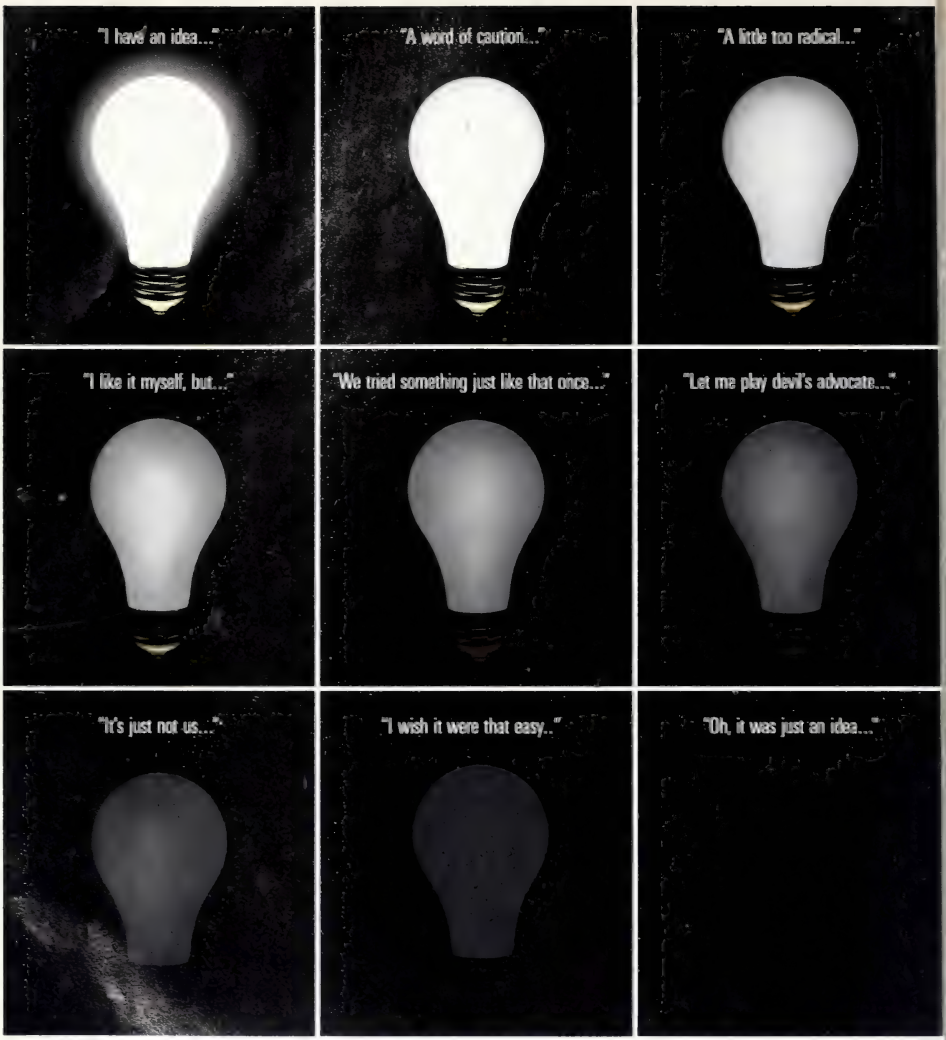
For good measure, we have three novels by **J.B. Priestley: THE GOOD COMPANIONS,** $9.95; **BRIGHT DAY,** $7.95; **ANGEL PAVEMENT,** $8.95. And, by Nobel Prize-winning **Ivo Andrić, THE BRIDGE ON THE DRINA,** $8.95.

And the list will continue to grow. Certainly cause for rejoicing for all who love good literature.

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A Company Called TRW

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HARPER'S INDEX

Number of delegates to the 1984 Democratic National Convention not chosen in a primary or caucus : 873
Number of such delegates to the 1980 convention : 0 (see page 57)
Number of countries whose armed forces are combating a revolutionary or separatist insurgency : 30
Percentage of Americans who believe foreign relations is the most important problem facing the country today : 2
Amount of aid to El Salvador proposed by the Reagan Administration, per guerrilla : $30,000
Federal spending per American citizen : $3,878
Amount that a nuclear freeze would save the U.S. between now and the year 2000 : $400,000,000,000
Portion of Medicare funds that go to people with less than a year to live : 1/3
American lives lost by drowning in 1983 : 6,500
Number of emergency-room admissions for fireworks-related injuries in 1983 : 8,278
Number of these injuries that resulted in the loss of fingers : 126
Medals awarded by the U.S. Army for action in Grenada : 9,754
Medals awarded by Britain for action in the Falklands : 679
Flag "desecrations" recorded by the FBI in 1983 : 5
Percentage of Americans who believe that the accused are guilty until proven innocent : 50
Percentage of Americans who believe that files are being kept on them for unknown reasons : 67
Percentage who believed this in 1974 : 44
Number of days each year that TV broadcasting is prohibited in Iceland : 79
Rank of Iceland, among the nations of Europe, in the number of bookstores per capita : 1
Number of Rolls-Royces in the Soviet Union : 10 (see page 45)
Average speed of the winner in the men's mile at the 1896 Olympics, in miles per hour : 14.24
At the 1980 Olympics : 16.97
Percentage of Americans who think science and technology may destroy the human race : 74
Cost of planting the average 25-by-50-foot American vegetable garden : $25
Value of the average garden's yield of fruits and vegetables : $414
Percentage of American men earning less than $5,000 a year who say they cheat on their wives : 16
Percentage of men earning $60,000 or more who say they do : 70
Percentage of marital arguments that are about sex or adultery : 25
That are about money : 78
Earnings of the average U.S. female worker, expressed as a percentage of the average male's, in 1981 : 59.9
In 1955 : 63.9
Average number of times that a man cries in a month : 1.4
That a woman cries : 5.3
Body fluids lost by perspiration per hour of exercise in hot weather (in ounces) : 54
Percentage of the nation's electrical output that is used for cooling purposes : 15
Grains of sand on the surface of New York's Jones Beach : 2,230,000,000,000
Gallons of suntan lotion and oil used by Americans last year : 1,263,000
Ranking of Denmark, Italy, and the U.S. in the percentage of women who wear C- or D-cup bras : 1, 2, 3
Percentage of American women who consider themselves pretty : 13
Percentage of American men who consider themselves handsome : 28

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of May 1984.



How an idea in yesterday's funny papers can become tomorrow's financial headlines.

Dick Tracy's wrist radio used to belong strictly in the Funnies.

But a revolution in electronics is moving ideas like these onto the business and financial pages.

Thanks to super microchips made of a semiconducting compound called gallium arsenide.

These miniature integrated circuits work ten times faster than conventional silicon chips.

And at higher frequencies in smaller spaces.

Which could make possible satellite phone calls from personal wrist phones.

And night vision devices for crime detection thousands of times more efficient than the human eye.

Considering what silicon chips did for the electronics industry and Wall Street, gallium arsenide holds great promise.

One analysis projects the U.S. market for gallium arsenide integrated circuits will grow from $103 million to nearly $1.8 billion over the next nine years.

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READINGS

[Speech]

ARTHUR MILLER ON McCARTHY'S LEGACY

From "The Interrogation of Angel Rama," a speech given by the playwright at a program on "Forbidden Writers" sponsored by PEN American Center and the Fund for Free Expression. John Irving, William Styron, Susan Sontag, and other writers gathered at St. Peter's Church in New York City on April 30 to speak out against the "ideological exclusion" provisions of the 1952 McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, under which the Reagan Administration has denied visas to numerous writers and scholars.

In this century, the case of Angel Rama is a perfectly normal one. Rama, a Uruguayan literary critic, chose to go into exile after the military destroyed democracy in his country. The University of Maryland offered him a tenured professorship in 1981. He then applied for a permanent-resident visa. That is what enmeshed him in the McCarran-Walter Act; under its terms he was an "excludable" alien, ineligible for permanent residency. He died in a plane crash before a final decision had been made in his case.

I have before me a transcript of his interrogation by the Immigration and Naturalization Service. To young people, the questions he was asked may seem inane, stupid, and sometimes unnecessarily crude, forcing Mr. Rama into attitudes of undignified pleading. But to anyone of my generation who has chosen not to forget altogether the 1950s, such interrogations were common not merely in the cases of foreigners but in those of American citizens who had not been charged with any crime. My point is simply that the McCarran-Walter Act is one of the pieces of garbage left behind by the sinking of the great scow of McCarthyism.

The interrogator has to know, of course, whether Rama had ever joined the Communist Party, and Rama says he hadn't. Nor had he, he says, ever been affiliated with any organization that *advocates* the doctrines of world communism. Had he "either orally or in writing" advocated such doctrines? Neither one. You wonder why the interrogator didn't ask Rama whether he had ever dreamed of advocating them.

Now, why were they bothering Mr. Rama in the first place? The transcript indicates that he made the mistake of applying for a waiver of inadmissibility at an American Embassy. Why did he do that if he was not a communist? Mr. Rama replies, "I was never informed that this . . . waiver . . . referred to communism. When I became aware of this I went to the U.S. Embassy in Caracas and informed them that this classification was in error." He also wrote two letters on the subject to the Visa Section, but never received a reply.

Having disposed of the preliminaries, we now get down to business. The interrogator: "According to various newspaper articles . . . you made trips to the People's Republic of China; is this correct?"

Rama: "Yes, one trip."

"How many of these trips did you make?"

"One trip."

"Why were these trips made?"

This is an aspect of McCarthyism rarely commented on—the persistence of the plural in the face of the singular in order to build a record, however false. I'm reminded of my own trial in federal district court in 1956. The Un-American Activities Committee, in order to justify having questioned me and citing me for contempt for refusing to answer some of its questions, brought about my indictment on grounds of having misused a U.S. passport. I allegedly did this when, some ten years earlier, in 1947, I had gone to Czechoslovakia from France. In 1956, Czechoslovakia was a country Americans were forbidden to enter. Every morning of the trial, the federal prosecutor managed to include in his

remarks, "Now, when Mr. Miller went into Czechoslovakia . . ." But I had never set foot in Czechoslovakia, and each time the prosecutor repeated this untruth, my lawyer, Joe Rauh, leaped to his feet and yelled, "But your honor, Mr. Miller has never been in Czechoslovakia!" It made no difference. The prosecutor simply went right on.

One evening, after three or four stiff Scotches, Rauh leaped to his feet in his living room, threw out his arms—he is six feet three, about 240 pounds—and roared, "For Christ's sake, Arthur, in 1947 Czechoslovakia hadn't been taken over by the communists. It was an American ally!" We could hardly wait for the trial to begin the next day. At last the splendid moment arrived: the prosecutor stood up and once again—with that tired, flat-footed finesse typical of the time—repeated, "Now, when Mr. Miller went into Czechoslovakia. . ." Up sprang Joe, laughter on his lips, his immense hand raised for the judge's recognition: "Your honor, not only was Mr. Miller never in Czechoslovakia, but even if he had been there, it was a democratic country in 1947 in alliance with the United States!"

A silent but inexpressive pause by the silver-haired judge, the stenotypist, the prosecutor, and the onlookers. Then spake the judge: "I think it still falls within the four corners of the indictment." And the prosecutor went right on. I whispered to Joe, "What does that mean?" He whispered back, "Nothing." I was convicted, sentenced to a year in prison (suspended), and fined $500. (The whole case was later thrown out by the court of appeals without comment.) Thus, for the interrogator to ask "Why were these trips made?" after Mr. Rama said there had been only one trip tinkles a very old bell.

The interrogator asks Mr. Rama: "You have been quoted as saying . . . that you are a 'man of socialist ideas.' What, exactly, do you mean by this statement?"

Rama: "This means I believe in a regime of social justice, of respect for human rights, of political democracy, and of economic democracy."

Interrogator: "How do you differentiate, in your own mind, between socialist and communist ideologies? Are they not merely different degrees of the same politico-economic philosophy?"

Rama tries to take him by the hand, to lead him gently into the real world where communist regimes destroy political liberty while socialist ones allow various parties to express themselves freely. The interrogator persists: "What are your feelings about the doctrines of world communism?" "The problem with this question," Rama says, "is that I do not know what you are referring to as the 'doctrines of world communism.' I am in disagreement with the regimes found in the Soviet Union, Poland, Cuba, etc., and I prefer regimes such as those in Austria and Sweden. The presidents of these countries . . . are socialists" (who, incidentally, would doubtless be excludable under the McCarran Act).

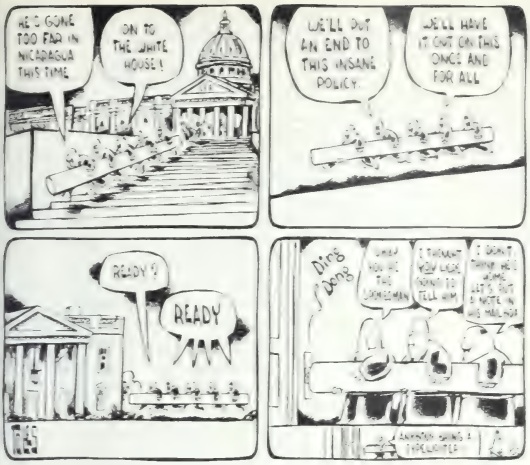
This complexity, of course, is at the heart of the matter. The McCarran Act, like the whole mind-set of the 1950s, which persists to this day in many quarters, rests on the assumption that communism is indeed the monolith it often wishes it were. But in 1984, the Communist Party of Cambodia is at war with the Communist Party of Vietnam which is at war with the Communist Party of the People's Republic of China which is at war with the Communist Party of the Soviet Union which is surrounded by hostile communist states. The Immigration Service's question is little short of moronic in 1984, since it regards as co-conspirators those who hate nothing so much as one another.

The interrogator's final two questions are so reminiscent of the birthing time of this act that it is impossible not to mention them. "Have you," he asks, "ever exhibited active opposition to the doctrines of world communism? If so, how was this active opposition manifested (when, where, and in what manner)?"

Poor Angel Rama can only reply by citing his own writings, which the interrogator can hardly be expected to have read. So he flunks again. But surely he can answer this one: "What organizations do you belong to that are actively opposed to communism?" Rama is now sinking without a trace; all he can think of are the Latin American Studies Association, the Modern Language Association, and, God help him, Amnesty International. As if Amnesty had not for years criticized bastions of anticommunism like the Pinochet dictatorship in Chile and the regimes of Uruguay, Honduras, El Salvador, and all the others so beloved of Ambassador Kirkpatrick and the State Department and the CIA.

Clearly, Angel Rama didn't understand the game that the McCarran Act put into play. He seemed to think that he would be taken for an anticommunist if he believed in democracy. But, as his interrogation amply proves, democratic convictions are irrelevant to the McCarran Act. The American welcome is reserved for anticommunists who may be enthusiastic about democracy—or about some other form of society quite different from democracy.

Perhaps protests of this kind will help Americans publicly confront some of the more doubtful blessings that McCarthyism has bequeathed to them.



From the Buffalo News.

[Open Letter]

TO GENERAL KISZCZAK

Czeslaw Milosz, the Nobel laureate, read the following letter upon accepting an honorary degree on behalf of Adam Michnik, the Polish historian and political prisoner, from the New School for Social Research in New York City, on April 25. The introductory remarks are Milosz's.

Adam Michnik has been imprisoned in Warsaw for twenty-eight months awaiting trial. In November 1983 he was given a choice by General Czeslaw Kiszczak, minister of the interior: either leave Poland and spend Christmas on the French Riviera or be sentenced to many years in prison. In response to that offer he wrote an open letter to General Kiszczak, excerpts from which I quote:

I write this letter on my own behalf, yet I have reason to believe that thousands of people in Poland think the same way I do. I have come to the conclusion that by making me an offer to leave Poland:

1. You admit that I did nothing that would warrant a legitimate prosecutor's office to formulate charges against me for preparing the overthrow of the system by violent means or for weakening the defense of the state. You also admit that no legitimate court would sentence me. I share that opinion.

2. You admit that the sentence was fixed long before the trial. I share that opinion.

3. You admit that the indictment prepared by a compliant prosecutor and the sentence pronounced by compliant judges will be so nonsensical that they will not mislead anybody. They will bring honor to the convicted and shame to the convicting, as well as to their associates. I share that opinion.

4. You admit that the aim of bringing action against our group is not to comply with the law but to enable the ruling elite to get rid of troublesome opponents. I share that opinion.

Here, however, the harmony of our views ends. For I believe:

1. That to admit so openly to the trampling of the law one must be a fool.

2. That to offer a man imprisoned for two years the chance to go to the French Riviera in exchange for moral suicide one must be a pig.

3. That to believe I could accept such a deal one has to assume every man is no more than a police informer.

For me, General Kiszczak, a true punishment would be to inform at your orders, to wield a truncheon, to shoot at workers, to interrogate prisoners, and to pronounce shameful sentences. I am happy that I found myself on the right side, among the victims, and not among the tormentors. Had you understood that, you would not have offered me a deal that is both stupid and base.

[Testimony]

INSIDE A DEATH SQUAD

From "Behind the Death Squads," by Allan Nairn, in the May issue of the Progressive. *Rene Hurtado (a pseudonym), a former member of El Salvador's Treasury Police, gave Nairn the following account of how this branch of the security forces routinely kidnapped, interrogated, tortured, and killed political suspects. According to Hurtado, who now lives in a Minneapolis suburb, U.S. personnel conducted a course in intelligence for Treasury Police officers that included training "in methods of physical and psychological torture."*

First, you torture him psychologically. If he's a Marxist or a revolutionary, it won't be easy to make him talk, so you have to harm him psychologically. If the person is important—if he's, let's say, a journalist, a teacher, or a labor or student leader, or if he's a person with some influence or has something to offer—he isn't treated cruelly at the beginning. Well, of course, you may hit him, but after that, when he's taken to one of the interrogation rooms, you start by talking to him as a friend; you try to convince him that you understand his idealism.

You might say: "Who are the *compañeros* in your organization and why do they kill us? How many people have you killed?" Things like that. You try to trap the person psychologically. You might say: "Don't be a fool. Those bastards want to fuck you over. They're using you. We could kill you right here and now, but we're not killers, we're not your enemy. If you collaborate with us, we'll get you out of the country. Where would you like to go? Europe? Spain? England? We'll send you to one of those countries. We'll give you money, but you have to talk to us; if you don't, we're going to fuck you over."

When you are interrogating someone for the first time, you try to come across as a sensitive, decent person—not as a killer. You say you are not a bastard like the other interrogators. You make friends with the prisoner. You offer him a soda and some food. You ask him where his mom and dad live. You talk about his wife and kids. It has a great impact when he knows his kids have been captured but doesn't know where they are.

But after using these methods for a few days or a week or two, you start getting tough. You might say: "Look, those bastards are giving me a lot of shit. Because they want you to talk, they're going to beat the shit out of you. And I don't want those bastards to think I'm screwing up. So if you don't talk, I'm going to turn you over to those fuckers, and they're going to beat the piss out of you."

After these sessions, the physical torture begins. First, you put the prisoner in a small, completely dark room, and you don't let him sleep. You handcuff him to a bed frame, naked. The room stinks horribly of the urine and excrement of former prisoners. You keep him there for a week without sleep so that his nerves will be shot when you start to torture him.

There are a lot of different methods of torturing a prisoner: cutting off pieces of his skin, burning him with cigarettes. They teach you how to hit a person in the stomach so he suffers a lot of pain but there are no signs on the outside. Sometimes you just beat his hands and his stomach, either with fists or heavy sticks. Beat him, and beat him, and beat him.

After that, if he still doesn't talk, you take him to a toilet filled with excrement. You put on gloves and shove his head in the toilet for thirty seconds or so. You pull him out, then shove his head in again. You do this over and over.

Then you wash him and take him to the elec-

[Street Art]

ARGENTINA'S GHOSTS



From "Making Love Visible: The Women of Buenos Aires," by [illegible], novelist and journalist, in the May issue of Vogue. *Some 30,000 of these silhouettes [illegible] appeared in Buenos Aires [illegible] under military rule. Valenzuela calls these "persistent ghosts . . . a form of street art that fulfills the noblest function of art: that of restoring memory."*

tric shock room. There's a special torture room in the Treasury Police building. Only people in the intelligence section can enter. No uniformed men are allowed. It's soundproof.

You learn how to give electric shocks: shocks to the brain, shocks to the stomach. There are some very sophisticated methods of this kind of torture. There's a little machine; it has a cord like a telephone, like an old phone with a crank, and you turn the crank. There's a more sophisticated one that looks like a radio, like a transformer; it's about fifteen centimeters across and it says General Electric on it.

It's like learning to use a stereo: this generates twenty volts, this forty volts, this will give a serious blow, this less so, this will kill a person.

You put the wires on the prisoner's vital parts. You place wires between the prisoner's teeth, on the penis, in the vagina. The prisoners feel the shock more if their feet are in water. If you pour mineral water on them and then administer the shock, it's agonizing.

In general, the prisoners are killed because there's an assumption they shouldn't live. If we pass them on to a judge, they'll go free, and we may have to pick them up again. If there's lots of pressure—from Amnesty International or some foreign countries—we might pass them on to a judge; but if there's no pressure, they're dead. When it's over, you just throw him in an alley with a sign saying *Mano Blanco,* ESA [Secret Anticommunist Army], or *Brigada Maximiliano Hernandez.*

You learn how to torture, how to cut the balls off a person when he's still alive. These are the things that happen in war.

[Statement]

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

In April, the Federation of New York State Judges passed a resolution calling on its members to incarcerate anyone convicted of a serious crime "regardless of the existence of prisons sufficient in size or number to receive such prisoners." New York Supreme Court Justice Francis T. Murphy, president of the federation, issued the following statement explaining the group's position.

No more essential duty of government exists than the protection of the lives of its people. Fail in this, and we fail in everything. Then take down the museums, dismantle the theaters, close the parks and beaches, shut the schools, the subways, and the hospitals, turn out the lights, and let every decent person become his own keeper and lock himself in his apartment cell.

Such a society is unthinkable, yet the one in which we now live was unthinkable only a generation ago. If someone had said then that in 1984, hundreds of thousands of apartment windows in New York City would be covered with metal gates and private security guards would patrol the lobbies, hallways, and rooftops of apartment buildings, we would have thought him insane.

We hear but do not listen to the ordinary man and woman. It is they who are the victims of crime, and they in their anguish have something of value to say.

They tell us that their society is one in which a brutal attack upon them by a robber would surprise no one. They tell us that they are denied the small pleasures of life—a morning's visit to a church or synagogue, an evening's stroll in summer, a subway ride with their children to a park. They say that so constricted a life is no life at all. They tell us that criminals have taken over the city, that crime has beaten government to its knees, that the moral passion for justice has been drained out of society and, in its place, there is an overwhelming sense of helplessness. They say that they fear they have grown too used to crime, and they wonder whether society, for all its pretensions, has become pitiless.

The ordinary man and woman are right, and we all know it, because we are that man or woman.

For at least 200 years, crime and its prevention have been studied. In that time, prisons have multiplied and crimes have so increased in number and savagery that there is no crime that would shock anyone for very long. As for the rehabilitation of the criminal, there are no rehabilitative techniques and no rehabilitative prisons. Over the past two centuries, science not only promised to augment man's power but dramatically delivered on that promise. The power it delivered, however, proved to be over nature only. Science did not increase our power to make ourselves better people. It has left man unchanged, sitting in the evening of his life in a warehouse filled with technology.

Society, therefore, is pressed to its ancient and only defense against the violent criminal, the inculcation in him of the fear of swift and severe punishment by a morally outraged people. No other road is open. If we do not take that road now, we will live in the sickly twilight of a soulless people too weak to drive predators out of our own house.

[Travelogue]

A HITCHHIKER'S GUIDE TO CENTRAL AMERICA

From an article by Nick Blake, a freelance writer based in Honduras, that appeared in April in the Miami Herald, *the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch, *and the* Oregonian. *It was syndicated by Words by Wire.*

How sick, suicidal, or masochistic do you have to be to hitchhike in Central America? Not very. You just have to be sick of riding the bus. *That's* a truly scary scene. A gaggling compression of sweaty humans, squawking animals on their way to execution, and drunk *campesinos* drooling home from a Sunday binge.

Once you've endured that a few times, the possibility of a bushwhacking along the Pan-American Highway is no longer intimidating. In a region known primarily for ambushes, death squads, and revolutions, hitchhiking might seem to be pushing things a bit. But you're probably better off thumbing down here than in the United States, where anyone can own a car; the law of averages says that in a country that big, there have to be a few midnight ramblers.

Not so in Central America. Cars are expensive, and the people who can afford them have better things to do than molest gringos—all those kinds of people are on the bus. You are an American. And people with cars identify with Americans.

The way one should look when hitchhiking varies from country to country. In revolutionary Nicaragua, it's OK to look bearded and bewildered. But in Honduras and Guatemala, it's Coca-Cola conservatism all the way.

Drivers in Central America have their reasons for towing gringos. Sometimes it's to complain. The people who have cars in Nicaragua are often down on the revolution, since revolutions don't usually benefit the upscale, car-driving class. These people pick you up so they can gripe to you in the privacy of their cars.

A strange exception: I got my last ride in Nicaragua from a member of the Ministry of Culture, a dance teacher who was as rabid about the revolution as he was about being homosexual. He drove with a parrot named Rosalita perched on the steering wheel, and he sang to her and fed her oranges. "Oh, it's a wonderful revolution," he chirped. "Tell all the homosexuals in the States to come to Nicaragua if they want to be truly free."

Then there was the insurance salesman in Honduras who picked me and a friend up in a Ford Pinto from which half the paint had been stripped. "My friend threw acid on the roof as a joke," he said. He started off professing his admiration for Ronald Reagan and the United States Army for saving Honduras from communism. By the end of the ride he was offering to get us whores, cocaine, and angel dust. "Call me when you get back to Tegucigalpa. I'll show you what a fun city it is."

Hitchhiking is funkiest in Belize, the only black, English-speaking country on the isthmus. It's a flat, jungly place with only two highways. Sometimes there's nothing on the road but those pretty, poisonous snakes called Jumping Tommygoffs. After watching a few of them slink down the highway, I flagged down a Kekchi Indian driving a brand-new Chevy Blazer.

Most Kekchi are quite poor, but this fellow had done well for himself. He had hooked up with an American who had given him a mayonnaise jar full of pot seeds to plant in the middle of the jungle where he used to grow corn. It was easy work because these weeds don't need much care. He didn't smoke the stuff, and in less than two years he'd saved enough to buy a car.

"I'm so sorry," he said after he'd stalled for the third time. Like most Kekchi, he was only about five feet tall, and he couldn't reach the clutch. "I'm still learning how to drive. This is the first car I've ever had."

The only country where thumbing sometimes gets a bit dicey is El Salvador, one of the few places in the world where it is possible to hitchhike into a battle zone. A good rule is not to thumb in the presence of soldiers or near bridges, since people like to blow them up.

There aren't many cars out there, but when you do get a ride, you can be sure of traveling quickly. People like to get off the road as fast as possible; nobody worries about speed traps these days.

[Acknowledgment]

MODERN MANNERS

From the acknowledgments to Verbis Non Factis: Words Meant to Influence Political Choices in the United States, 1800–1980, *by Fay M. Blake and H. Morton Newman.*

It should be noted that all the typing of this manuscript was done by the male member of the team. The female member is most appreciative and heartily endorses the arrangement and recommends it to other couples.



"Rapture," a postcard of a painting by Charles Anderson. The caption to the postcard, which was published by the Bible Believers' Evangelical Association, explains that the painting was inspired by I Thessalonians 4:16, 17 and I Corinthians 15:51, 52.

[Sermon]

THE DAY BEFORE

From a sermon by Jerry Falwell included in "The Rapture of Ronald Reagan," a radio program broadcast May 8 on New York City's WBAI. According to many fundamentalists, the world is on the verge of a seven-year period of Tribulation, which will culminate in nuclear war. Before the holocaust begins, born-again Christians will be "raptured out."

What's going to happen on this earth when the Rapture occurs? You'll be riding along in an automobile; you'll be the driver perhaps. You're a Christian. There'll be several people in the automobile with you, maybe someone who is not a Christian. When the trumpet sounds, you and the other born-again believers in that automobile will be instantly caught away. You'll disappear, leaving behind only your clothing and the physical things that cannot inherit eternal life. That unsaved person in the automobile will suddenly be startled to find that the car is moving along without a driver. It suddenly crashes. The saved people in the car have disappeared. Other cars on the highway driven by believers will suddenly be out of control, and stark pandemonium will occur on that highway and every highway in the world where Christians are caught away from the driver's wheel. To be left behind is a tragic thing, because those who are left behind will go into the Tribulation period, a time of punishment and trouble and trial such as this earth has never known. And that seven-year period will culminate in the battle of Armageddon.

[Credos]

CONVENTIONAL WISDOM

From The Middle-Class Credo, *by T. L. Brink, published by R & E Publishers, in Saratoga, California. Brink, a psychologist, spent seven years collecting 1,000 statements—from talk shows, magazines, overheard conversations—that, in his judgment, reflect "essential American beliefs" in the 1980s.*

The fellow who invented pet rocks got rich quick.

Federal regulations result in a lot of paperwork, but rarely solve the problem.

Johnny Weismuller was the best Tarzan.

Children today are so grown-up for their age.

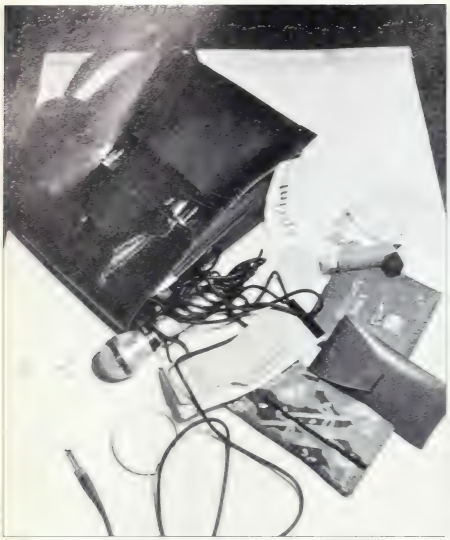
No one likes to be kept on hold.

Drinking water was better ten years ago.

The food served at $100-a-plate fund-raising dinners is not worth it.

[Photography]

STUFF OF THE STARS



This photograph of the contents of Boy George's pocketbook appeared in the April issue of Details, *the New York fashion monthly. The contents are: sunglasses case, orange bangle, Ventoline spray (for asthma), makeup powder puff, address book, Japanese silk wallet, 96 pence, keys, clothing receipts, National Westminster Bank checkbook, microphone.*

Asians have a harder time digesting wheat than rice.

There are more Cubans in Miami than Havana; more Jews in New York City than Tel Aviv; more Poles in Chicago than Kraków.

Nothing can save a patient who has lost the will to live.

Most forest fires are caused by cigarettes or campfires.

The funniest comedians have sad personal lives.

Some marriages are not worth saving.

People without families feel very depressed over the holidays.

A snowfall is pretty, except in the city.

Orson Welles is a genius.

People who go to X-rated movies don't care about the plot.

Grandparents spoil children.

If you feed a stray animal, it will hang around your home.

In modern movies, special effects have replaced a story.

Never before have Americans had so many gadgets.

You can really save some money if you wait for a sale.

If you save something long enough, it will either come back into vogue or become a collector's item.

Football and hockey have gotten too violent.

Science and technology can be used for good or evil.

New cars never get the estimated miles per gallon.

If all the money and brainpower that was spent on going to the moon had been spent on medical research, we would have a cure for cancer.

Johnny Carson takes too much time off.

Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach.

Only pharmacists can read physicians' handwriting.

Everybody wants to start at the top.

[Congressional Debate]

MISTAKES AND THE DEATH PENALTY

From the Congressional Record, *February 8. During the Senate debate on S 1765, a capital punishment statute, Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio reviewed the cases of several dozen people sentenced to death, and in some instances executed, for murders they did not commit. He later inserted a list of forty-eight such cases into the* Congressional Record, *from which the following is excerpted.*

Will Purvis (Mississippi, 1893). Sentenced to death for murder on the basis of eyewitness testimony. Survived hanging because knot slipped. Pardoned in 1898 and cleared by 1917 deathbed confession of true killer.

Jack O'Neil (Massachusetts, 1898). Hanged for murder. Months later, another confessed.

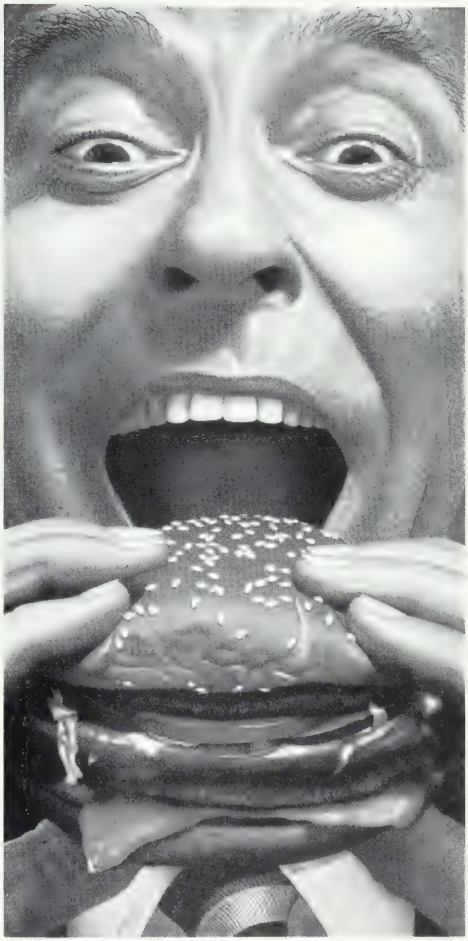
J. B. Brown (Florida, 1901). Sentenced to death for murder. His hanging was averted at gallows because execution warrant listed jury foreman's name. Sentence commuted; released after another confessed in 1913.

Neil Shumway (Nebraska, 1907). Hanged for murder in 1909. Three years later, victim's husband confessed to crime.

"Dago" Frank (New York, 1915). Executed for murder. "Accomplices" later admitted that Frank was not even present at scene of crime.

Charles Stielow (New York, 1915). Sentenced to death for murder. Received stay forty minutes before scheduled execution. Released three years later when culprit confessed.

Can American business survive on a diet of instant gratification?



Computers spew out production reports and sales figures hourly. And managers eat them up.

Investors hunger for bigger dividends and faster earnings growth.

The nightly news feeds us today's hot economic story complete with all the freshest buzzwords.

No matter what the economy, much of American business continues to feast on short-term results. Expecting profits to be served up like fast-food burgers. And economic solutions dished out like instant pudding.

To satisfy this appetite for short-term rewards, managers find it tempting to reduce investments for the future. Investments in new plant and equipment; in research and development.

We're W.R.Grace & Co. We've been doing business in all parts of the world, in all kinds of economies for 130 years. Short-term thinking has never been our way of doing business.

In the last 40 years, we've followed a strategy that has allowed us to diversify into growth industries. It's been a transition that has taken Grace from being primarily a Latin American trading and shipping concern to a company with worldwide interests in chemicals, natural resources and specialized consumer services. A company with more than $6 billion in sales.

All that didn't just happen. It was planned that way—by people dedicated to the long-term point of view.

We've always believed in giving the future its fair share of today's resources. Last year at Grace, investment in new plant and equipment was almost 5 times what it was 10 years ago. Research and development expenditures were nearly 3 times what they were a decade ago.

Right now we believe all of us must work to correct a fundamental flaw in the way American business is operating. Short-term results cannot be allowed to become our only criterion for success. Investors must be willing to relax some of the pressure on managers to produce immediate results. Managers must be given more security to make long-term investment decisions.

In turn, those in management must be prepared to make long-term commitments to invest in innovation—in new products and new technologies. And at the same time, to make long-range plans to restore our older industries to full strength.

American business cannot allow itself to overindulge in short-term rewards. Long-lasting results will take time to develop. But that's what makes them so gratifying.

GRACE

One step ahead of a changing world.

W.R. Grace & Co., 1114 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10036

Maurice Mays (Tennessee, 1919). Executed for murder. Five and a half years later, true killer confessed.

Anastarcio Vargas (Texas, 1926). Sentenced to death. His head had been shaved for execution when a look-alike confessed. Released in 1930 and later pardoned.

Pietro Matera (New York, 1931). Death sentence for murder commuted. In 1960, wife of the true killer confessed to having framed Matera. Released after thirty years in prison.

Gus Colin Langley (North Carolina, 1932). Sentenced to death for robbery/murder. Was twenty-five minutes from execution when technicality saved his life. Released and pardoned after witnesses proved he was 400 miles away from scene of crime.

Private A.B. Richie (U.S. Army, 1945). Sentenced to death for murder. Last-minute commutation by President Truman. Pardoned in 1947 after another confessed.

John Valletutti (New York, 1947). Death sentence reversed on appeal. Police had beaten him into confessing. True killer later confessed.

Ralph Lobaugh (Indiana, 1947). Sentenced to death for three rape/murders. Within three years, another man had been convicted of one of the crimes and a third man had confessed to the other two. Lobaugh's sentence commuted to life; finally released in 1977.

Frank Smith (Connecticut, 1949). After eight execution dates had been set, new evidence was found in 1954. Sentence commuted to life two hours before scheduled execution.

Edgar Labat and Clinton Poret (Louisiana, 1953). Two black men sentenced to death for raping a white woman. After a dozen stays of execution and sixteen years on death row, they were released because prosecution witnesses' testimony unraveled, alibi witnesses came forward, and evidence showed that one defendant had been beaten into confessing.

Lloyd Eldon Miller (Illinois, 1956). Sentenced to death for murder. Received a stay only hours before scheduled execution. Evidence surfaced that prosecution misrepresented paint smears on defendant's clothes as blood. Conviction set aside. Miller was released after eleven years in prison.

Freddie Pitts and Wilbert Lee (Florida, 1963). Convicted in 1963 and again in 1972 for murder. Served twelve years, mostly on death row. Released in 1975 after executive pardon. Another convict had confessed to the crime in 1966.

Calvin Sellers (Texas, 1965). Sentenced to death for armed robbery. In 1977, court found that conviction was based on perjured testimony of two police officers.

Thomas Gladish, Richard Kline, Clarence Smith, and Richard Greer (Arizona, 1974). Four motorcyclists sentenced to death for kidnapping, rape, sodomy, and murder. Fourteen months later, another confessed. Released in December 1975.

Johnny Ross (Louisiana, 1975). Sentenced to death for rape. Released in 1981 when it was shown that his blood type did not match that of the rapist.

Robert Henry McDowell (North Carolina, 1979). Black man sentenced to death for murder of four-year-old white girl. Received stay days before scheduled execution when victim's mother implicated victim's stepfather. Conviction reversed.

[Q & A]

DE BEAUVOIR ON THE 'NEW FEMININITY'

From After "The Second Sex": Conversations with Simone de Beauvoir, *by Alice Schwarzer; published by Pantheon. Schwarzer is a West German feminist and journalist.*

ALICE SCHWARZER: In Germany—and not only there—we are facing a renaissance of "femininity," which has been called the "new femininity" but is in fact as old as the hills: the emphasis on feelings rather than intellect, on a "natural" pacific character instead of a willingness to fight, on motherhood as a creative act in itself, etc. Before the women's movement began, you formulated the creed of the new feminism. In *The Second Sex* you wrote, "One is not born, but rather becomes, a woman." What is your reaction to the return of some women to the idea of a "woman's nature"?

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR: I think it's a return to the enslavement of women, pure and simple! After all, motherhood is still the most skillful way there is of turning women into slaves. I don't mean that every woman who is a mother is automatically a slave—there can be times when motherhood does not mean slavery. But these days it still comes down to much the same thing. As long as people think that a woman's main task is to have children, women will not concern themselves with politics and technology; furthermore, they will not dispute men's superiority. This new interpretation of "motherhood" and "femininity" is really an attempt to relegate women to the level they were at before.

Unfortunately, as one can see from the tragic results, it is a very successful approach. Even women who call themselves feminists don't always see through it. Once again, women are be-

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ing defined in terms of "the other"; once again they are being made into the "second sex."

SCHWARZER: That seems to me to be the background against which the new women's peace movements are emerging. Mostly with the best of intentions, of course, because what decent person is not for peace? Women and peace—it's the same old story, and one that is primarily designed to suggest our pacific qualities.

DE BEAUVOIR: Why should women be more in favor of peace than men? I should think it would be a matter of equal concern for both! The argument that women are so willing to accept, namely, "We do not want to provide the cannon fodder," applies only to women who are mothers. So being a mother means being for peace. The Green Party in West Germany uses similar arguments. Equating ecology with feminism irritates me. They are not automatically one and the same thing at all.

SCHWARZER: Once again, it is the sexist definition of women as beings who are closer to nature than men . . .

DE BEAUVOIR: That's it. These are attempts to divert women from their struggle for emancipation and to channel their energies into subsidiary concerns.

SCHWARZER: This new femininity is very convenient, coming at a time of international economic recession.

DE BEAUVOIR: Exactly. Given that one can hardly tell women that washing saucepans is their divine mission, they are told that bringing up children is their divine mission. But bringing up children has a great deal in common with washing saucepans. In this way, women are thrust back into the role of a relative being, a second-class person.

SCHWARZER: Has feminism failed in some way, then?

DE BEAUVOIR: I think that feminism has really got through to only a very small number of women so far. Certain campaigns have reached large numbers of women; for example, the struggle for the right to an abortion. But now that feminism seems to represent a threat to a lot of people—because of unemployment and because male privileges are under attack—there is a reaction against it. The stereotype, which remains deep-seated in the majority of women, is being brought to the fore. Most women have in fact remained the "little woman" at heart. Femininity has reacquired a certain ideological value, and attempts are being made to resurrect the very image of the "ordinary woman" that feminism tore to shreds.

[Poem]

I TRY TO EXPLAIN TO MY CHILDREN A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE . . .

By Baron Wormser, from the March issue of Poetry. *The poem's complete title is "I Try to Explain to My Children a Newspaper Article Which Says That According to a Computer a Nuclear War Is Likely to Occur in the Next Twenty Years." This poem will appear in* Good Trembling, *a volume of Wormser's work that Houghton Mifflin will publish later this year.*

Death (I say) used to have
Two faces—one good, one bad.
The good death didn't like to do it,
Kill people, dogs, insects, flowers,
But had to do it. It was his duty.
He would rather have been playing cards.
Without him the earth would get too crowded,
The soil would become tired, feuds would
Overtake love. That was what death
Believed—and when we thought about it
We agreed.
The bad death was a bully.
He would kill angels if he could.
He settled for children, poets,
All flesh increased by spirit.
He bragged and made bets and said
Disparaging things about the human race.
People made his job easy, he said.
They were full of a confusion that
Soon became hatred. He would shake
His head in wonder, but he understood.
The nations of the world offered him
Their love.
The new death doesn't
Have a face. He will kill us but
In the meantime he wants to kill life too.
He is calm, devoted, gradual.
He is crazy. The other two deaths
Do not like him, the way he wears
A tie as if death were an office,
The way he wants to be efficient.
Fate and fortune bore him. He has
Reasons. There cannot be enough death,
He says. You will put us out of business,
The other two say, but he doesn't listen.
Things seem the same, my children, but
They aren't.

[Comics]

AFRICA'S COMIC BOOK HEROES



"A son! How handsome he is! We'll call him Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu Wa Za Banga, like his paternal great uncle, the famous warrior."

From "The History of Zaire: Once Upon a Time . . . MOBUTO," one of a series of comic books published for African governments by the Afrique Biblio Book Club of Paris. Reviewing the series in the March/April issue of Africa Report, *Victor T. Le Vine writes that the comic books "are designed to elevate current leaders to the ranks of political sainthood." The comic books follow a formula: an intimation of the leader's greatness at birth; his political consciousness is awakened by a brush with colonialism; his inevitable and legitimate rise to power; a challenge to his leadership is overcome; he is sought out by world leaders for counsel and advice.*

[Essay]

BARTHES: DARE TO BE LAZY

From The Grain of the Voice, *by Roland Barthes, a collection of interviews with the late French writer that Hill & Wang will publish this fall. The excerpt below is adapted from an interview that appeared originally in* Le Monde Dimanche. *Translated by Linda Coverlace.*

We should consider what idleness is in modern life. Have you ever noticed that everyone always talks about the right to leisure activities but never about a right to idleness? I wonder if there is even such a thing as *doing nothing* in the modern Western world. Even people who lead a life completely different from mine, a more alienated, difficult, laborious life, don't do "nothing" when they have free time; they do something.

I remember this image: When I was a child, Paris was different. It was before the war. It was hot in the summer, hotter than it is now; at least it seems that way to me. In the evening, you'd often see the concierges—there were a lot of them, they were an institution—bring chairs out in the street, and they'd just sit there, doing nothing.

It's an image of idleness that has disappeared. In modern Paris, there aren't as many gestures of idleness. The cafe is a kind of laziness, but with spinoffs: there are conversations, there is an "appearance" of activity. This is not true idleness.

These days, idleness probably consists not in doing nothing, since we're incapable of that, but in cutting time up, in diversifying it. That's what I do on a small scale when I introduce diversions into my working day. I cut up time. It's a way of being lazy. And yet I aspire to a different kind of laziness.

I always marvel at the simplicity of this Zen poem, which may be the poetic definition of the particular idleness I dream about:

> Sitting peacefully doing nothing
> Springtime is coming
> and the grass grows all by itself.

What is more, the poem presents an admirable anacoluthon, a break in grammatical construction. The one who is sitting peacefully is not the subject of the sentence. It isn't Springtime that is sitting down. This break in construction, intentional or not, suggests that in a state of idleness

the subject very nearly loses his consistency as a subject. He is decentered, unable even to say "I." That would be true idleness: to be able, at certain moments, not to have to say "I."

True laziness would be at bottom a laziness of "not deciding," of "being there." Like dunces, who are at the bottom of the class and have no other attribute except being there. They don't participate, they aren't excluded, they're just there, period, like bumps. That's what we sometimes long for: being there, deciding nothing.

We might recall certain aspects of Tolstoyan morality, such as the right to be idle when confronted by evil. Tolstoy said that to do nothing was best, since one should not answer evil with more evil.

If we were to carry things even further, idleness might be seen as a philosophical solution to the problem of evil. To not answer. Needless to say, this morality has been completely discredited. Modern society is not comfortable with neutral attitudes and finds laziness intolerable, as if *it* were, in the end, the chief evil.

What is terrible about idleness is that it can be the most banal thing in the world, the most thoughtless kind of behavior. Yet it can also be the most thoughtful.

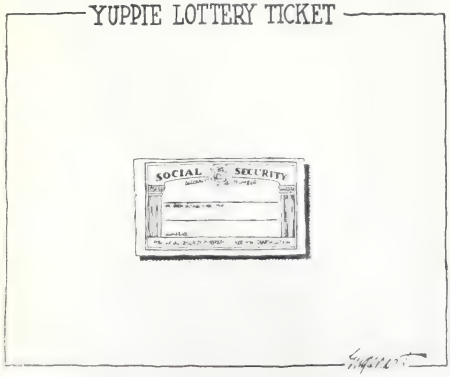
It can be a natural aptitude, but it can also be a conquest.

Sunday, of course, is the established compartment for idleness, which raises the problem of ritualized idleness. In very codified societies, like Victorian England, for example, or in Orthodox Judaism, the day of rest was and is marked by rules forbidding certain actions. The rules anticipate the desire to do nothing. It seems, however, that as soon as people are obliged to submit to such an interdiction—as soon as idleness is imposed from the outside—it becomes torture. This torture is called boredom.

Schopenhauer said: "The social representation of boredom is Sunday."

As a child, I found Sunday rather boring. I don't really know why, but I think that children often think of Sunday as a boring day. There's no school on Sunday, and school, even if it is a mixed experience for children, is a social and affective environment . . . and it's rather entertaining.

Now that I am no longer a child, Sunday is an auspicious day for me, a day on which all those social demands that fatigue me during the week—mail, phone calls, appointments—are suspended. It's a happy day because it's a blank day, a silent day on which I can laze about, be free. Because the votive form of modern idleness, after all, is liberty.



From the Hartford Courant.

[Thesis]

PHENOMENOLOGY OF THE YAWN

From "Boredom and the Yawn," by Linda Bell, in the Review of Existential Psychology and Psychiatry, *Vol. XVII, No. 1, a special issue on Sartre and psychology. Bell is a professor of philosophy at Georgia State University.*

One point needs to be made in connection with boredom as a response to another person, especially in its physical manifestation: the yawn. Sartre has a great deal to say about holes. Man himself, according to Sartre, is a hole in being, and this accounts for the all-too-human fascination with holes and for man's constant striving to fill them. In a philosophy so concerned with the significance of holes, it is remarkable that there is no mention of the yawn—particularly the yawn as a response to another—as a hole. It is even more remarkable when one considers the role a yawn may play in the encounter between the self and another.

Here indeed is an interesting hole, one that can, in a sense, swallow the look of the other. Someone looks at another. The latter yawns. The look of the first is lost. The other has removed himself or herself; he or she is no longer there at all. What remain are tongue, lips, and tonsils. The yawner has removed himself or herself from [any] antagonism, from the circle into which the look might have precipitated the two of them. Thus, the yawn enables one to break out of the circle of relations described by Sartre

in *Being and Nothingness*. To be bored is to enjoy a distance from both the threat and the temptation of the look. In boredom, one realizes one's free involvement in a situation, and this realization releases the magical hold of the other.

The yawn, it seems, is a hole with a difference, for it can swallow the subjectivity of the look. At the same time, it does not invite filling the way other holes do. There is something empty and yet full about the yawn. It is indeed a hole, but one that is full and expressive: it is a hole that overflows itself.

[Instructions]

THE VIEW FROM THE DUGOUT

From Why Time Begins on Opening Day, *by Thomas Boswell, published by Doubleday. Boswell covers baseball for the* Washington Post.

What is the big-league point of view?

In many ways, the pros watch a baseball game, a season, just as we do; when a fly ball is heading for the fence, they root exactly like the folks in the bleachers. However, more often than not, the ballplayer sees things much differently from the rest of us. If we want to taste the facts of the game, get the flavors right, then we must add this insider's perspective to our own. Let's have a preliminary Eight Commandments of the Dugout:

1. Judge slowly.

No, even more slowly than that.

Never judge a player over a unit of time shorter than a month. A game or even a week is nothing; you must see a player hot, cold, and in between before you can put the whole package together.

2. Assume everybody is trying reasonably hard.

Of all the factors at work in baseball, effort is the last to consider. In the majors, players seldom try their hardest; giving 110 percent, as a general mode of operation, would be counterproductive for most players. The issue is finding the proper balance between effort and relaxation. Usually, something on the order of 80 percent effort is about right.

3. Forgive even the most grotesque physical errors.

On good teams, the physical limitations of players are nearly always ignored. The short hop that eats an infielder alive, the ball in the dirt that goes to the screen, the hitter who is hopelessly overpowered by a pitcher—all these hideous phenomena are treated as though they never happened. "Forget it," players say to each other, reflexively. It's assumed that every player is physically capable of performing every task asked of him. If he doesn't, it's never his fault. His mistake is simply regarded as part of a professional's natural margin of error.

4. Judge mental errors harshly.

The distinction as to whether a mistake has been made "from the neck up or the neck down" is always drawn. As an extreme example, a pitcher who walks home the winning run is guilty of a grievous mental error, because a major league pitcher is assumed to be able to throw a strike whenever he absolutely must.

5. Pay more attention to the mundane than to the spectacular.

Baseball is a game of huge samplings. The necessity for consistency usually outweighs the need for the inspired. Never judge any player by his greatest catch, his longest home run, his best pitched game. That is the exception; baseball is the game of the rule.

6. Pay more attention to the theory of the game than to the outcome of the game. Don't let your evaluations be swayed too greatly by the final score.

Don't ask, "Did that pinch hitter get a hit?" In a sense, that's a matter of chance. The worst

[Survey]

THE SEX APPEAL OF NAMES

From "Welcome Aboard, Zelda, You've Got the Job," in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, *April 21. Deborah Linville, a testing bureau manager for the state of New York, asked 200 Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute students to rank 255 women's names according to their "sexiness" on a scale of 1 (least sexy) to 7 (sexiest). Linville found that the respondents would be more inclined to hire women with unsexy names.*

Most Sexy		*Least Sexy*	
Christine	5.08	Ethel	1.00
Candace	4.92	Alma	1.08
Cheryl	4.91	Zelda	1.16
Melanie	4.91	Florence	1.5
Dawn	4.83	Mildred	1.5
Heather	4.83	Myrtle	1.5
Jennifer	4.83	Silvana	1.5
Marilyn	4.83	Edna	1.66
Michelle	4.83	Eurolinda	1.66
Susan	4.83	Elvira	1.69

hitter will s... d one time in five, while the best hitter ... ail two times in three. Instead ask, "Giv... the factors in play at that moment, w... he correct man to use?"

Only ... will you begin to sense the game as a team ... If a team loses a game but has used its r... es properly—relieved its starting pitc... a sensible juncture, had the proper pi... ters at the plate with the game on the ... late innings—then that team is often ... gnore defeat utterly. Players say, "We did ... ing right but win."

... u do everything right every day, you'll still ... 0 percent of your games—but you'll end up ... ne World Series. Nowhere is defeat so meaningless as in baseball. And nowhere are the theories and broad tactics that run under the game so important.

7. Keep in mind that players always know best how they're playing.

At the technical level, they seldom fool themselves—the stakes are too high. Self-criticism is ingrained. If a player on a ten-game hitting streak says that he's in a slump, then he is; if a player who's one for fifteen says he's "on" every pitch but that he's hitting a lot of "atom" balls ("right at 'em"), then assume he's about to go on a tear.

8. Stay ahead *of the action, not behind it or even neck and neck with it.*

Remember, the immediate past is almost always prelude. Ask hurlers how they go about selecting their pitches and they invariably say, "By watching the previous pitch." The thrower plans his game in advance; the pitcher creates it as he goes. A veteran pitcher usually doesn't know what he'll throw on his second pitch until he sees what happens to the first.

Was that batter taking or swinging? Was he ahead of the curveball or behind the fastball? Was he trying to pull, to go to the opposite field, or simply "go with the pitch"? Was he trying for power or contact? And just as important, how has he reacted to these factors in the past? Does he tend to adjust from pitch to pitch (which is unusual)? From at-bat to at-bat (which is more common)? Or is he so stubborn that he has a plan for the whole game and will "sit on a fastball" or "wait for that change-up all night" in hopes of seeing one pitch that he can poleaxe?

That's how baseball has been watched in every respectable dugout for as long as the oldest hands can remember.

[Lecture]

ARE ALTRUISM AND COOPERATION NATURAL?

From Lewis Thomas's Elihu Root lectures, delivered at the Council on Foreign Relations last November and published in the Spring 1984 issue of Foreign Affairs *under the title "Scientific Frontiers and National Frontiers: A Look Ahead." Thomas is the chancellor of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York and the author, most recently, of* Late Night Thoughts on Listening to Mahler's Ninth Symphony.

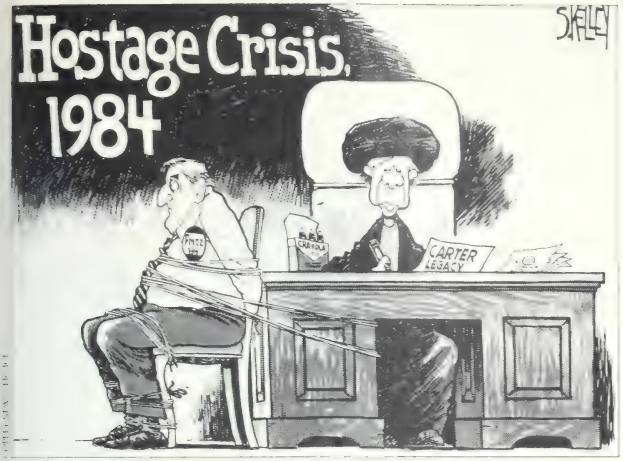
Getting along in nature is an art, not a combat by brute force. It is more like a great, complicated game of skill.

Altruism is one of the strange biological facts of life, and it has puzzled the world of biology ever since Darwin. How can one explain the survival of any species in which certain members must, as a matter of routine, sacrifice their own lives in the interests of the group? Altruism is seen in its most outlandish form among the social insects, where hives and nests depend for their survival on outright suicide. In the act of stinging, the bee is necessarily eviscerated. Among colonies of termites, wasps, and ants there are hordes of volunteers ready to rush out in defense of the group, only to be killed in the act.

Haldane was the first to perceive the genetic mechanism underlying this kind of altruism. Briefly, the creature sacrificing itself for the group is acting in the interests of the survival of its own genes. Hamilton, years later, turned Haldane's intuition into a mathematical formulation, the theory of *inclusive fitness*, which accounts not only for the survival of the individual altruist's genes but, more important, for the evolution of this kind of behavior, and which predicts the spread of genes for altruism throughout the population.

Altruism is perhaps not an everyday aspect of human behavior, and there is no way of proving or disproving a genetic basis for it. Sociobiologists believe that human altruism is genetically governed and exists throughout our species, whether in latent or suppressed form. Others attribute altruistic behavior to cultural influences.

Altruism remains a puzzle, but an even deeper scientific quandary is posed by the existence of cooperative behavior throughout nature. To explain it we cannot fall back on toting up genes or estimating the evolutionary advantages. And yet it is there, and has been since the beginning



From the San Diego Union.

of life. The biosphere, for all its wild complexity, seems to rely more on symbiotic arrangements than we used to believe, and there is a generally amiable aspect to nature that needs more acknowledgment than we have given it in the past.

Now, thanks to some work with computers by Axelrod and Hamilton, we can be persuaded that cooperating is not only a nice thing to do; it is *the* thing to do if you are looking for ways to get through very long stretches of evolutionary time in the presence of numberless other creatures with whom you are obliged to interact.

Axelrod designed a computer game that is a version of the well-known Prisoner's Dilemma. Two players can achieve mutual gains by cooperating. One player can increase his gain, however, by exploiting the other and "defecting." But if both players simultaneously defect, neither one gains.

When two players are given the choice between cooperating and defecting, and if they know they will encounter each other on only one occasion, there is no question as to the advantage of defecting. As intuition suggests, cheating pays, once anyway.

But intuition cannot be applied to the problem of what happens in the case of repeated encounters. Axelrod conducted a tournament by mail in 1979. He sent requests to experts in game theory for computer programs that would be matched against one another in a game in which cooperating and cheating were the sole choices.

The hands-down winner was the shortest and simplest strategy, devised by Anatol Rapaport at the University of Toronto. His program is called TIT FOR TAT, and the name is entirely appropriate. Nothing could be simpler: the player cooperates on his first move, and thereafter he copies whatever the other player does.

When played out over a sufficiently long period of time and with enough other players using different programs, TIT FOR TAT defeats all other strategies. It does not win all of the time, but it wins most of the time, and in nature that is real winning. Other programs were set up to be tricky. Clever moves were inserted to gain an advantage by single, unpredictable shots at cheating, with the players cooperating most of the time but taking the tiniest chances at betrayal. All of these programs lost the game, through what seems to have been the mathematical equivalent of a breakdown of trust.

The success of a single program in a computer game should not, I suppose, be extrapolated as far as I would like to take it. But it is, at the least, a small comfort to learn that being nice in nature, most of the time, is a successful strategy. Not, mind you, being nice all the time; only nice in return for nice behavior by another. The long-term winners in evolution seem to me to behave this way, with the conspicuous exception of ourselves. We have tended to exploit and to cheat whenever the occasion seemed to provide a short-term advantage from cheating, and—our worst mistake—to ignore the fact that it is bound to be a long, long game. For a computer to tell us this is not, in my view, artificial intelligence. It is the real thing.

[Poem]

HUDNEY, SUTEJ: AN INDEX

"[illegible]," by Paul Violi, appeared in the Fall/Winter issue of Epoch, a triannual literary journal published by Cornell University. Violi's book Splurge was published by SUN in 1982.

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[Grant List]

TAXPAYER REVOLT, ENGLISH STYLE

From How to Get Money from the GLC and Other Left-Wing Authorities, *a publication of Aims of Industry, a London group that is critical of the way taxes are spent in that city. According to the group, the following grants were made to "voluntary bodies" by the Greater London Council, the Labour-controlled authority that governs the city, from April 1983 to January 1984.*

ORGANIZATION	AMOUNT £
Babies Against the Bomb	1,600
English Collective of Prostitutes	400
Camden Policing the Police	29,750
World Disarmament Campaign	3,000
Southall Black Sisters	25,338
Rastafarian Advisory Center	77,835
Marx Memorial Library	9,060
Chile Democratico	6,902
Liberation Movement for Colonial Freedom	9,170
London Gay Teenage Group	14,301
Public Accountability for Community Enlightenment	41,802
Abyssinian Society	16,508
See Red Women's Workshop	10,823
Gay Bereavement Project	375
Gay London Police Monitoring Project	17,616
Campaign to Curb Police Powers	8,637
Spare Rib	34,656

[Newspaper Column]

MÁRQUEZ ON THE FEAR OF FLYING

From El Espectador, *the Bogotá daily. Gabriel García Márquez, the Nobel Prize-winning Colombian novelist, has written a weekly column for the paper since 1982. The translation is by Lisa Wyant.*

After promising myself never again, I made the crazy mistake of taking another nonstop night flight across the Atlantic. Trapped between the parentheses of a twelve-hour flight, I lose identity, destiny, and even destination. Besides which, this time the flight was so perfect that for a minute I was sure the plane had stopped in midair. I've always been afraid of the plane crashing, but this time I conceived of a new fear: terror that the plane would stay in the air forever.

Now I understand why food served in midair has a different consistency from the kind eaten on solid ground. When it's flying, even the chicken—dead and roasted—is afraid; champagne bubbles die before their time and lettuce wilts with a different kind of sadness. Something similar happens to movies. The meaning of the few I've seen in flight changed because the souls of the actors refused to be the same—life gives up its own logic.

There are countless cures for the fear of flying. I have a friend who can't sleep for days before boarding, but when she locks herself inside the airplane's lavatory her fear completely disappears. She stays there as long as possible, reading in a calm comparable only to that of the eye of a hurricane—until the cabin crew force her back to her assigned seat of terror. It's strange, because I've always thought that half the fear came from being oppressively confined, and airplane restrooms are where the confinement is felt most. On the other hand, the restroom of a train offers a unique sense of freedom. When I was a boy, what I liked best about trips on the banana railroad was looking at the world through the hole in the train's toilet bowl: counting the number of ties between two towns, surprising frightened lizards in the grass, or seeing flashes of young girls skinny-dipping under bridges. The first time I went up in an airplane, one of those twin-motor primitives that did around 600 miles in three and a half hours, I thought, with good reason, that through the hole in the airplane's cistern I'd see a world even more magnificent: what was happening in the courtyards of houses, the cows walking among the poppies, Hemingway's leopard petrified among the snows of Kilimanjaro. But all I found was sad confirmation that this watchtower of the world had been lopped off and you could risk your life simply by flushing the toilet.

Years ago I got over the common illusion that alcohol is a good way to treat fear. Following the prescription of Don Luis Buñuel, I took a strong shot of vermouth before leaving the house, another at the airport, and a third right at takeoff. I passed the first few minutes of the flight in a state of divine peace, of course, but this wasn't exactly what I was looking for. In fact, the calm seemed so real and was so intense that I almost wanted the plane to crash once and for all so I wouldn't have to think about the fear anymore. Rather than being a treatment for terror, alcohol is its accomplice. There's nothing worse for long flights: the first two drinks calm you down, you get drunk with the next two, you fall asleep or at least have the illusion that you're sleeping with the two that follow; and three hours later you wake up fully aware that you haven't slept more than three minutes, and that your future holds nothing more than a ten-hour headache.

Reading, a treatment for so many evils on the ground, is no help in the air. You can start the most intricately plotted detective story and end up not knowing who killed whom or why. I've always thought that the most terrified people on airplanes are those impassive gentlemen who read without blinking, without even breathing, while the ship is sinking in the maelstrom. One of them was seated next to me during the long night from New York to Rome. Through rocky arctic winds, my neighbor didn't look up from *Crime and Punishment*, reading it line by line, page by page, not even stopping to eat dinner; but at breakfast he said to me with a sigh, "It seems like an interesting book."

I've always considered music the most effective recourse—music from my own Walkman, though, not the kind you hear on airplanes. I've always wondered who prepares the musical programming for airplanes, because I can't imagine anyone who knows less about the therapeutic properties of music. Airplane music actually produces the opposite effect. Using rather simplistic criteria, airlines always go for large-scale orchestral pieces associated with the sky, with infinite spaces, or with terrestrial phenomena. My private collection of music for flying is extensive. I've adapted programs to flight route and duration, time of day, and even kind of plane. I've always thought that there's no better way to fly, but just this week (my luck) a reader from Alicante, Spain, wrote to tell me about something better: making love as many times as possible during the flight. But for that, as they say in the soap operas, you'll have to tune in next week. ■

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"MY FELLOW DEMOCRATS..."

At the inaugural reception of 1829 a raucous crowd of Andrew Jackson's supporters left a trail of muddy bootprints over the White House's fine carpets and satin chairs. Thus the appalled staff, unmistakably informed well before the rest of the country, learned that the times had changed and that the party organized by the aristocratic Thomas Jefferson had been forever transformed. During the years since that noisy afternoon the Democratic Party, as President Jackson's friends and admirers came to be known, has proudly worn the ragged mantle of the common man.

The Republicans, too, are an often roughshod coalition, but they have done their best to preserve the facade of a portly decorum. Democrats, it has been said, are never happier than when fighting among themselves. Maybe it is the excitement of these intramural scrimmages that has weakened the party's hold, particularly in presidential elections, on the electorate.

The country will know in a few weeks whom the Democrats will favor with this year's nomination and what the candidate will propose by way of a platform. In the meantime, *Harper's* has invited several Democrats known for their tendentious views to imagine that it has fallen to their lot to stand against Ronald Reagan in November. How would they put their cause in an acceptance address to the nominating convention? Their speeches follow.

KARL HESS *was Barry Goldwater's principal speechwriter in the 1964 presidential campaign. Since then he has worked as a commercial welder and as a metal sculptor, joined the Industrial Work-*

Our common purpose is clear: to bring to an end a presidential regime that has turned the White House into a palace of privilege and our citizenry into the raw material of global strife. To do that we cannot engage in a politics of details. We cannot quibble over marginal budget changes or razor-thin foreign policy differences. We must tell Americans that a vote for us is a vote for differences that are important, that are basic, that are clear.

The foremost difference involves the relationship between citizens and their government. Government, and the institutions it favors, have become lord, master, and purpose; citizens are watched, filed away, given numbers. We will never sacrifice a person to a purpose; we will make the individual the center of our society.

We cannot point with pride to our own past. We have been guilty of much misplaced charity.



1985: The Only Question Left Is Who Survives

We have overvalued welfare and undervalued work. We have dreamed of redistributing wealth when we should have dreamed of creating it.

But no part of our past, and none of our mistakes, can be condemned as strenuously as the deliberate course of President Reagan and his Administration.

They have turned the debts of the past, to which we have admittedly contributed, into a burden of intolerable weight.

They have turned the spending of the past, to which we have surely contributed, into a rising, reckless flood.

They have turned the arrogance of presidential power, to which we have assuredly contributed, into an imperial sword that slashes violently at every dissenter. They see disagreement as treason and place the whims of the White House above any law, any check, any balance.

I will not offer you a shopping list of campaign promises. But I will make one promise: I will not seek a second term in office, and thus I will not be tempted by the prospect of an upcoming election to abandon my principles.

One of those principles is that bipartisan foreign policy is dead. The party in power has made it impossible. It has proclaimed its belligerent policies to be holy writ and has defamed all who object. It does not want consensus. It wants compliance. Well, it shall not have it.

We are for peace. For peace, mind you, not surrender. Our great adversary today is not some subversive idea called communism. That is a failed idea. Our adversary is a government of frightened old men. The Soviet leaders fear change. They fear their own people. They have no ideas; they have only arms and bribes, threats and invasions.

We must reject every one of their brutal, foolish policies.

In our relations with the Soviet Union, I will seek an end to simple-minded bombast and threats. In their place I will substitute free trade and cultural exchanges.

All embargoes against trade with the Soviet Union should be speedily lifted. To the extent that the Soviet Union is a customer of the United States, it will be less of a threat. American spare parts and American ingenuity might help create a dependence that could lead to a more lasting détente.

As far as domestic policies are concerned, we will stop warring against the middle class. I will ask the appropriate committees of Congress and the appropriate government agencies to identify all tax and regulatory policies that favor the few and punish the middle-class majority. During my administration, I will ask that every advantage accorded the rich be extended equally to those individuals who, by working, inventing, teach-

ing, healing, and innovating, are the productive soul of our nation. One woman or one man—or one family—will be as important to us as any giant corporation, powerful union, or vocal lobby.

Our towns, our villages, and our rural areas will receive the same attention as our great cities. We have for too long favored the metropolis at the expense of the countryside. Both make up America. Neither should prey on the other.

I will not haggle about the details of taxation. But my administration will hear from all Americans about what shall be taken from them and for what purpose.

There is no better way to return the matter of taxation to full public discussion than to repeal the withholding tax on wages and salaries. Only when the American people are confronted with the enormous expenditures of government in a personal and direct way—by an annual bill for services rendered—will they be able to make an informed judgment about which services they want and which ones they can do without.

Many say that middle-class greed would mean the end of government support for the poor and the helpless. I say that we are a generous people and that support for the poor would increase on the part of local charities and individuals with more money to spend. And I say that this is preferable to government programs that all too often pay more to their administrators than they give to the poor.

There are many people who will quail at our principles, who are so unsure of freedom that they see its preservation only in its abandonment. There are many who fear freedom's responsibilities. They huddle, timid and afraid, under the spell of those now in power, who promise every protection but are willing to take no risks. We seek the support of those Americans who have not forgotten what an adventure this land has always been, who are neither afraid nor ashamed of what freedom has accomplished, and who will pledge their future to a life in freedom rather than mortgage it to fear, to regimentation, to a garrison state.

But the timid still will ask: How can we be sure it will work? The answer is clear. We cannot be sure. There are no guarantees, only opportunities. Freedom to act, to achieve, to own, to create, to speak, to be good stewards of our land, and to arrange our lives as we see fit, respecting the right of all others to do the same—that freedom has been our vision. Some say it is our myth. I say it is our possibility.

RONALD V. DELLUMS

represents California's eighth congressional district, which includes Berkeley, in the U.S. House of Representatives. He is chairman of the House Armed Services Subcommittee on Military Installations and Facilities and head of the Congressional Black Caucus task force on national security and foreign policy.

The year 1984 finds our country in the midst of an economic and political crisis that may end our experiment as a democracy. The Reagan Administration has subverted Lincoln's hope for a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, creating in its stead a government of the few, by the few, and for the few. Reaganism has enshrined greed and legislated selfishness. Worst of all, its ideological paranoia—its belief in fantasy rather than reality—may bring us to the brink of a global nuclear holocaust.

This Administration has abandoned the strategy of nuclear deterrence and proposes to fight, survive, and "win" a nuclear war. It seeks to develop nuclear and space weapons beyond anyone's capacity to verify or control, thus eliminating the possibility of arms control and disarmament. Its foreign policy is based on the false and dangerous assumption that U.S. intimidation can shape Soviet foreign policy into "acceptable" modes of conduct. It is engaged in Third World interventionism and the pursuit of global military containment.

However, I offer a new agenda: an agenda for world peace and for a just and compassionate society here at home. It is an agenda that proposes a foreign policy of nonintervention and international cooperation, an agenda that redefines our legitimate national security interests as the defense of the United States, an agenda that rejects any attempts to control the internal affairs of other sovereign nations through economic extortion, political intimidation, or overt or covert force.

True peace entails more than the absence of war. It requires an unceasing effort to eliminate militarism, racism, and social and economic injustice and to promote personal freedom and human dignity. It requires the rejection of the "national security" psychosis that has nurtured both a permanent war economy and U.S. leadership in the escalation of the nuclear and conventional arms race.

This generation has an obligation to eliminate the possibility of nuclear war. A Dellums administration will abandon any nuclear war-fighting strategy based on the idea of a preemptive first strike or on the ludicrous notion that a "limited" nuclear war could be "contained."

A Dellums administration will seek a prompt, mutual, verifiable reduction of both nuclear and conventional weapons by the two superpowers

and their allies. Within ninety days of my inauguration, I will lead a delegation to Geneva to begin comprehensive arms-reduction talks.

I pledge that the United States will adhere to the SALT I, SALT II, ABM, and nuclear nonproliferation treaties. I will push for a comprehensive test-ban treaty. I will also order a halt in the deployment of Pershing II and cruise missiles, and will call upon the Soviet Union not to deploy more SS-20 and SS-22 theater nuclear missiles.

A Dellums administration will eliminate all crisis-destabilizing nuclear weapons, including space weapons, that encourage the adoption of a launch-on-warning strategy. We will eliminate the MX missile, the Pershing II missile, the Trident II missile, the ground-launched and sea-launched cruise missiles, and other weapons and communications systems that are destabilizing. NASA and the Pentagon will receive no funds for space-based weapons.

The era of Pax Americana is over. We must reject reckless policies that intimidate our allies and threaten the destruction of our "adversaries." Nonintervention and international cooperation are the only safe and moral routes to a truly stable world order. Therefore my administration will reassess all of the country's major alliances in light of the problems of the future, and not in terms of the outmoded precepts of the past.

Our noninterventionist foreign policy will make possible reductions in conventional land, sea, and air forces. We will eliminate the Rapid Deployment Force, whose raison d'être is intervention in the Third World, and reduce the Marine Corps from three to two divisions. We will gradually reduce our land forces until the active Army consists of six armored/infantry divisions and two airborne divisions. Similarly, we will reduce our surface naval fleet to less than half of the 640 ships President Reagan has proposed.

Our military forces will have no use for such heinous devices as chemical and biological weapons, or for such ineffective weapons as the B-1 bomber and the M-1 Abrams tank.

As president, I will call for the repeal of the War Powers Act, because I fully intend to abide by Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution, which grants Congress the sole authority to declare war.

U.S. foreign policy has no need for covert operations. The intelligence agencies should gather and provide only the information required to formulate and implement foreign and national security policy. I will restructure those agencies in order to eliminate the potential for illegal action at home or abroad, including the destabilization of foreign governments and the undermining of First Amendment rights.

America has a special obligation to promote equitable solutions to the human and economic problems of the emerging nations of the Third World. But tragically, south of our borders, we are reaping the bitter harvest of two centuries of imperialist intervention. This bipartisan policy, based on racism and cultural arrogance, has brought us to the brink of a regional war in Central America. Immediately after my inauguration, I will terminate all economic and military assistance to the government of El Salvador, and I will order the withdrawal of all U.S. military personnel from El Salvador and Honduras. I will also terminate all support of the *contras* in their struggle against the Sandinista government, and I will give unconditional support to the diplomatic initiatives of the Contadora nations.

The morally deficient policies of the United States toward Africa have impeded the cause of independence and self-determination on that continent. A Dellums administration will assist the nations of Africa in four major ways. I will make available $4 billion in emergency food assistance and $1 billion in medical assistance, and will call upon our NATO allies and Japan to provide matching funds, supplies, and personnel. I will ask the U.N. to increase appropriations for the relocation of the millions of refugees created by the independence struggles of the past decade, but I will immediately offer an unconditional $2 billion for their care and relocation. I will use every legitimate means to force South Africa to end the obscene policy of apartheid. And I will encourage long-term, nonexploitive private-sector investment to help Third World nations become economically self-sufficient.

In Asia, as elsewhere, we will not support corrupt dictatorships such as those in South Korea and the Philippines, and we will search for ways to end the suffering in Kampuchea and Timor. We will work to increase Japan's participation in the defense of the western Pacific and to encourage the Japanese to expand their economic assistance to the Third World. In return, my administration will renegotiate existing trade agreements to remove protectionist fetters that inhibit productivity and competition.

This nominee totally rejects the Reagan Administration's belief that paper profits take precedence over jobs, that corporate dividends and tax breaks for the privileged few may be enhanced at the expense of the middle class and the working poor, and that "savings" in federal spending can be achieved only by eliminating or devastating programs that help the poor, the elderly, the young, and the disadvantaged.

The primary goal in the rejuvenation of the economy is to put people back to work. I believe that a job is a fundamental human right. I am

committed to a full-employment economy, as mandated by the Humphrey-Hawkins Act of 1978. I am committed to conversion legislation that will transform our war economy into a peace economy; we will modernize our heavy industries and our railroads and mass-transit systems.

Our most precious national resource is our children. We have a moral obligation to help them develop their talents to the fullest. I will therefore seek comprehensive, national health-care legislation and a comprehensive education-assistance program. My education program will cover everyone from preschool through professional school, and it will aid both the gifted and the educationally disadvantaged.

Our children also have the right to inherit an environment free of pollution and toxic wastes. A Dellums administration will aggressively enforce and seek enhancement of existing environmental legislation, and we will begin an all-out assault on toxic-waste sites and acid rain and on the dangers of offshore drilling and nuclear energy. We will expand wilderness preserves and end the rape of the environment for quick profit at the expense of future generations.

A Dellums administration will be unflinchingly committed to equal opportunity and justice for all. We will push for prompt passage of the Equal Rights Amendment and a Bill of Rights for senior citizens. And we will unequivocally enforce the Voting Rights Act.

A sense of purpose and resolve—for peace, personal freedom, economic justice, and human dignity—is the legacy we must leave our children. In the words of Martin Luther King Jr., we must "make of this old world a new world." Only then will our children be able to live out the promise of the people's anthems, "This Land Is Your Land" and "We Shall Overcome."

BEN J. WATTENBERG, *author of* The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong, *is a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute, where he is co-editor of* Public Opinion *magazine. He is the chairman of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, an independent group of Democrats.*

A Democratic senator, Fred Harris, once proposed to run for president on the slogan "No More Bullshit." His slogan is not my slogan. But he was on the right track. For if we Democrats don't cut out the bullshit, we will never be able to understand what is going on in America and we will never be able to convince our fellow citizens that we deserve a mandate to govern.

Delegates, Democrats, Americans—we must begin our campaign by abandoning the theme that Ronald Reagan is the devil incarnate. We must stop believing that the ritual incantation of this theme will capture the White House and the Senate. It won't.

It won't because Americans don't believe that Reagan has shredded the safety net. They don't believe it because they see it in operation every day. Americans don't believe that Reagan personally caused a great recession. (Americans are also smart enough to know that Reagan isn't responsible for the economic recovery under way, either.) Americans know that Reagan hasn't militarized our foreign policy. Setting up a thousand men as sitting ducks in Lebanon is not exactly macho. Fifty U.S. advisers in El Salvador doesn't make that country another Vietnam. And Americans know that Ronald Reagan does not want to blow up the world in a last angry gesture at the evil empire.

Fellow Democrats—no more bullshit!

Delegates, Democrats, Americans—relax. I am here to deliver *my* acceptance speech, not Ronald Reagan's. I am here not to salute Reagan but to retire him. I am here to explain how we can do it.

To start with, we must criticize only what deserves criticism, lest we bury ourselves by criticizing what voters applaud.

Four years ago, everyone in political Washington who could add, liberals as well as conservatives, knew that social spending had to be brought under control. Almost everyone in political Washington also knew that the defense budget had to go up. Almost everyone in political Washington knew that we had to take a stand against Soviet activity in Central America. Almost everyone in political Washington knew that the free-world nations had to hang tough on the deployment of Pershing and cruise missiles. And almost everyone in political Washington now knows that because we didn't back down, the Russians walked out of the arms talks, not us.

After all, these policies were initiated by Jimmy Carter—who, by the way, was a much better president than it is now fashionable to say. It is political hara-kiri for Democrats to attack Democratic initiatives, especially ones that are approved of by the American people!

What, then, are Reagan's vulnerabilities? What are the Democrats' strengths?

In the movie *Born Yesterday*, the Judy Holliday dumb-blonde character berates the Broderick Crawford crude-gangster character by saying, "Ya know the trouble with you, Harry? You're just not couth." Well, Reagan's first problem, the Republicans' first problem, and the conservatives' first problem, is that they're just not ept.

They don't like the federal government. They don't like what it does and they don't understand how it works; consequently, they don't run it very well. They are inept.

It is of passing academic interest to note that most Republicans and conservatives have accepted modern civil-rights legislation and the welfare state. It is interesting to hear that great social democrat Ronald Reagan brag that he has retained the social safety net—although for twenty years he opposed almost every thread we Democrats used to weave it.

But can people who cavalierly and ideologically scorn the role of government in helping the storm-tossed and the vulnerable be expected to manage that government so that it can help those who need help? It is one thing to say that social programs have grown too fast. It is quite another to put the fox in charge of the chicken coop. We have seen the results: insensitivity in the attempt to cut programs for women and children, semilegalized union bashing by the National Labor Relations Board, tax cuts favoring the rich, and the effort to get tax exemptions for segregated private schools.

Consider the environment. Surely we need environmental regulations; a modern industrial society must mind its manners. Just as surely, we went too far in the 1970s. Just about all Americans began to realize that environmental regulations had to be straightened out.

But Reagan let smug foxes try to make chickens into drumsticks. James Watt and the appointees at the EPA gave Americans the sense that they mocked the entire idea of environmental regulation. The result: ineffectuality. The moral: if you scorn it, you can't run it.

Consider foreign policy and defense. We will indeed fall behind the Russians militarily if we don't rebuild our defenses. If we want to preserve our interests and our values, we will have to be more assertive internationally. We Democrats know full well that if the free world gets pushed around, it may not be free for long.

But rebuilding and reasserting are delicate tasks in the modern democratic world. They must be pursued at the same time that we publicly pursue arms control, lest we miss a chance to keep the nuclear genie more tightly locked up and lest we risk losing the moral and political high ground in an equation where politics and the appearance of morality count as much as throw weight. That balance cannot be controlled if we give the impression that arms control is a fraud, that it can be cavalierly delayed. If you scorn it, you can't run it. A decent respect for the opinions of mankind demands that we make serious and public efforts at tough-minded arms control, that we try hard from the start and keep on trying. The Reaganauts let it be perceived that they had to be pushed to that view, and the free world has suffered.

So, fellow Democrats and fellow Americans: I do not deny that our country was geopolitically weakened in the 1970s. I do not deny that overregulation stunted the growth of our industries. I do not deny that we overspent. These things happened under administrations of both parties. But our party, or parts of our party, drifted further off course than our opponents. We erred and we lost.

But now we are back, and we are resolute. When Democrats are on course, there is no better engine of prosperity and freedom.

Ronald Reagan did not invent internationalism. That is a Democratic concept. Ronald Reagan surely did not invent the safety net. We did. Ronald Reagan did not invent the idea of a society that rewards merit or emphasizes traditional values. That idea and those values are part of our great Democratic heritage. Democrats can best bring them to fruition because only Democrats can assemble a wall-to-wall consensus to make these goals a reality. America ought to be a humane, internationalist, assertive, proud, and productive nation. We can make it happen.

As we reclaim our heritage, we will reclaim the White House. And the world will be the better for it.

TOM HAYDEN *is a California state assemblyman representing west Los Angeles and Santa Monica. He is a member of the Democratic Party's Platform Committee and chairman of the Campaign for Economic Democracy, a California-based grass-roots reform organization. He was active in the civil rights and antiwar movements in the 1960s.*

What unites us and gives urgency to our task is the need to prevent another four years of the Reagan Administration. We cannot afford a further breakdown in arms-control negotiations; we cannot abide U.S. involvement in wars in Central America; we cannot allow more environmental pollution; we cannot tolerate more farm foreclosures and business bankruptcies; and we cannot turn our backs on equal rights.

But let us be candid. If we cannot follow Ronald Reagan down his nostalgic road to the 1920s, neither can we content ourselves with the achievements of those Democrats who led America out of the Great Depression nearly fifty years ago.

Franklin Roosevelt spoke of America's "rendezvous with destiny." Today, trapped by our attachment to the past, America is postponing a rendezvous with reality. We are squandering one opportunity after another to deal with our problems, vainly hoping they will disappear or cynically assuming we can pass them on to our children's generation.

I propose that in facing our problems we place realism before rhetoric.

In foreign affairs, we must repudiate the latter-day advocates of Custer's last stand. They have postponed the inevitable need for dialogue with the Soviet Union and mined the future with perilous weapons and deficits, while gaining for our nation neither greater security nor advantages.

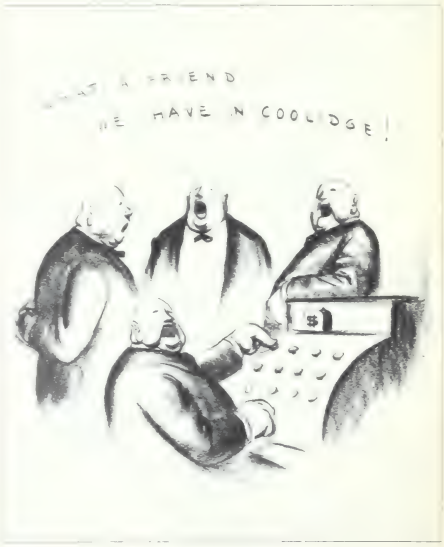
The desire for domination is based on an illusion; dialogue and deterrence, however, should be pursued with equal measure. Our administration will seek a bilateral nuclear freeze, a military disengagement from Central America, a Common Market with Mexico and the neglected nations of this hemisphere, and a Middle East settlement based on the abandoned principles of Camp David. And we will make an all-out effort to defuse the time bomb of international debt.

We have a permanent interest in nuclear arms control with the Soviet Union. But when the Russians threaten human rights and democratic values around the world, we will temper our liberalism with hardheaded realism, in the spirit of John F. Kennedy. For example, there are no "spheres of influence" that can justify turning a blind eye to repression. Thus, it is proper for our government to support the people of Poland, not with weapons but with full moral, diplomatic, and economic pressure. As president, I will use every power of my office to limit the extension of Western credit to the Polish government unless that regime makes progress toward protecting the rights of Solidarity.

Torture and repression are no more acceptable when committed by anticommunist governments that have historically been our allies. From Manila to Johannesburg, from Santiago to Riyadh, my administration will adhere to a single standard of human rights and economic justice. We are merely postponing the inevitable if we believe that the aspirations for democracy and independence that inspired our own ancestors can be smothered by our security needs in the conflict between the superpowers. America must be part of the process of change, not its archenemy.

In economic affairs, we must not mortgage our children's future through unprecedented deficits that are a result of indiscriminate tax giveaways and skyrocketing defense expenditures. Our first order of business, therefore, will be to reduce deficits by 10 percent a year by reforming military procurement practices, reducing health-care spending through cost-containment and prevention programs, and closing tax loopholes that lack any valid social purpose.

America is experiencing a rapid shift to a computer-driven world economy. The transition to the new information age is as complex and as



1924: *The Cash Register Chorus*

socially disruptive as the transition from the agrarian to the industrial age a century ago, and we don't have much time to adapt.

If we cannot compete in the world marketplace, we will become irrelevant. But we cannot make the changes that are necessary by waving the magic wand of supply-side economics. Reagan has tried that. It has not increased productive investments. All it has done is stimulate an orgy of mergers—a giant and mostly unproductive game of corporate Pac-Man. Nor will we make the transition by bailing out and subsidizing industries that are no longer competitive but wish to preserve their positions of power and privilege. This, too, is only a way of postponing the inevitable.

As president, I will establish a new economic partnership between government, business, labor, and the educational system. We must cooperate at home in order to compete abroad. This partnership will seek ways to move our nation to the frontier of the computerized economy without abandoning our traditional industries. It will demonstrate that investment in high technology is vital—not only for the growth industries of the future but also for the revitalization of our industrial heartland.

As Democrats, we recognize that change involves people, not only machines. It is essential that all Americans, especially those bearing the scars of discrimination or neglect, be supported in their quest for a role in the new economy. Our educational system must prepare them for change. Our teachers must be treated with the dignity they have earned and they must be paid the wages they deserve.

Our confidence and our sense of common purpose have already eroded as dangerously as our country's infrastructure. Members of the younger generation fear, with good reason, that they will be the first in U.S. history not to fare as well as their parents. Crime, unemployment, and drug abuse are as common as metaphors for the role of youth today as were volunteer work in the Peace Corps and participation in the civil rights revolution in my own generation. But a society that undermines the idealism of its young is a society that is cannibalizing its future.

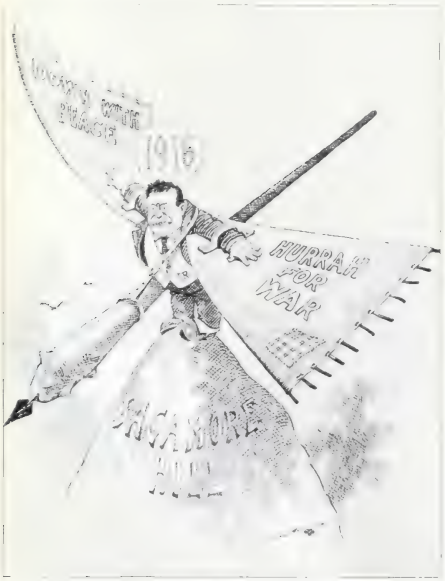
I propose to give our young people the opportunity to build the future. All young Americans who volunteer to work at least three years in their own communities as part of a national service corps will receive a free college education. Their work will involve such challenges as crime prevention, health care, classroom education, and resource conservation. We must give young people an alternative to self-absorption; we must encourage them to choose the path of social responsibility.

Our party has been divided into three groups, each of which is represented by a candidate at this convention. The three Americas those candidates speak for must be united if we are to win in November. More importantly, they must be united if we are to govern effectively in the years ahead.

There is the America that forged the New Deal. There is the America that forged its consciousness in the Vietnam years and its entrepreneurial spirit in the Silicon Valleys. Finally, there is the America of the poor, the disenfranchised, women, and minorities, who through no fault of their own have found it difficult to share the blessings of either the age of the machine or the age of the microchip.

These three Americas, reflected in our Democratic Party, need one another between now and November if we are to win the election. We also need one another if we are to become one America again—an America where brainpower is more valued than brute power, where long-range solutions are more honored than the quick fix, and where a sense of obligation to others separates us from the law of the jungle.

We must join together in a process of creative adjustment. We must expect more of ourselves, not settle for less. Ultimately, that will mean a brighter future—a new world of possibilities for our nation.



1916: *White House or Bust*

EUGENE McCARTHY *was a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1968. He was a representative to Congress from Minnesota from 1948 to 1958 and a senator from 1958 to 1970. McCarthy is also a poet and the author of several books, including* Other Things and the Aardvark.

In choosing me you have rejected candidates who, in Congress or as part of the Carter Administration, are largely to blame for the fiscal irresponsibility that Ronald Reagan effectively challenged in the 1980 campaign. It matters little that Ronald's charge that there were thirty years of fiscal irresponsibility was wrong. There were only ten years, from 1971 to 1981. To have him be even a third right is noteworthy.

You have passed over candidates who, in the 1970s, supported indexing Social Security payments to the rate of inflation (a defensible position), but who then supported an increase in the index of the base (an indefensible position). Subsequently, these candidates supported the indexing of government salaries and pensions, including those of members of Congress. Finally, they supported Congress's new budget procedure, a reform based on the false notion that deficits are a result of flawed procedures.

You have taken the bold step of passing over candidates who, as members of Congress, reformed that body in the spirit of the biblical story of Jonah and the whale. They made their organization less responsible and then adopted a code of ethics to discipline unethical and irresponsible members. In 1976, in the name of the purification of politics, Congress passed amendments to the federal election laws that limit freedom of speech and other forms of communication.

Those amendments violate various constitutionally guaranteed freedoms. They also violate the constitutional principles of the separation of powers, due process, and equal protection of the laws, and the right to privacy. Moreover, they have changed the political procedures of our country in a way that gives special advantages to the very rich. These advantages are having an effect. Congress is beginning to fill up with brand names—people who are private corporations or even foundations. These changes in the election laws have also given special advantages to corporate and labor-union political action committees, thus further depersonalizing politics. This whole episode demonstrates the wisdom of Gilbert Chesterton's observation that the Puritans (or in modern times, the members of Common Cause) customarily "kill St. George but keep the dragon."

Faced with the prospect of running against a Republican candidate who proposes a great leap backward into the nineteenth century—and who has already moved the country back as far as the 1920s—you have turned away from one candidate who advocates the politics of the 1950s and from another who has an ill-defined program for an indefinite future. You have turned, instead, to a candidate who proposes a modest program to deal with the issues we will be facing in the last sixteen years of this century.

The problem of unemployment will not be solved by reindustrialization or by making the federal government the employer of last resort. On the contrary, the work there is should be redistributed—something that hasn't been done since the New Deal, when we adopted a forty-hour week, a fifty-week year, and retirement at age sixty-five.

The causes of economic disorder lie not just in government waste or excessive defense expenditures. They also lie in the private sector, particularly in the waste and excesses of the automobile culture.

The first step toward disarmament is not to negotiate with the Soviet Union but to confront the Pentagon and the military-industrial complex (which includes significant segments of the labor movement).

The most dangerous bureaucracies in the federal government are not the FBI and the CIA. They are the Federal Communications Commission, which has tremendous, if not wholly utilized, power over what is communicated over the airwaves, and by whom; the Federal Elections Commission, which has much too much power over the electoral process; and the Internal Revenue Service, which, through its power to give and take away tax privileges, affects not only American economic life but also family relationships, education, culture, and even religion.

In 1968, I proposed a new Bill of Rights that included:

- the right to a decent and appropriate job, with an income adequate to support family and self;
- the right to a house, but not in a ghetto;
- the right to an education suitable to one's talents and needs;
- the right to an environment that is not life-threatening, whether the threat comes from war, crime, pollution, or ill health;
- the right to security and comfort in old age.

I also promised to establish, or re-establish, the United States as a force for order and justice in the world through economic and technical assistance, rather than through the threat or exercise of military power. I promised to nominate to the Supreme Court a historian or a social philosopher, rather than another lawyer.

Sixteen years ago, I promised to do all these things. Sixteen years later, you have decided to let me make good on these promises. The convention has done well. I commend it.

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ARTHUR I. BLAUSTEIN *was chairman of the National Advisory Council on Economic Opportunity from 1977 to 1981. His most recent book is* The American Promise: Equal Justice and Economic Opportunity. *He has just completed* Your Dollars and Common Sense, *a video series on U.S. economic policy.*

We must shift our attention from the nonissue of new ideas versus old ideas to the serious problems confronting our nation. Half-baked old ideas on three-by-five cards in President Reagan's shoe box are just as irrelevant as half-cocked new ideas from the computer printout of a hired-gun pollster armed with a motivation-research study.

The real issue is Ronald Reagan's record as President. At the top of the list of Mr. Reagan's failures is the brutal two-year recession, a recession which, if present policies are continued, will come roaring back within six months. Next is the budget deficit, the worst in our history. The cumulative total of the Reagan deficit is greater than the net sum of the deficits of all past presidents, from George Washington to Jimmy Carter.

But of all the problems caused by Reaganomics, unemployment is the most destructive. Through monetarist and supply-side policies, President Reagan deliberately induced massive unemployment in order to fight inflation. This was both unnecessary and unfair. It was unfair because it affected different segments of our society unequally. The burden fell first on the working poor; then it fell on minorities, women, the young, the old, blue-collar workers, family farmers, and small businesses. The logic behind those policies, according to Mr. Reagan, was that government spending was the root cause of inflation. Our huge deficit and staggering debt have proved him wrong.

The severity of unemployment is *the* story of the Reagan Administration. After the first year of the President's economic recovery program, over 3 million people had lost their jobs. The money cost of every one percent increase in unemployment is $30 billion. That's $100 billion the national treasury—we, the taxpayers—lost the first year. But the human costs are even more staggering.

Thanks to the work of Professor Harvey Brenner of Johns Hopkins University, it is now possible to measure the impact of unemployment on child abuse, alcoholism, suicide, drug abuse, and mental and physical illness. We know that for each one percent increase in unemployment there are 36,000 deaths. Thus, the first year of Reaganomics cost 110,000 lives—*twice the number of Americans killed in Vietnam over a decade.* The loss of 241 American lives in Lebanon brought instant outrage, banner headlines, and blue-ribbon-panel investigations. Yet the story of 110,000 unemployment-related deaths has been left untold. The FTC should require that all ads for my opponent carry the following disclaimer: "Warning—The Surgeon General Has Determined That Reaganomics Is Dangerous to Your Health."

In 1981, the Administration conjured up the specter of an "economic Dunkirk" to push through its policies. What was actually perpetrated was a "social Pearl Harbor"—the nastiest massacre of social-service programs in our history. The Reagan policies are wiping out the modest gains made in the past generation by women, the elderly, and minorities, and they have driven 5 million people into poverty, the greatest jump since the Great Depression.

What went through the minds of the Administration officials who abolished the CETA program? That decision, whether from a social or an economic viewpoint, is senseless. The question that must be asked is whether our society believes it is of greater value to keep a youngster in a state prison at an annual cost of $15,000, in a drug rehabilitation center at a cost of $19,000, in a mental institution at a cost of $22,000, or in a job-training program at a cost of $9,000. We do not need a crash course in zero-based budgeting or human relations to tell us that all but the last choice are wasteful and destructive to society and its individual members.

And what went through the President's mind when he spoke of his deep concern for the suffering of the unborn while the White House was trying to kill the WIC program, a nutrition program for pregnant women and babies, and EPSDT, a children's health program? Cutbacks in these programs had already contributed to a rise in infant mortality. Does Mr. Reagan's definition of "right to life" extend only from conception to birth? How can he support an anti-abortion amendment and at the same time pursue policies that increase infant mortality?

I agree with Franklin Delano Roosevelt that "the presidency is a place of moral leadership." So I am deeply troubled that national issues, ones that require national policy and programs, have devolved to the states because Mr. Reagan, almost as an afterthought, has rediscovered state sovereignty. To deflect or fragment responsibility and accountability suggests that the President has renounced our moral purpose as a nation.

But Mr. Reagan has done so, without losing the public's esteem. Through the use of myths and symbols, the "Great Communicator" has created a counterreality. That counterreality is reinforced by the advertisements of the oil companies and banks, which depict the America of our fantasies—pastoral settings, quaint

churches, "nice" communities, abundant wildlife, and clear, bubbling streams. We are never shown the polluters, the nuclear- and toxic-waste dumpers, the bankers making a quick buck providing loans to the military junta in Brazil while foreclosing mortgages on steelworkers' homes in Ohio and family farms in Iowa.

Mr. Reagan is distracting the public and manipulating the media by composing hymns to individualism, localism, piety, and homespun virtues; meanwhile, behind the pitchman, the "good ol' boy" axis of exploiters is destroying local centers of power and authority. They are erasing our individuality and our cultural diversity, and they are making us live by antihuman rules.

When a civilized family runs into financial difficulties, it makes sure that those members who are least able to fend for themselves are given adequate protection and the bare necessities for survival. It does not allow those who have more than enough to continue to hoard. There are certain principles that take precedence over the game plans of economic theorists and politicians on the make. Adherence to those principles defines us as human.

We must put unemployed youngsters to work in public-service jobs. We must establish an industrial productivity board to target reinvestment in older smokestack industries and to provide research and development incentives for new high-technology industries. We must institute wage and price controls on a sector-by-sector basis whenever the inflation rate rises above 6 percent, and we must discourage plant closings and unproductive capital speculation. We must reform and simplify the tax system, close loopholes, and reduce tax shelters that discourage productive investment. We must redirect resources to low-income communities, and we must create economic development corporations and tax-free enterprise zones.

In the past four years, the Reagan Administration has given one sad performance after another. Its domestic policies are based on failed theories, stale ideas, smiling one-liners, and a hostile attitude that says, "Let them eat jellybeans." Its foreign policy is based on paranoia, jingoism, saber rattling, and phony patriotism. And its political strategy has been one of pandering to and exploiting the most regressive and antisocial tendencies in our national character.

Our history provides us with a common-sense vision of justice, freedom, equality, and opportunity. We may forget or deny our legacy, but we cannot change it. The uniqueness of our nation lies in its commitment to improving the human condition, enriching democratic values, and ensuring the general welfare. Those are my principles, and yours as well.

STUDS TERKEL

is an author, actor, critic, folklorist, lecturer, and broadcaster. His nationally syndicated daily radio program on Chicago's WFMT, The Studs Terkel Show, *has won the Peabody Award. Terkel's books include* Hard Times, Working, American Dreams, *and* Giants of Jazz.

My friends, I shall not at any time during this brief talk use the words "Family," "Flag," "God," or "Country." Nor shall I use the phrase "Standing Tall." I am your president, not your phys. ed. instructor, and I don't wish to insult your intelligence. Never in human history has intelligence been more necessary for survival than it is today. But never has intelligence been so assaulted as it has been by the party in power.

In my travels throughout the land, I have spoken to thousands of Americans. And I have confirmed what I already knew in my gut: each of you is endowed with a native intelligence that has not yet been fully tapped. Conditioned as you have been by official banality—and, all too often, by official venality—your natural intelligence has been unnaturally shoved into cold storage.

As a result, though we regard ourselves as free, we are in thralldom. Archibald MacLeish pointed this out in 1949:

> Never in the history of the world was one people as completely dominated, intellectually and morally, by another as the people of the United States by the people of Russia from 1946 to 1949. American foreign policy was the mirror image of Russian foreign policy: whatever the Russians did, we did in reverse. American domestic politics were conducted under a kind of Russian upside-down veto: no man could be elected to public office unless he was on record as detesting the Russians, and no proposal could be enacted, from a peace plan at one end to a military budget at the other, unless it could be demonstrated that the Russians did not like it. American political controversy was controversy sung to the Russian tune.

What MacLeish said then is still true.

My first act as president will be to issue a second Emancipation Proclamation. We must disenthrall ourselves from the tired dogmas of the past. We must disenthrall ourselves from the Russian Syndrome.

Since World War II, we have spent three trillion military dollars. Mind-boggling, isn't it? As Jerome Wiesner, science adviser to President Kennedy, put it, "We have been in an arms race with ourselves." What about the Russians? To deal with them I will call upon George Kennan to become secretary of state. He probably knows more about the Russians than any other American. He knows their fears, their depredations, and their paranoia, as well as their sufferings and

their hopes. But he understands that by dehumanizing them, we dehumanize ourselves.

Albert Einstein, whose genius was ultimately responsible for the atom bomb, warned the people of the world of an "unprecedented disaster which they are absolutely certain to bring on themselves unless there is a fundamental change in their attitudes toward one another." We have made a quantum leap scientifically. Unless we also make a quantum leap socially and politically, we have had it as a species. The dinosaurs were powerful, but because they could not adjust to change they disappeared. We are powerful, but unless we adjust to change we too will disappear. I am calling on your intelligence and mine. And, of course, on that of the Russians.

My secretary of state will propose an immediate 50 percent reduction in the nuclear arsenals of both superpowers. We don't need more wrangling among the experts. And each side would still have enough weapons to devastate the other. Anything more is a tribute to lunacy and an outrageous waste of your tax dollars.

We are all painfully aware of the alarming number of suicides among our young people in recent years. I submit that this has to do with their fear of a nuclear holocaust. A profound fatalism possesses them. A young girl I met recently told me casually: "I worry about my little niece. She's only three, and so lively and beautiful. I'd like to see her live out her life. I don't worry about myself so much. After all, I've lived seventeen years."

That fatalism is understandable. The young—and the rest of us, too—have a dim sense of the present, let alone of the future. That is because we have no sense of the past. In his Farewell Address in 1796, George Washington said, "The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest." And Dwight Eisenhower, in 1953, said, "Every gun that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired, signifies in the final sense a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its laborers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children."

Nevertheless, the Pentagon plans to build 223 MX missiles at a cost of $16.6 billion. For each missile that isn't built, about 3 million female-headed households could be raised above the poverty level for a year. If the whole program were canceled, all the children in the United States would have enough to eat. If Congress, taking leave of its senses, passes the MX program, I shall veto it. I'd rather feed a hungry child than overstuff a Pentagon welfare bum.

The specter of unemployment haunts our land today as it did during the Great Depression. We must find jobs for the jobless. The greater the Pentagon budget, the fewer jobs there are. Things are not what they were in the 1940s, when the war helped end the Depression. Today, the Pentagon spends most of its money on highly sophisticated weapons and on the services of a small number of highly skilled workers. Ten thousand fewer jobs are created if a billion dollars is spent on the military than if that same money is spent on nonmilitary needs. Once a bomb goes bang, it is kaput. A school lasts. A hospital lasts. A library lasts. A park lasts. More people should work on something life-giving than on something death-dealing.

I would like to see the spirit of the town meeting born again. Whether it be in a church, in a schoolhouse, in a living room, or in a tavern, I urge you to meet with your fellow citizens and to discuss any issue you think is meaningful. This will make your juices start to flow. You will feel that you really count.

I met a woman who had come to Chicago from the Appalachians of Kentucky. Peggy Terry had barely finished the fifth grade, yet she had become the voice of her community. "I think of all the races of people," she told me, "and I want to be friends with them. I wish they'd hurry up with Esperanto so we could all talk with each other. I have so much hope because I know darn well that if I could start out bein' the ignoramus I was, anybody can do the same thing. It's no big secret. It's just something that touches you, and suddenly you realize what a big world it is."

Nancy Jefferson, a black woman, told me about her life on a small Tennessee farm. "Down in the country, we used to ring the bell if there was trouble, and we'd ring it for dinner. We used to pull this rope. Sometimes, if it was especially cold, you'd keep pullin' and pullin' the rope. You'd think you'd never hear a sound. Maybe by the time your hands were raw, you'd hear a little tinklin' of the bell. That's the way I visualize the community. We all keep pullin' at the rope and our hands are gettin' raw, but you do hear a little tinklin'. We gotta do it. We have no choice. We gotta keep pullin', and I believe the bell will ring." I believe it, too.

I look to you for guidance. As Martin Luther King Jr. said, we can live together as men or die together as fools. The choice is ours. I have faith that we will choose wisely.

Four hundred years ago, Galileo challenged the conventional wisdom. Looking at the heavens through his telescope, he discovered that Copernicus was right: the earth was not the center of the universe, but a part of a larger whole. We too must challenge received notions. ■

BY ROLLS TO RUSSIA

A Silver Spirit crosses the Iron Curtain

By Simon Winchester

In the files of Rolls-Royce Motors Limited, of Crewe, lies a brown envelope that would, were its contents disclosed, provide an ironic commentary on the condition of contemporary Marxism-Leninism. But even in summary the irony is evident: the envelope holds the sales and service records of the nine Rolls-Royces—the ultimate symbols of capitalism—that are believed to be in the Soviet Union.

Three, it is said, are in the Kremlin (including the old Silver Ghost in which Lenin was wont to circulate), where they are attended to by crews brought in from Helsinki, where Rolls-Royce maintains a depot. One car belongs to a Muscovite journalist, another to a television "personality." A crashed Silver Wraith is believed to lie in a meadow in Soviet Georgia, beyond help, rusting nobly amid a crowd of awestruck kulaks. And there are three others, about which the manufacturers will say little. Perhaps they know little. The Russians, as one might expect, are a bit coy about such matters.

To these nine must be added one other, the only one for the use of not a Marxist panjandrum but a British one—His Excellency the Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United Kingdom. (The American ditto drives a Cadillac.) So, in the autumn of last year, there were ten Rolls-Royces within the territorial limits of the Soviet Union. It suddenly seemed tempting to infiltrate one more. I would take one there, and see what happened.

There was a precedent, of a sort. A few years ago, the then British ambassador to Moscow, one Sir Curtis Keeble, considerably enhanced his reputation for combining flamboyance with diplomacy by driving his Rolls-Royce from the Soviet capital to the principal Georgian city of Tbilisi, and back. Within diplomatic circles the journey has assumed legendary proportions.

Why not, I mused, follow in Sir Curtis's well-shod footsteps? It would certainly beat the pre-revolutionary Baedeker advice on how best to equip oneself for a journey to imperial Russia: "The traveller should be provided with a pillow or an air-cushion, linen sheets, towels, a coverlet or rug, a small India-rubber bath and some insect-powder." Damn it, no! Not an India-rubber bath! A brand-new Rolls-Royce in Ocean Blue. The only way to go.

Which is why, a month or so later, I found myself on a warm, starlit autumn morning easing the electric selector into "Drive" and letting the machine glide softly from my house and out into the darkness of Oxford's southern suburbs. I flicked on the radio and tuned in the soothing lull of some melancholy woodwind. The instruments glowed comfortably, orange and white and yellow: everything was normal.

When I reached the city limits I set the mileage meter back to zero. I was bound for the Crimea, 3,000 miles away at the very eastern edge of the continent of Europe. I eased the throttle open and settled back into my seat. There was a lot of driving to do.

I had wanted to journey from one end of Europe to the other, from west to east, in an attempt to see those things that both unite and divide the multitude of peoples of this ancient and modern continent. The maps suggested that Europe's westernmost point is near Dingle, in county Kerry, and that the easternmost point is Astrakhan, on the mouth of the river Volga. But it is well-nigh impossible for foreigners to reach

Simon Winchester is a foreign correspondent for the London Sunday Times. *He is now at work on a new book,* Outposts.

All Europe lay ahead of me, 4 million square miles of continent where, as Thomas Hardy had it, the peoples are 'writhing, crawling, heaving, and vibrating'

Astrakhan by car, and there would be all kinds of trouble in starting the trip on an island off Europe. So I struck a compromise. The trip would end at the Black Sea resort of Yalta, in the Crimea—a vantage point from which, on a clear and theoretically perfect day, one can see the hills of Asian Anatolia and the Greater Caucasus. And it would begin at the westernmost point of northern continental Europe—the tall cliffs at the French equivalent of England's Land's End, which have, essentially, the same name: Finistère.

But where was the true "finis" of Finistère? Was it the island of Ushant, where the big lighthouse that guides all northbound ships into the English Channel stands? Or was it the ferry station at Le Conquet, from which tiny steamers ply to the island's shore? No, someone said, by his reckoning the true Land's End of France was the Pointe de Corsen, five miles north.

He was right. Half a mile from the point, and looming over the land like an enormous electronic sentry box, was a French coast guard station. There was a microphone by the gate and I spoke into it, asking an unseen figure behind the tinted observation window if he could tell me where the very westernmost point of France was. "Of course! You are there already, my friend!" He became very excited, and I could dimly see someone waving his arms about behind the glass. When I told him that I planned to drive from there to the very easternmost point of Europe, the coast guard station seemed to rock from side to side. "Ah yes, of course!" he shouted. "To Russia! To the Ural Mountains! To the river Don! You lucky man! And in that car—how I wish I could come. But the ships, you know . . ."

I drove to the cliffs and sat in the evening sun, watching the endless waves gnawing away at the deep red rocks. Then I turned away from the sea and gazed eastward. All Europe lay ahead of me, 4 million square miles of continent where, as Thomas Hardy had it in *The Dynasts*, "the peoples, distressed by events which they did not cause, are seen writhing, crawling, heaving, and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities."

The following days saw my slow progress eastward, down the coast past Quimper, up the Loire valley to Angers, Tours, and Chenonceaux (with its rather too ornate château on a bridge across the Cher that, during the war, connected Occupied with Vichy France), then on to Dijon. I stayed in Gevrey-Chambertin, a village at the northern end of Burgundy's Côte d'Or, between Dijon and Beaune, and any rapture that might have ebbed in the Loire valley came back full flood over dinner and in the vineyards, where I wandered in the first faint mists of morning.

It was as if the Swiss border didn't exist, so swiftly did the car swish past the gendarmes and *douaniers*, who raised their hands in half salute. In fact, I said to myself, this experience pointed to the essential difference between a border, an almost informal arrangement, as between Iowa and Minnesota or Middlesex and Hertfordshire, and a frontier, something stiff and formal, requiring passports and diplomatic notes. A border, I thought, is a line between friends; a frontier is a zone between foes. You cross borders in the sun; you cross frontiers in the rain, or in the dark. I had passed one border and now passed another—into Austria. I was heading, inexorably, for a frontier 500 miles east, which was already beginning to cast a shadow.

The roads were thick with hitchhikers. Two nurses I took from Salzburg to Linz could barely believe their good fortune. They sat in the back and played with the mirrors, the thick carpets, and the air conditioners, squealing each time they found something new. "I must say sorry for our no-good English," one said as she stepped back out into the heat. "But this has been fantastic. We loved it very much."

I had to wait for four days in Vienna while my visas were readied. To complicate matters, the whole city had been taken over by a medical conference; with 7,000 of the world's leading doctors in town, this was not, as one drug executive put it, "a good week to fall ill, anywhere in the world." It was not a good week to find a hotel room, either, and I had to put up in Baden, a spa town in the Vienna woods twenty miles south of the capital. There I passed a curiously therapeutic four days amid the sulfurous smell of spa waters; I spent the mornings watching ancient invalids swimming or taking mud baths and the evenings on the terrace of the Sacher Hotel, eating strudel and sipping cognac.

I took one afternoon off to visit the Hungarian frontier. I could see the Magyar watchtowers half a mile beyond the token Austrian fence. I waved to a guard. He waved back—or he may have been adjusting his cap. It was something of a relief when I at last got back my passport with the Hungarian visa stamped in place and with the Russian visa on a piece of yellow paper clipped in among the cholera and smallpox forms.

Now, I said to some Viennese friends over a final breakfast, the tricky part would begin. It was eight o'clock when I swung away from the Sacher Hotel and crossed the Ringstrasse, following the blue signs for Budapest. I had filled the tank with gasoline (the car's timing had been adjusted to cope with the weak infusion that reportedly passed for fuel in the Soviet Union) and made quite sure there was nothing in the car that might provoke suspicions.

But then it was too late: the road widened, and there were American-style stop signs and a set of gantries where Austrian police looked perfunctorily at my passport ("*Gruss Gott*," said one policeman; then, noticing the car, he added, "Good Luck!"). A Hungarian soldier stood beside the road, cradling an AK-47 in the crook of his arm. He asked for my visa, grunted with sullen approval, and waved me on.

To the left and right stretched the Curtain: a steel fence, then thirty feet of freshly plowed land designed to show up the smallest footprint, and then another fence, higher, and with sentry towers and searchlights every hundred yards or so. I was gazing at it with wonder—no matter how familiar the image had become, the cold, bloodless awfulness of it still sent small shock waves through me—when a uniformed officer appeared. He saluted, took my passport, and disappeared into an office.

I was kept waiting no more than five minutes. The passport (a document that Baedeker, in 1914, merely "recommended" for travel this far east) was stamped, and I passed quickly through customs and by another thick steel barrier. Then Rolls-Royce RRM 1 glided gently into the Eastern bloc.

I turned on the radio and caught the faintest whisper of BBC Radio Four, a thousand miles away. Then the signal faded, and there was a Hungarian village on the horizon. The village, which the maps identified as Mosonmagyaróvár, was a forlorn little place dominated by a Catholic church, in which two old ladies toiled, trying to coax a gleam out of ancient and neglected brasswork. There was a market in which toothless old men tried to sell ducks and plums and cabbages to toothless old women. I bought a kilo of plums for a few forints. As I got back into the car, an old man driving a horse and cart nearly collided with a bus, so eager was he to see it.

I drank Turkish coffee in a cafe—a reminder, perhaps, that I was already far enough east to be on lands occupied by the Ottomans in the sixteenth century. Nearby, a family sat quietly over lunch. Beside their table was a rabbit in a cardboard box and a chicken in a shopping basket, clucking gently. They had bought them in the market and would take them home on the bus. Chickens on buses—how near the Third World lies to all of us! Vienna was a two-hour drive away, but it might have been two years, or twenty-two.

Chickens on buses—how near the Third World lies! Vienna was a two-hour drive away, but it might have been two years, or twenty-two

And so I plunged onward, deeper and deeper. In a grimy mining town called Tatabánya I came across a gala. There was an open-air concert, with guitarists singing Hungarian versions of "Puff, the Magic Dragon" and "Guantanamera" while Lenin looked down, in bas-relief. In a nearby dell, a quartet of gypsies—three violins and a bass—played cheerily to a group of sozzled miners, who stared glumly at the bottles on their table in wonderment at what they had done. Not far away, a booth was selling pinups of big-breasted girls leering saucily from behind giant gearwheels or sitting suggestively astride steel pipes, willing the workers to produce more, especially steel pipes.

I crossed the Danube into Budapest by the famous Chain Bridge. Budapest is a handsome place, with the grand old buildings so carefully



When I pulled up to the hotel she was sobbing quietly. 'This has been something unique,' she said through her tears. 'This will have to last a lifetime'

restored that it has the look of a movie set about it. The wildly Gothic parliament building almost looks as though it might be functional (but of course is not). In many ways Budapest has the look of a Western city, a rather dowdy twin sister to Vienna, with the same statues of Eugène of Savoy, the same houses where Beethoven and Mozart stayed, the same churches with the same patterned roofs. There are American tourists, and they can buy—for dollars—*Time* magazine and the *International Herald Tribune*. But for the rest, the restraining hand of Moscow is always there.

Next morning, early, I was on the road to Debrecen and the immense flat plain of eastern Hungary. A few West Germans waved to me from a Mercedes. But there were few cars now; instead, there were columns of military vehicles, some with Soviet markings, and convoys of horse-drawn wagons, some with cattle swaying uneasily in the back, others carrying enormous pigs, lulled to sleep by the ruts. The inns I stopped at served goose with paprika and sour cream, and apricot brandy—good protection against the driving rain and stinging cold I fancied came from the steppes.

After fifty miles of plain, the road forked, and I came to the Rumanian frontier: a thick steel barrier, a pool of disinfectant for the car's wheels, sentries with rifles, more watchtowers, more barbed wire. I thought I had crossed the Iron Curtain—why the need for more wire and searchlights? "They have troubles, Hungary and Rumania," explained a helpful West German. "Local difficulties."

One sour-looking officer snarled at him and then slouched over to me. He glimpsed the radiator, newly polished in Debrecen, and his face broke into a broad smile. He shouted to his colleagues, "Rolls-Royce!" Within twenty seconds the car was a crawling mass of Rumanian customs men, soldiers, and immigration officers. I was bombarded with questions. "You must be millionaire—yes?" "How fast she go?" "How much this cost?" "How long an English worker take to buy one like this?"

"Ten years I have worked this frontier post," said the officer who spoke the best English. "And never I seen one of this cars. Only in the pictures." Then he turned the conversation around, rather less subtly than he supposed. "You so rich—perhaps you carry drugs. You like to smoke hash? Maybe you have some with you. Or some guns, maybe?" I assured him that I was only a humble but fortunate bookseller with no interest in either drugs or guns. I waited for an hour while the men scratched their heads in puzzlement and wondered why someone driving a Rolls-Royce might want to come to Rumania. I explained that I was going on to Russia. "Ah—Russia!" one man said, and grimaced. "They will not like you there!" Did he like the Russians? He screwed up his face, and then, realizing the others might understand, hurriedly looked away.

Finally they stamped great yellow seals on my passport and let me through to drive off into the Carpathian foothills, toward the wild mountain country of Moldavia. There were even fewer cars now. Hay wagons, overloaded with the day's harvest, creaked slowly homeward in the dusk, and old ladies sat by the roadside peddling shawls and apples and live ducks.

I spent the night at a town high in the mountains, a place called Cîmpulung Moldovenesc; it is known mainly for a museum of wooden spoons, which I quite sensibly avoided. In the hotel, a young girl named Ilena begged me for a ride in the car. I took her a mile or so into the hills, and played a Dire Straits song while the car hissed softly home through the rain. It was an exquisite moment, an instant of fine romance. When I pulled up at the hotel she was sobbing quietly.

"This has been something unique for me, you know," she said through her tears. "You will go away in the morning. But for me this will have to last a lifetime. I know I will never have an experience again like this. It was like flying. It was like going to heaven."

Then she added: "Just think of me when you are back in your country. For me, a ride in a Rolls-Royce! It is out of a fairy story. Think sometimes what it has meant to me. Remember what country it is in which I am living." Suddenly I didn't know whether I had done something good or something cruel. I gave her the cassette, and she ran off through the drizzle, back to the hotel.

When I left the hotel the next morning, I found six men cleaning the car, hosing and polishing, without thought of payment or thanks. They waved me off. "You go to Russia?" one of them asked. "I hate the Russians. We all hate them, don't we?" And everyone—for everyone spoke English—nodded in agreement.

Moldavia was a Latin island in a sea of ideological rigor and purity, and no one seemed to care very much about Marx or Lenin. They watched *Dallas* on television, they said, and they held the Russians in the deepest contempt.

The next day I headed north, dropped down over the backbone of the Carpathians, and joined the main road, the E-20, which connects Bucharest and Moscow. Long trucks, their green tarpaulins bulging and well secured, rumbled northward. I wedged the Rolls into a convoy. There were few private cars, and, at one country junction, all of them peeled away. Only the

trucks remained. And then, without warning, a line of black watchtowers appeared on a distant hill. The Soviet Union. The Ukraine.

It was getting dark. I threaded my way past barriers until a monster gate stood before me. There was a soldier, his big round hat and shapeless tunic identifying him as a member of the Red Army. He snapped a salute and opened the gate. A searchlight beam flickered over the glittering blue paint of the car. "Over here!" someone shouted, and I pulled up outside a metal shed bathed in neon. A contingent of uniformed men gathered around the car, awaiting orders. A concrete bust of Lenin looked down on us all, and in the searchlight beam I could make out a Soviet flag waving lazily in the night air.

For the next two hours, farce and nightmare mingled and became one. My papers were taken. Forms were filled in, again and again. The car was driven into a lead-lined hut; there was a chamber underneath teeming with men who probed with wires and torches at the majestic underbelly. Everything was removed from the car and laid out on benches. Every book was opened and skimmed; every newspaper and diary entry and scrap of paper was inspected. The bandages in the first-aid kit were prodded. My pen was unscrewed and held up to the light. An X-ray machine was wheeled out and beamed against the doors, the trunk, the floor, the roof, the mirror. While all this was going on, the guards had switched on the car's stereo. The music was "The Wall" by Pink Floyd—all about the barrier between sanity and insanity. They could hardly have chosen better.

Two hours—and then a civilian emerged from the hut. "No problem," he said, without a smile. "Now you go." He gave me my passport and my papers, snapped an order to the sentry, and a gate swung up. I held my breath, eased down on the accelerator, and the first Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit ever to enter the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic moved gingerly across the barrier. I kept quiet until the searchlights had faded in the rear-view mirror, and then gave a small cheer. I had made it!

My hotel that night was a large, dirty building thirty miles north. There was no food. A warty harridan tried to tell me there was also no room, despite my reservation. I argued for half an hour before, acidly, she gave in. An old man led me to it, and in the gloom of a thirty-watt bulb I ate my first Soviet meal: a slice of Fortnum's chicken, a tea biscuit with strawberry jam, a chunk of cake, and a cup of water. Then I slept.

Dawn broke gray and dusty and noisy. Chernovtsy, the guidebooks said, was at the center of a wine-growing district. It looked rather different from northern Burgundy. It was more like a heavy industrial town. Trucks loaded with cement. Trolleys groaning with people. Chimneys belching smoke. Old women standing in line in the cold wind to buy vegetables. Even early in the day the old men seemed soaked in cheap vodka. I found a gas station and, after an hour's wait, filled up with 93-octane petrol. Then I set off, northward again, for the great gates of Kiev.

The drive was somewhat less than idyllic. The roads were crammed with trucks, all unmarked, all in the same drab colors. The towns were shabby collections of apartment buildings and smelly factories. Every few miles a police checkpoint, a glass box mounted on a tall concrete plinth, recorded my progress. I could see the policeman dash to his radio once I had passed, and the next scanning the road for me as I headed toward him. There were no billboards other than huge pictures of Lenin and exhortations from a senior comrade hanging on railway bridges. The countryside, flat and featureless, was being harvested, a pretty good harvest, too, by all accounts.

I reached Kiev late that night and dined on herring, pork, bread, and Bulgarian wine. There was quite a crowd in the hotel, and most tables had one bottle of Crimean champagne and two of Stolichnaya vodka. Fat old men leading fat old women danced late into the night. The band played jazz, about which the younger Russians seemed inordinately keen. "You are from England," said a bespectacled girl. "I must talk with you about Charlie Parker." I apologized and suggested she had picked the wrong person. Perhaps she would like to talk about the chairman? She laughed and moved away.

A Pole came up to me. Would he like to say something about Solidarity? I asked. Not here, he said. In my car? So we got into the Rolls, and I turned on the radio. Instantly, the Rolls became what Crewe had never imagined—an Ocean Blue confessional. "Russia—it stinks!" he said. "They have crushed Solidarity. But it will come again. They cannot crush us." Enough politics; he wanted to know about the car.

Kiev is a city that has never forgotten the war. Looking at the innumerable monuments the next day, I was struck by how much the Nazis had done, unwittingly, to ensure the perpetuation of the Soviet system. Had the Ukraine never been occupied, had thousands of Russians not been butchered at Babi Yar, there might have been some stirrings of unrest by now. But the memories of Nazism, kept burning fiercely by a shrewd regime, help sustain today's communism, and look to do so for many years to come. Although I met many dissidents—indeed, every Russian who came into my mobile confession

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Russians take their holidays as if enjoying them were part of a great national duty. They do it with a Stakhanovite determination that enchanted

box was, in some ways, one at heart—I was impressed by the great strength, the granitic power, of the system.

And never more so than when, two days later, I found myself under arrest on Kiev's famous main street, the Kreschatik. I had been watching schoolchildren standing guard near the statue of Lenin in Komsomolskaye Square when I heard the sirens and saw a column of fire and smoke. I ran toward it, driven by the instincts of the newspaperman. There was a huge fire, apparently pouring from the subway. Fire engines began to arrive, elderly beasts manned by a Dad's Army of incompetents and geriatrics. They kept tripping over one another, pulling their hoses apart, dashing hither and thither with no evident plan. The flames leaped higher. And then, just as it was becoming interesting, a militiaman appeared. He beckoned. "This way!" he barked, and marched me off to a grim building half a mile away, down into the basement, along tunnels lined with heating pipes and trapdoors, and into a room lit by a single bulb.

There I waited until a civilian appeared and addressed me in English. "There was some commotion in city," he said. "You were seen taking pictures. There was complaint from member of public. You must not do this." Would I hand over the film? I did—although I realized later it was the wrong roll.

Why had I been detained? What harm was there in taking pictures of a fire in Kiev? Perhaps the militiaman had taken me in merely because I was recording a "commotion" in a country that never admits to suffering such things.

But Kiev is more than monuments and commotions. It is a city of old Orthodox cathedrals, and of parks and boulevards—of lines, and ill-dressed women, and old men still wearing their medals from '43 shuffling painfully down the streets in carpet slippers. There are lines to buy ice cream, to buy glasses of apple juice from vending machines, to buy meat and fruit and bread. There is a great sadness about the people, I thought, as though they had given up the pursuit of happiness years ago and were just biding their time while they waited for the end. The jazz and the Crimean champagne and the cigarettes improved matters somewhat—but they were only opiates.

Things seemed a little better in the sunshine of Yalta a few days later. I flew there in an Aeroflot jet, having left the car in the hands of a small, round man named Vitaly, who promised he would clean it every day ("And perhaps you give me some children's shoes when you come back?").

Lenin decreed in 1920 that the Crimea "be used for treating the working people of our country," and the entire Black Sea coast from Sevastopol to Alushta has become the state's semiofficial holiday resort. Almost all the czarist mansions are used as sanitariums now, and a steady stream of the old, the disabled, and the ill passes through their elaborate gates each year for mud baths and massages and hours of swimming in the sea.

There is an undeniable charm to the region, with the warm sea, the magnolias and pomegranates, the vineyards and the mountains. There is also something appealing in the sturdy seriousness with which the Russians take their holidays, as if enjoying them were part of a great national duty to keep fit enough to return to the factory. People swim, take short boat rides on the bay, and visit the Livadia Palace, where Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin met in 1945 for that most crucial of great-power agreements. But they do it all with a studied, almost Stakhanovite determination that enchanted me.

There were Turks and Mongolians in the crowd; there were Azerbaijanis and Afghans and Afridis. The place bubbled with a hundred curious languages, and there was a scattering of national dress. Yalta had the feel of a vast crossroads; the vacationers sunbathed and took the cure together, and then separated to take up their lives. This was, truly, the edge of Asia.

I spent an hour staring out at the sea, out over the edge of my continent. People were paddling in the shallow waters. They watched the hydrofoils come in; they gazed at the passing liners, bound for Odessa and Istanbul.

And then I saw, a mile offshore, a sinister shape: a Russian patrol vessel, a guardship on station to make sure nobody tried to get away. "It can outrun any swimmer, and any boat," said a man at the railing. "It would be no good even trying." It might not look as deadly as the Berlin Wall, he added. But it was. In his memory only one man had crossed the guardship's line—a swimmer who had caught hold of a chain from a passing ship and hung on for five days. He was taken out of the water in Istanbul, his body a mass of sores and jellyfish stings.

It was a gruesome, haunting tale with which to finish my odyssey. I turned my back on the man and away from the morning sun. All Europe lay before me, drowsing in the dawn. Three thousand miles away was the Brittany coast—through three Iron Curtains, beyond Carpathian and Alp, beyond Danube and Loire, beyond vineyards and tunnels and palaces and châteaux. And behind me, Europe ended—not with a view of some distant Caucasian mountain chain or a sparkling Anatolian stream but with the dark hulk of a gunship watching over her charges. I turned away and started the first leg of the long trek home. ■

PLAYING POLITICS

Why the Democratic bosses conspired with Reagan, and do not care if they lose in November

By Walter Karp

Someday an inquisitive historian will try to explain a very odd and disturbing phenomenon: How it was that from 1981 to 1984 an American President who undermined liberty and laid siege to equality managed to be held in esteem by a normally democratic people. What strange immunity shielded a President who promised to get "government off the backs of the people" while making government more intrusive than ever; who showered favors on the favored while hounding, with unexampled severity, the poor, the disabled, and the powerless; who promised to control government spending while generating the most enormous deficits in American history; who promised steady economic growth sustained by savings while giving us a false recovery fed by a spending spree; who promised to make America "proud again" while vaunting his military triumph over a country a good deal smaller than Long Island?

If that future historian pursues his inquiry free of glib misanthropy, he will discover, I believe, that the chief agency sustaining that President was his putative political opposition, the Democratic Party. He will be able to show, with a richness of detail that I can only suggest, how the Democratic leadership in Congress served as the witting confederate of that President and of the counterrevolt of the privileged that he headed. He will show, too, for the history cuts deep, how this policy of collusion marked the culmination of a twelve-year drive by Democratic leaders to root out democracy from the Democratic Party and regain control of the presidential nomination, with Walter Mondale as their chosen instrument.

When Ronald Reagan announced his "program for economic recovery" on February 18, 1981, he made public for the first time the depth and the extent of the counterrebellion of the favored. It might have been expected that the Democrats in Congress would have felt a surge of hope for the revival of their party. For the President's program and the extravagant military buildup so oddly conjoined to it lay open to the most damaging doubts and the most alarming suspicions, the kinds of doubts and suspicions that a bold opposition can use to mobilize, in the words of historian James MacGregor Burns, "the support of tens of millions of Americans presently antagonized or bored with both parties."

In 1980, surveys had consistently shown that most Americans opposed deep cuts in spending for health, education, and other social programs. Yet the principal element in the President's plan was a call for immense cuts in social spending that would reduce the income of the poorest Americans by up to 25 percent. Reagan assured Americans that he was mainly eliminating

Walter Karp is a contributing editor of Harper's *and the author of* The Politics of War.

For Democratic leaders, battling Reagan was no political opportunity at all. To awaken the citizenry was the very last thing they wished as they prepared the ground for Walter Mondale's nomination

"waste and fraud," but they had heard that from conservatives before. The program seemed destined not to withstand congressional scrutiny.

The second important element in the President's program was a proposal to reduce federal revenues by $750 billion in the space of five years by means of the most massive—and the most inequitable—tax cut in American history. The economic justification of this "rich people's tax bonanza," as the *New Republic* called it, convinced almost nobody. Even *Fortune* tore most of the tax plan to shreds.

In the name of "recovery"—Franklin Roosevelt's old gambit—a President and his supporters were calling for the most brutal class legislation ever proposed in America: "gross economic favors for the privileged, the powerful, and the well-to-do, and blatant deprivations for the distressed and the needy," in the somber judgment of the Southern historian C. Vann Woodward. (After its enactment by Congress, the Reagan program would *take* nearly $400 away from households with incomes of $10,000 a year or less and *give* $8,000 to households with incomes of $80,000 a year or more.)

There was a third element in Reagan's legislative program, and it shed sinister light on his plan to enrich the rich with the pittance of the poor. The President's ambitious proposals to increase defense spending made a mockery of "Reaganomics." An Administration that blamed so many of the nation's ills on excessive government spending and inflationary government deficits might have been expected to exercise the keenest thrift in examining the Pentagon's requests. Instead, the White House discovered countless pretexts for the largest peacetime military buildup in America's history. It exaggerated the Soviet military buildup by confounding rubles and dollars. It lied about Soviet nuclear "superiority" by counting weapons instead of warheads. It subjected the country, in the words of Theodore Draper, to "a rolling barrage of unprecedented panic-mongering along with the most grandiose plans for actually fighting a nuclear war," plans that General David C. Jones, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, characterized as throwing money down "a bottomless pit."



Did a President who proposed to create a giant global war machine in order to make America "proud" and "impressive" really care a fig about excessive government spending, excessive government deficits, or excessive government interference in our lives? The question, once raised, answered itself. Concerted Democratic opposition to the President's military extravagance would lay bare something dark and menacing at the core of the Reagan White House: a President seemingly bent on fighting "proud" little wars abroad to distract popular attention from gross privilege at home.

In the spring of 1981, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. warned in the *Wall Street Journal* of the "explosive possibilities when an economic establishment wages a class war against the poor." The political possibilities were indeed explosive. To awaken the electorate no rabble-rousing demagogy would be needed. Calm and thorough examination by Congress would be sufficient to expose a "program" for America that entitled the rich to devour the fisc and the military to devour the needy. Steven Weisman of the *New York Times* had just such a Democratic challenge in mind when he wrote in April 1981 that "the political risks Mr. Reagan faces are probably even more severe than the economic risks."

For Democratic leaders, however, the Reagan Revolution was seen as no opportunity at all. To awaken the vast plurality of apathetic and alienated citizens was the very last thing they wished to accomplish as they prepared the ground for Walter Mondale's nomination in 1984. After all, it was the angered and the disregarded who had risen up in the wake of 1968 and wrested control of the party from the bosses. The problem Reagan's program posed for the erstwhile party of the people was not how to oppose its folly and favoritism but how to shepherd it through Congress without awakening anybody.

The spring of 1981 was to prove a magical season in American history, for it was a time of strange transformations. The Speaker of the House, Massachusetts Democrat Thomas P. O'Neill Jr., had been known during the 1970s as the "crafty Old Pro"; overnight he would become a sniveling, sentimental "liberal" of unsurpassed ineptitude. Reagan's brutal class legislation would be turned by glozing Democrats into a benign question of fairness, then into "fairness," and finally into the "fairness issue." Reagan, too, would be transformed—from a President who had won an election over a weak opponent with a mere 50.7 percent of the vote into the political equivalent of the great god Juggernaut. Such is the wizardry of collusive politics.

The February 28, 1981, *Congressional Quarterly* reported that House Democrats harbored "profound doubts that the Reagan plan would work." Six weeks later all their doubts were resolved in Reagan's favor. On April 9 the House Budget Committee proposed to cut domestic spending by $18 billion and taxes by $38 billion in a striking demonstration of "the new fiscal conservatism of the party," as *Congressional Quarterly* put it. That estimable journal could scarcely conceal its surprise. Democratic leaders had "accepted to the letter a majority of [Reagan's] proposals. . . . They had acceded to his request for an overall cutback in government spending." Nothing attested more vividly to the Democrats' collapse than the Budget Committee's call for a $219.6 billion defense authorization for fiscal 1982. This was only $6.7 billion less than the President's request, and it was $73 billion more than Congress had given the Pentagon in 1980. With no questions asked, the Democratic leadership had given a ringing endorsement to Reagan's most questionable proposal.

That same day, the new chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, an Illinois Democrat and Cook County ward boss named Dan Rostenkowski, reduced still further "the political risks Mr. Reagan faces." The chairman, like the President, called for a sharp reduction in the taxes paid by wealthy individuals and large corporations. This Democratic "counterproposal," in the words of *Congressional Quarterly*, was "carefully designed to embrace the basic principles of the Reagan plan."

After embracing Reagan's "basic principles," Democratic leaders took prompt measures to justify their party's newfound belief that the rich were not rich enough and the poor were not poor enough. It was the irresistible power of a uniquely popular President that had brought about their transformation. To demonstrate the irresistible power of a President whose approval rating was actually *lower* than that of any other new president in recent times, the Democrats employed crude but effective methods.

As soon as the party leaders had announced their budget, every major Administration figure began telephoning House Democrats to urge them to vote for the President's budget. The House Democratic leadership was too busy to lobby for its proposal. On April 10, Speaker O'Neill, Chairman Rostenkowski, and assorted other members of the loyal opposition embarked for the Antipodes. While Reagan invaded the ranks of House Democrats, and while liberal congressmen privately fumed, the Speaker and the chairman idled away the Easter season in Australia and New Zealand, celebrating the glories of the ANZUS pact.

The President was scheduled to make a speech to Congress on April 28—he actually believed his program might be in trouble. O'Neill returned to Washington on April 27 and instantly ensured the success of the President's upcoming speech. He told reporters that the Democrats had no chance to defeat Reagan's budget. The Speaker's prophecy fulfilled itself. "We were behind maybe twenty votes when [O'Neill] started his press conference, and then he announced we were behind by fifty votes," a liberal Democratic congressman said at the time. "At that moment, we fell behind by fifty votes."

On May 3, Martin Tolchin of the *New York Times* noted that "the leader-

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Carl Perkins of Kentucky pleaded with the Democratic leadership to give House committees a chance to show the voters what Reagan's budget really entailed. His plea fell on deaf ears

ship failed to initiate the kind of lobbying campaign for which the Democrats are famous. No effort was made to exploit redistricting, for example, through enlisting the aid of 27 Democratic governors and 28 Democratic legislatures"—powers that can redistrict unruly members of Congress into oblivion. "We have no game plan," a legislative whip complained. "We're just going to get killed. It's pathetic." O'Neill went out of his way to assure pro-Reagan Democrats that they could vote for the President's budget with impunity. "He made it easy for everyone to get off the hook," said Representative Benjamin Rosenthal of New York. "He gave them a free ride. He should have called them in and said, 'If you're not with us on this, don't come into my office and ask for anything.'" Close votes, however, do not a juggernaut make.

On May 7, the Democratic leadership's campaign to achieve its own crushing defeat was crowned with a brilliant success. In the Democratic House, Reagan and his budget swept all before them by a vote of 253 to 176. The victory was a "milestone" for Reagan, as *Congressional Quarterly* observed. The Democrats were said to be in complete "disarray," but the conservative columnist William Safire came much closer to the truth: "'Tip' O'Neill," he wrote in the *New York Times* on May 11, "has become Ronald Reagan's secret weapon." Democrats, noted Safire, were "profoundly embarrassed at the amateurish leadership of the man who used to be called the Old Pro." This once guileful and effective leader had become "a boon to Republicans seeking to portray the Democratic party as a listless hulk." Did anyone wonder at this sea change?

The "milestone" victory of May 7 gave Reagan only preliminary approval for his overall budget. Ahead lay the task of specifying the $36.6 billion worth of domestic spending cuts called for in the May 7 resolution. For this the most delicate management was required. The chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, Carl Perkins of Kentucky, pleaded with the Democratic leadership to give House committees a chance to show the voters what Reagan's budget really entailed. His plea fell on deaf ears. Awakening the electorate's spirit of fairness was the last thing the party of fairness wanted. Instead, O'Neill and his lieutenants proposed and promoted a novel parliamentary device designed to conceal from the American people what their amiable President was up to.

Known as "budget reconciliation," its aim, as explained by *Congressional Quarterly*, "is to deter challenges to individual spending cuts by packaging them in omnibus legislation." Each House committee was instructed to authorize a portion of the total spending figure contained in the May 7 budget. Because these instructions involved huge spending cuts, the committees could fulfill them only by making changes in existing laws. Since the reconciliation deadline was June 12, the committees had to make these changes with minimum publicity and maximum haste, thus effectively shielding the President, gagging his critics, and making it difficult for the public to realize, as *Congressional Quarterly* pointed out, "precisely what the spending cuts [Reagan] is seeking mean in terms of slashing social programs."

Democratic "disarray" miraculously vanished as committees scrambled to meet the June 12 deadline, slashing appropriations and altering laws with little or no debate. Carl Perkins cried out in anguish over the Democrats' self-gagging. "In all my years in Congress," he said, "I have never witnessed an action more ill advised, more insensitive, or more threatening to the rightful operation of the legislative process than these so-called reconciliation instructions."

Reagan's tax proposals posed the most formidable problem for the Democratic policy of nonopposition. Had the House leaders wished it, the Ways and Means Committee could have subpoenaed business leaders, bankers, brokers, and economists to testify against some portion or other of what former Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger has called "the most irrespon-

sible fiscal action of modern times." Rostenkowski, however, hit upon a wonderful device for quashing opposition. Proclaiming himself a tough, practical politician, he decided that the Democrats should pursue a tough, practical "win" policy. Instead of subjecting "the most irresponsible fiscal action of modern times" to the scrutiny it surely merited, Rostenkowski resolved to match it dollar for dollar, bonanza for bonanza, inequity for inequity, until he had produced its Democratic replica. "The Democrats had their chance for glory by exposing the economic fallacies and risks in the President's plan," a *New York Times* editorial lamented. "Instead, they pursued him over the same cliff." The Reagan Revolution was moving safely into place, but not because of any Reagan juggernaut.

"If it's a normal year we win," Walter Mondale's campaign manager predicted in 1981. By "win" he meant not the presidency in 1984 but the party's presidential nomination. The difference is crucial. In the end, the Democrats' policy of connivance and collusion with the Reagan Administration came down to this: making sure that in 1984 all would be conveniently "normal," that the populace would be politically as lukewarm and complacent as the former vice president himself. Only then would Democrats cast their primary votes for the Democratic leaders' chosen instrument for regaining what they had so stunningly lost after 1968—control of the party's presidential nomination.

The policy of collusion with the Reagan Administration came down to this: making sure that in 1984, the populace would be politically as lukewarm and complacent as the Democratic candidate

That loss was a momentous event in America's history, a "quiet revolution," as a Russell Sage Foundation study put it. Swept by fierce demands for a more "open" party, Democratic leaders, disgraced and discredited, were forced to scuttle long-established arrangements that gave a few score party magnates the authority to name a majority of delegates to the Democratic National Convention. That authority was essential to the security of party leaders, for it ensured that no enemy of the party oligarchy, however popular, would ever carry the banner of the party of the people. Preventing such enemies from gaining the presidency had long been the first principle of American party politics. Given a choice between winning the White House with a foe of the party organization or losing in a landslide with a trusted confederate, party leaders invariably chose the latter. It was only after 1968, the year Democratic magnates abused this privilege by ramming Hubert Humphrey, Mondale's patron, down the throats of the rank and file, that demands for a more democratic nominating procedure were made. As a result of the disastrous Chicago convention and Humphrey's Election Day defeat, rank-and-file voters in Democratic primaries and participants in open caucuses were, in 1972, given a decisive voice in choosing the party's presidential candidate.

This was revolutionary indeed. For the first time in 140 years, the Democratic gateway to the White House was not guarded by a few party potentates. For the first time since the days of Andrew Jackson, a man favored by the plain people stood a fair chance of becoming president of the United States. For the first time in American history the banner of the party of the people was in the people's hands. This was considerably more than a loss of the party potentates' power. It was a dire menace to the entire political establishment. Suppose the voters swept into the mighty office of the president a genuine tribune of the people, a Jacksonian enemy of privilege and private power? Whether he triumphed or failed in office, American politics would never again be the same.

At the 1972 national convention Democratic spokesmen proclaimed the party "purged" and "purified" of its former corruption. They cited the nomination of Senator George McGovern, chairman of the party's reform commission, as proof of that democratic rebirth. The party oligarchs, however, had not become giddy converts to popular rule. They were resolved to wrest from the people the power that had been placed in their hands.

Actually, the discredited Democratic leaders had already begun gingerly

Having wrecked McGovern's candidacy, Democratic leaders promptly drew a lesson from the wreckage. The popular nominating of presidents could not pick a winner

altering party rules to favor their own candidates and hobble outsiders. Democrats in Congress amended the federal election laws toward the same end, first by legalizing (in 1971) and then by enhancing (in 1979) the political role of trade unions, whose manpower, wealth, and organization were essential to recapturing the presidential nomination. This legislation also legalized political action committees and encouraged the influx of corporate money into politics. The new financial flood is a direct result of the efforts of the Democratic bosses to restore the party hierarchy and curtail party democracy: money flowing into politics in quest of special privilege invariably aids the few with the power to dispense it. The drive to strengthen the party at the expense of the people involved not only political machinations but seemingly ideological matters as well. Thinly disguised as "the (Henry) Jackson wing of the Democratic Party," the party barons waged, in the words of William Safire, "a guerrilla campaign to discredit dovish policies" and so drive from the party's ranks precisely those younger, more liberal members most prone to challenge the leaders' efforts to regain their power.

Most important, the discredited party leaders set about to discredit democracy. By crushing the hopes of the voters, by sabotaging their chosen candidates, they hoped to teach the American people that the democratic reform of the Democratic Party had all been a terrible mistake. "Politics is not the nursery," Hannah Arendt reminded us, and the ambitions of oligarchs are as pitiless as the passions of princes.

As soon as McGovern was nominated, party leaders began systematically slurring and belittling him, while the trade union chieftains refused to endorse him on the pretense that this mild Mr. Pliant was a being wild and dangerous. A congressional investigation of the Watergate scandal was put off for several months to deprive McGovern's candidacy of its benefits. As an indiscreet Chicago ward heeler predicted in the fall of 1972, McGovern "is gonna lose because we're gonna make sure he's gonna lose." The party jettisoned McGovern and concentrated on keeping its grip on Congress. So deftly did party leaders "cut the top of the ticket" that while Richard Nixon won in a "landslide," the Democrats gained two Senate seats.

Having wrecked McGovern's candidacy, Democratic leaders promptly drew a lesson from the wreckage. Here was proof, they said, that the popular nomination of presidents could not "pick a winner." (That the party barons had not picked a winner in 1968 was not discussed.) Here was evidence that primaries and caucuses produce losing "factional" candidates appealing chiefly to cause-oriented activists and upper-middle-class suburbanites who are cut off from the party's "broad constituency" of blue-collar toilers. This brazen nonsense was not only hawked by a credulous press, which always depends on politicians to explain politics; it was endlessly elaborated by a special branch of political science devoted to proving that the rule of party barons is democratic and the rule of the people "elitist."

Party leaders could not prevent the nomination of Jimmy Carter, but they trashed him—and the ideas he represented—on a grand scale after his election. By the time Democratic congressional leaders had finished demolishing virtually every major proposal submitted to Congress by that weak, unwanted outsider—"During the Carter years congressional opposition to Presidential proposals was almost routine," noted *Congressional Quarterly*—the electorate had been given another political lesson. According to Democratic leaders, the press, and the Democratic Party branch of political science, the demolition of President Carter proved that the popular nomination of presidents made America "ungovernable." As David Broder of the *Washington Post* put it, popular nomination deprives a president of "the alliances that [make] it possible for him to organize the coalitions and support necessary to govern." As James Reston of the *New York Times* put it: "The people have acquired the power to nominate presidents and even to

determine foreign policy they know very little about. The Governments they elect have in the process lost the authority needed to govern." As James Sundquist of the Brookings Institution put it: "Jimmy Carter, the outsider, would not have been the nominee in 1976 of an organized political party; he is what can happen when the choice of party leader is taken entirely out of the hands of the party elite and turned over to the people." As Beth Fallon of the New York *Daily News* put it: "We overdosed on democracy."

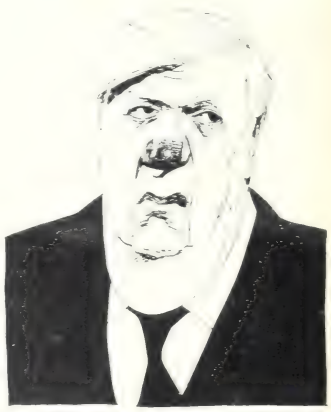
Popular rule had become an orphan. The Democrats' destruction of a Democratic president had regained for the party oligarchy the "right" to control presidential nominations. Party leaders could now openly alter party rules to further strengthen the party organization, to further favor the party's candidate, and to reduce still further the chances of an outsider gaining the nomination.* Trade union chiefs would be free to place their vast resources behind the oligarchy's chosen aspirant. These were great assets indeed (as Senator Gary Hart has learned), but they would not suffice if 1984 were not "normal," if aroused citizens stormed back into party caucuses and angry primary voters looked to new men and women for leadership. Ronald Reagan, in short, could not be opposed; the more extreme his program, the more dangerous it would be to oppose him. Such a collusive policy would make the 1984 Democratic nomination something considerably less than the high road to the White House, but Democratic leaders had no choice. They could not nominate their tame creature and also offer opposition to the counterrevolt of the privileged. What electorate that cared deeply about anything could possibly care about Walter Mondale? For the Democrats, power and popularity had parted company.

Seated in his office in the Rayburn building one afternoon in February, Representative Richard Ottinger, the New York Democrat from Westchester County, took in all of Capitol Hill with a sweep of his hand. "This enormous institution has just been sitting here for three years," he said. "On key votes in the House you hardly see the leadership." Ottinger said that O'Neill didn't count votes or know how people voted. He ruled "by abdication." The congressman, who is 55, smiled wearily. "You can't lead by rewarding your enemies and punishing your friends. The guys who get rewarded are the real troublemakers—the conservative element."

Since the enactment of Reagan's program, Ottinger said, the Democratic leadership had done little to convince Americans of the severe impact of the President's budget cuts. "We have a real potential for bringing these issues before the country, but Congress does not bring them before the country dramatically. Two million kids are not getting measles and polio shots due to budget cuts. That's something you can dramatize." If the leadership supported bills that remedied the damage, "they would fly" through Congress, Ottinger said. "You put through a bill restoring student loans and grants and it would sail through the House. We could be sending up a barrage like that." Instead, he said, "the leadership has not done anything to help Democrats embarrass Republicans. When 500 people froze to death in the winter cold snap, Congress provided weatherization funds for low-income people. The only thing the leadership did was water down the bill." O'Neill, Ottinger believes, "has given the ball game to Reagan." After eight terms in Congress, Ottinger is retiring.

Virtually everything congressional Democrats have done since the Reagan Revolution of the spring of 1981 reflects their policy of non-opposition. In July 1982, the House Ways and Means Committee was considering its own version of a Republican bill to raise $98 billion in taxes. Senate Republicans had proposed the tax increase to reduce the deficits, but, said the *New Republic*, "they are also scared that the Democrats will make fair-

'This enormous institution has just been sitting here for three years,' says Representative Richard Ottinger. 'On key votes in the House you hardly see the leadership'



*This year the Democratic Party will appoint 873 delegates to the national convention; in 1980, the party appointed none. Moreover, seven fewer Democratic primaries were held this year than in 1980.

The Reagan Administration debauched public agencies and arbitrarily suspended federal regulations. Democratic 'oversight' committees contented themselves with one-day hearings

ness the main issue of the 1982 congressional campaign." What particularly frightened Republicans was a scandalous provision of the 1981 Economic Recovery Tax Act that enabled some of the largest and most profitable companies to pay virtually no taxes in the first quarter of 1982. The Republican bill had considerable merit, but House Democrats were expected to better it. What more, it seemed, could the party of "fairness" want than this golden opportunity to close more corporate loopholes than the Republicans had proposed to do? The *New Republic* looked forward to "a bidding war in the name of fairness." At the last minute, however, the Democratic leadership snuffed out the chance. At the urging of O'Neill's lieutenants, the Ways and Means Committee decided to offer *no* tax bill at all. In a "surprise move" committee members resolved to go into a House–Senate conference with empty hands. Having stifled opposition the previous year with a show of trying to "win," House leaders now stifled it by refusing to compete. By that brazen refusal, as the *Washington Post* noted, the Democrats had abandoned "any attempt to exploit what ought to be their best issue of 1982, the apparent 'unfairness' of the Reagan economic program." Moreover, said the *Post*, "the Democrats' posture of inaction accelerates their departure from the center of debate over national issues." Both results served the Democratic leadership's interests. With the recession deepening and Reagan's approval rating below 50 percent, "debate" was more dangerous than ever and fairness yet more explosive.

To make sure the President's popularity slipped no lower, the Democrats turned a blind eye to malfeasance and official corruption. The Reagan Administration consigned statutes to limbo, debauched public agencies, and arbitrarily suspended federal regulations; Democratic "oversight" committees contented themselves with *pro forma* complaints and one-day hearings. "Even critics supportive of deregulation," wrote Martin Tolchin in his book *Dismantling America*, "warned that the Reagan Administration's efforts may backfire politically if the public eventually sees the program for what it is: totally geared to business." Such fears proved groundless; the Democrats were making every effort to prevent the public from seeing anything Reagan did "for what it is." In the September/October 1981 issue of *Regulation*, an ardent supporter of the President voiced fears that his "efforts to reform regulation" would provoke "a new wave of anti-business populist sentiment." Those fears, too, were groundless, for "populist sentiment" was precisely what the Democrats were laboring to quash.

The corrupting of the Environmental Protection Agency was the exception that proved the rule. The Democrats dropped their promising investigation of a scandal that reached into the White House almost as soon as the President gave them a sacrificial lamb named Rita Lavelle, whom Congress cited for contempt, 413 to 0, and, coward-like, destroyed. At the suggestion of the White House, Congress left further inquiry to the Attorney General, although the Attorney General's office was itself suspected of complicity in the scandal, having allowed subpoenaed EPA documents to be shredded while in the agency's care and having gone to outrageous legalistic lengths to block *any* congressional investigation of the EPA. When the Justice Department issued a report absolving the White House of any blame in the scandal, House Democrats let it pass, although the department had reached this conclusion by the simple expedient of not asking anyone in the White House about contacts with the EPA.

Time and again, Democratic leaders rescued Reagan from his own follies. The moment the President's "peacekeeping" force in Lebanon became perilously entangled in a civil war, O'Neill rushed to the White House with an offer of "bipartisan" support for a policy that had become insupportable, thereby transforming an unpopular presidential policy into a great national commitment. After the death of 241 Marines cried out against the President's wanton folly, the Democrats rushed once more to Reagan's rescue. The Democratic majority on the House Armed Services Committee issued a scathing denunciation, not of Reagan but of the Marine Corps, which it

condemned for trying "to be more diplomatic than the diplomats." Coming from a committee supposedly dominated by supporters of the Pentagon, this was a perfect two-step of collusive politics. First the churlish Democrats made a scapegoat of the Marines. Then Reagan graciously stepped forward to forgive them in their hour of grief. This is what is meant by the President's "uncanny" ability to walk away unscathed from disaster, to quote a recent *New York Times Magazine* article that asked: "Will the magic prevail?"

Perhaps it has been in the rescue of the MX missile that the Democrats have revealed most starkly the strength of their determination to protect Reagan from the judgment of the people. The President's MX problem began on October 2, 1981, when he announced that the missile, which was supposed to be an invulnerable replacement for the Minuteman missile, would be placed in the Minuteman's vulnerable silos. Friends of the arms buildup could scarcely conceal their chagrin. "Opponents of the decision will have a field day pointing to the contradictions and inconsistencies" in the President's plan, wrote Leslie Gelb of the *New York Times*. "Mr. Reagan is now in a box. He continues to assert that there is a real and present danger to the ICBM's, yet his new programs do nothing to alleviate that danger."

The President seemed entangled in his own deceits beyond all hope of extrication. If a "window of vulnerability" to a Soviet attack really existed, then there was no earthly reason to deploy a new missile in old silos. If the "window of vulnerability" did not exist, then the President was an arrant liar and all the cries about Soviet nuclear "superiority" were merely another shabby pretext for another American quest for nuclear ascendancy.

Putting an MX missile in a vulnerable silo did more than cast doubt on the missile itself. It cast the gravest doubt on the Administration's panic-mongering, and so cast doubt, too, on the military buildup and on the domestic budget cuts that were paying for the buildup. Reagan's vulnerable missile was the loose thread that might unravel a whole fabric. The party in opposition acted accordingly. Democratic leaders in the House were conspicuously numbered among the 112 Democrats who voted "development" funds for the MX on November 18, 1981.

By March 1982 the great body of the American people, arisen as if from the dead, made thunderously clear their opposition to Reagan's renewal of the arms race. Millions of Americans from all walks of life were marching, preaching, and organizing in favor of a "nuclear freeze." Opponents of the arms buildup were elated. "This movement is too powerful," wrote George Kennan in the *New York Review of Books*, "too elementary, too deeply embedded in the natural human instinct for self-preservation, to be brushed aside" by the government. But Kennan had seriously underestimated the power of the Democratic Party. Under intense public pressure to voice the common sense of the American people, and with no apparent reason to do otherwise, Democratic leaders stood firmly beside the President. They managed to keep the MX alive with further development funds while waiting for Reagan to persuade the voters that the MX was an arms-control bargaining chip.

But here was one message the Great Communicator could not get across. As *Congressional Quarterly* put it, the President labored "under the political burden of an apparently widespread suspicion that he may be unwilling to seek a diplomatically feasible arms control agreement with the Soviet Union." What too many Americans suspected was that Reagan used arms negotiations "as a mask to cover new deployments," in the words of Averill Harriman. The only way to rescue the MX and secure that loose thread was to take the missile out of Reagan's tainted hands. The White House and Democratic leaders, therefore, agreed to place the fate of the MX at the disposal of a "bipartisan commission" of "defense experts"—former secretaries of defense and the like. "Appointed to solve a political problem disguised as a technical one," in Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan's apt de-

Reagan's MX was the loose thread that might unravel the whole fabric. But Democratic leaders were numbered conspicuously among those who voted development funds for the missile

Democratic leaders have betrayed the popular cause. A great deal of power, in consequence, lies loose and explosive in the streets

scription, the experts were expected to urge the deployment of the MX and so enable Congress to bow to the expertise of the few while mocking the wisdom of the many. Congressional emissaries dispatched by O'Neill kept the expert advisers closely advised on just what pretexts and shams "moderate" Democrats thought they could get away with when it came time to vote.

Thus emboldened, the experts neatly uprooted the main obstacle to the MX, namely its pretext. To the argument that the MX failed to close the "window of vulnerability," the commission replied that no such window existed after all. To the argument that the nonexistence of the threat made the MX unnecessary, the commission replied that the MX possessed "political symbolism." Abandoning a weapon on which $5 billion had already been spent, said the experts, "does not communicate to the Soviets that we have the will to deterrence. Quite the contrary."

President Reagan humbly vowed to heed the experts' advice to deploy 100 MX missiles in vulnerable silos. A more palpable confidence trick could scarcely be imagined. On July 20, 1983, the House of Representatives voted at long last to produce the MX. O'Neill's emissaries to the commission had procured the necessary margin of victory. In order to save the arms buildup and the credibility of the Reagan Revolution, Congress had made what Senator Moynihan calls "probably the most fatal mistake in our history." Ten months later, the calamitous weapon still hung by a thread devised by Democrats.

Such is the "magic" of Ronald Reagan: pull back the curtain, and you find the Democrats moving all the levers. With the nomination of Walter Mondale all but safely secured, that conniving will probably end, at least in its present extreme form. The real question is how long the self-serving of the powerful few will prevail over the just sentiments of the American people.

The citizenry, for the moment, is quiet; the listless chatter of a "normal year" clogs the political realm. Democratic leaders have not only regained control of the presidential nomination; they have done so with impunity. In state after state, the raw exercise of party and trade union power—still regarded as scandalous as recently as 1976—incited no furious backlash. To a great extent Gary Hart's vote measures what is left of the insurgent spirit after the Democrats' trashing of democracy.

But the signs of a "normal year" are deceiving. Democratic leaders recaptured the presidential nomination only by betraying the popular cause more thoroughly and more outrageously than ever before. A great deal of power, in consequence, lies loose and explosive in the streets. Some of it has gravitated toward Jesse Jackson; others will come forward, too, to seek their share of it. The millions of Americans whom the Democrats sacrificed to the Moloch of the Democratic machine will call one day for a reckoning, and they will either be heard or be crushed. In their hour of triumph to be savored this month in San Francisco, the Democratic oligarchs may gain the most disastrous victory in their long, checkered history. ■

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"We'd like to tell you why."



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"It was a joy to share our good fortune with her and to know that she was blossoming because someone cared enough to help. It made us want to help other children in the same way. And now we sponsor seven children around the world. Children we have come to understand and love. Thanks to Save the Children.

"If you've ever wondered 'What can one person do?'—the answer is 'You can help save a child.' If you are touched by the plight of needy children, there is no better way than Save the Children to reach out to them with caring, comfort, and support.

"Please join us as a Save the Children sponsor. We've seen the wonders they can work. You'll see how much you really can do—in the eyes and in the progress of the child you sponsor. You'll bring new hope to a child you'll know personally, as we do, through photographs...reports...and letters you can exchange, if you wish.

"You'll see despair turn to hope, and you'll feel the personal reward of knowing what your love and support can do.

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A sponsorship costs only $16 a month—less than many other sponsorship agencies. Just 52¢ a day. Because 50 years of experience has taught us that direct handouts are the least effective way of helping children, your sponsorship contributions are not distributed in this way. Instead they are used to help children in the most effective way possible—by helping the entire community with projects and services, such as health care, education, food production and nutrition. So hardworking people can help themselves and save their own children.

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☐ Africa	☐ Chicano (U.S.)	☐ Indonesia	☐ Mexico
☐ American Indian	☐ Colombia	☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)	☐ Nepal
☐ Appalachia (U.S.)	☐ Dominican Republic	☐ Israel	☐ Philippines
			☐ Southern States (U.S.)
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(Please print)

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THE LATEST O

An exegesis of the

On Tuesday, April 10, 2,700 voters in the Pennsylvania presidential primary filled out this questionnaire right after casting their ballots. It is an exit poll, designed and distributed by the American Broadcasting Companies. This election year, ABC will pay ten full-time staff members and a total of 2,500 "poll takers" to gather and decipher the information volunteered by voters who fill out its questionnaire. The first exit poll, primitive by today's standards, was tested in 1967 in three obscure elections, the lieutenant governor's race in Kentucky being one of them. The brainchild of Warren Mitofsky, the director of CBS's polling operations, the first poll had a few methodological kinks. But they were ironed out by 1972, when CBS undertook a national exit poll of those who had voted in the Nixon–McGovern presidential contest. By 1980, all three networks, the Associated Press, the *New York Times*, and the *Los Angeles Times* were camping out at the voting booths.

More than 86 million Americans voted for a presidential candidate in 1980, and 36,000 of them filled out exit polls. Getting someone to fill out an exit poll—and to fill it out correctly—is not always easy. According to Mark Levy, a professor of journalism at the University of Maryland, about one out of every five voters asked to complete a questionnaire declines. There are other problems as well. Up to 10 percent of the respondents in CBS exit polls fail to fill out the second page of the questionnaire, Levy says. Also, exit polls have twice the margin of error of telephone surveys, and women, blacks, and older voters are less willing to participate in exit polls than in phone polls.

The ABC ballot does not ask voters to describe what they like most about exit polls. Let's do our own analysis. TV viewers have ever-shorter attention spans. Seeing which network makes the quickest, most accurate calls—or "characterizations" of trends, as the networks say—adds another contest to election night, making a sport of even dull, lopsided races. Let's face it: exit polls make great TV.

PENNSYLVANIA

ABC NEWS POLL

THIS QUESTIONNAIRE IS FOR VOTERS ONL

(IF YOU VOTED IN THE **REPUBLICAN PRIMAR** OUT QUESTION 1 IN THIS COLUMN AND THEN QUESTION 2 BELOW.)

1. Did you vote in the Republican pri today? (PUT A CHECKMARK IN THE BOX NE YOUR CHOICE.)
Yes. . . . . ☐
No . . . . . ☐

THE REST OF THE QUESTIONS APPLY TO

2. If the 1984 presidential election being held today and the candidates we Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale, for would you vote?
Ronald Reagan. . . . . ☐
Walter Mondale . . . . . ☐
Neither. . . . . ☐

3. And if the candidates were Reagan Hart, for whom would you vote?
Ronald Reagan. . . . . ☐
Gary Hart. . . . . ☐
Neither. . . . . ☐

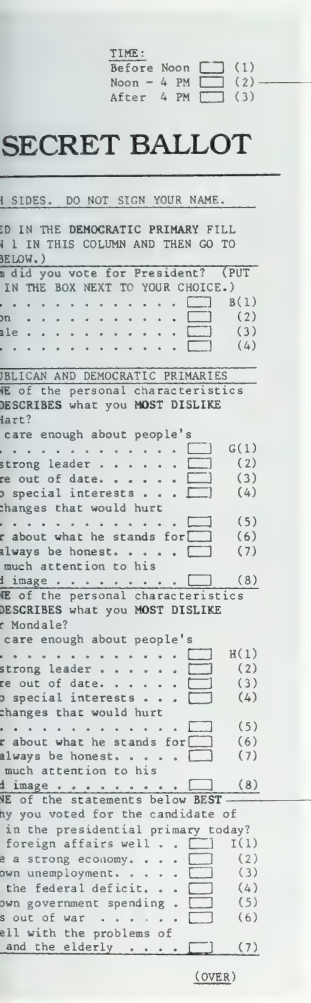
4. Which **ONE** of the personal character below **BEST DESCRIBES** what you like most about Gary Hart?
He cares about people's problems . . ☐
He's a strong leader . . . . . ☐
He's experienced in government . . . ☐
He's independent of special interests ☐
He'd bring the changes the country needs . . . . . ☐
He's clear about what he stands for. ☐
He's honest. . . . . ☐
He's concerned mainly with the issues and not his own image . . . . . ☐

5. Which **ONE** of the personal character below **BEST DESCRIBES** what you like most about Walter Mondale?
He cares about people's problems . . ☐
He's a strong leader . . . . . ☐
He's experienced in government . . . ☐
He's independent of special interests ☐
He'd bring the changes the country needs . . . . . ☐
He's clear about what he stands for. ☐
He's honest. . . . . ☐
He's concerned mainly with the issues and not his own image . . . . . ☐

Eric Nadler has written about politics for the Nation and Mother Jones.

ARLY RETURNS

by Eric Nadler



TIME:
Before Noon ☐ (1)
Noon - 4 PM ☐ (2)
After 4 PM ☐ (3)

SECRET BALLOT

H SIDES. DO NOT SIGN YOUR NAME.

ED IN THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY FILL
N 1 IN THIS COLUMN AND THEN GO TO
BELOW.)

n did you vote for President? (PUT
IN THE BOX NEXT TO YOUR CHOICE.)
. . . . . ☐ B(1)
on . . . . . ☐ (2)
ale . . . . . ☐ (3)
. . . . . ☐ (4)

UBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PRIMARIES
NE of the personal characteristics
DESCRIBES what you MOST DISLIKE
Hart?
care enough about people's
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strong leader . . . . . ☐ (2)
re out of date. . . . . ☐ (3)
o special interests . . . ☐ (4)
changes that would hurt
. . . . . ☐ (5)
r about what he stands for ☐ (6)
always be honest. . . . . ☐ (7)
much attention to his
d image . . . . . ☐ (8)
NE of the personal characteristics
DESCRIBES what you MOST DISLIKE
r Mondale?
care enough about people's
. . . . . ☐ H(1)
strong leader . . . . . ☐ (2)
re out of date. . . . . ☐ (3)
o special interests . . . ☐ (4)
changes that would hurt
. . . . . ☐ (5)
r about what he stands for ☐ (6)
always be honest. . . . . ☐ (7)
much attention to his
d image . . . . . ☐ (8)
NE of the statements below BEST
ny you voted for the candidate of
in the presidential primary today?
foreign affairs well . . ☐ I(1)
e a strong economy. . . . ☐ (2)
own unemployment. . . . . ☐ (3)
the federal deficit. . . ☐ (4)
own government spending . ☐ (5)
s out of war . . . . . ☐ (6)
ell with the problems of
and the elderly . . . . ☐ (7)

(OVER)

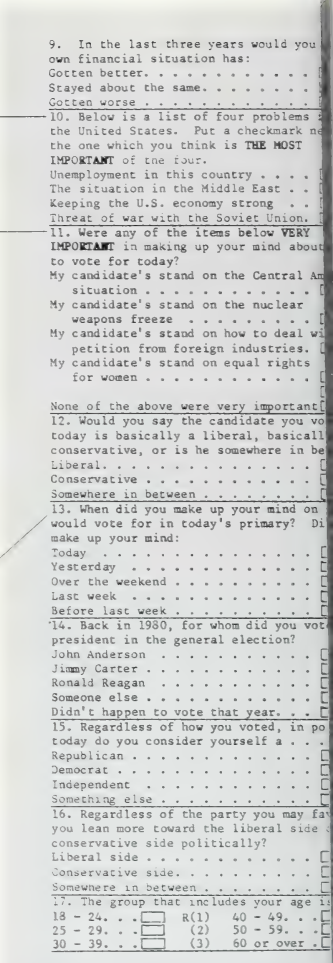
This year, for the first time, ABC is trying to determine if the time of day people vote has any effect on *how* they vote. CBS has polled voters about this, and has discovered that conservatives tend to vote early and that more liberal blue-collar workers vote late. Jeffrey Alderman, the head of ABC's polling division, says he is going ahead with his own research because of technical problems he perceives in his competitor's methodology. Such distrust is routine among the players of the polling game. They even *lie* to one another. Alderman recalls a phone call he received shortly before the primary season got under way. "A guy from CBS I knew a bit asked, 'How many states are you doing?' I lied to him. But I think he knew it was a lie."

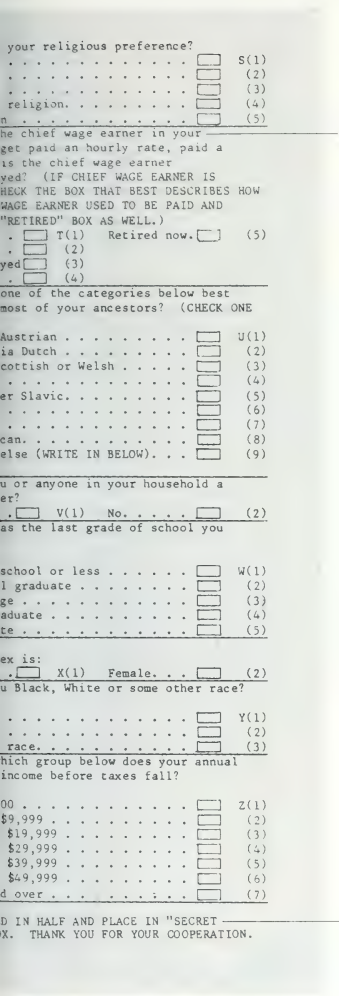
Questions aimed at discovering why voters cast their ballots for a particular candidate are crucial for print-media pundits. Americans almost always know the winners and losers before they go to bed on election night; what they want from their morning papers is an explanation of the outcome. What newspaper people want and get from ABC is primary-night access to the information turned up by the "why" questions. Pollsters say that these questions must be multiple-choice and must not burden the respondent with too many possible answers. (Speed is crucial in exit polling—voters simply will not spend much time filling out a form.) The decisions about which issues to raise in question 8 and about the wording of the answers were worked out by ABC's news division. According to Alderman, the first step in formulating possible answers to this question was a phone survey, in which potential voters were asked open-ended questions like "What is the biggest problem facing our nation today?" Given that there are only seven possible answers, question 8 effectively delegitimizes issues—why no mention of tax reform, or of *military* spending? Since analysts and commentators base their explanations of election results on the answers to questions like this, exit polling ultimately narrows the political discourse. Bill Kovach, the Washington bureau chief of the *New York Times*, wonders "if the media and the polls are feeding on each other. Is there a danger that other ideas, other issues or approaches, are being squeezed out and an incomplete agenda is being drawn?"

Question 10, like many others on the ballot, does not allow the respondent to answer "None of the above." Can this throw off a survey? Many experts say yes: individuals will sometimes check *any* box rather than appear ignorant. Thirty-five years ago, students at eight universities checked off the nonexistent "Danireans" as people they found unacceptable as marriage partners for their relatives. Recently, pollsters for the West German newsweekly *Der Spiegel* asked readers to arrange a list of cabinet members in order of popularity. A fictitious minister came in sixth, ahead of ten others.

Number 11 is for so-called grab-bag questions. For example, a question of local interest might be asked. In the New York Democratic primary exit poll there was a question on the importance of New York City Mayor Ed Koch's and Governor Mario Cuomo's endorsements of Walter Mondale. But not just any topic makes it into number 11. Early in the Democratic primary, some ABC staff members lobbied hard for a question about the impact of the movie *The Right Stuff*. Pollster Alderman fought them off. "I knew from the numbers on movie ticket sales that no one was seeing the picture," he said. Note the blank space next to box 5: if a late-breaking development is deemed important to the campaign, a question about it can be included at the last minute. Through April, ABC had yet to find a topic hot enough to fill the space.

Before the New Hampshire primary, ABC pollsters drew up a poll to be taken every few days during the two weeks leading up to primary day. Politicians have used such surveys for years, but this was the first time a network conducted a "tracking" poll. It was a smash hit: ABC caught the swelling wave for Gary Hart rumbling east from Iowa. Some critics of tracking polls say that the changes in voters' preferences recorded every seventy-two hours or so are just swings within a poll's margin of error—phony volatility. Alderman believes that the whimsy and indecision and last-minute stampedes are real, and he planted question 13 in the exit poll to prove it. He says the results bear him out: in New Hampshire, for example, 23 percent of those polled in the primary said they made up their minds on the day of or the day prior to the vote.


9. In the last three years would you
own financial situation has:
Gotten better. . . . . [ ]
Stayed about the same. . . . . [ ]
Gotten worse . . . . . [ ]
10. Below is a list of four problems
the United States. Put a checkmark n
the one which you think is THE MOST
IMPORTANT of the four.
Unemployment in this country . . . . [ ]
The situation in the Middle East . . [ ]
Keeping the U.S. economy strong . . [ ]
Threat of war with the Soviet Union. [ ]
11. Were any of the items below VERY
IMPORTANT in making up your mind about
to vote for today?
My candidate's stand on the Central Am
situation . . . . . [ ]
My candidate's stand on the nuclear
weapons freeze . . . . . [ ]
My candidate's stand on how to deal wi
petition from foreign industries. [ ]
My candidate's stand on equal rights
for women . . . . . [ ]
None of the above were very important [ ]
12. Would you say the candidate you vo
today is basically a liberal, basicall
conservative, or is he somewhere in be
Liberal. . . . . [ ]
Conservative . . . . . [ ]
Somewhere in between . . . . . [ ]
13. When did you make up your mind on
would vote for in today's primary? Di
make up your mind:
Today . . . . . [ ]
Yesterday . . . . . [ ]
Over the weekend . . . . . [ ]
Last week . . . . . [ ]
Before last week . . . . . [ ]
14. Back in 1980, for whom did you vot
president in the general election?
John Anderson . . . . . [ ]
Jimmy Carter . . . . . [ ]
Ronald Reagan . . . . . [ ]
Someone else . . . . . [ ]
Didn't happen to vote that year. . . [ ]
15. Regardless of how you voted, in po
today do you consider yourself a . . .
Republican . . . . . [ ]
Democrat . . . . . [ ]
Independent . . . . . [ ]
Something else . . . . . [ ]
16. Regardless of the party you may fa
you lean more toward the liberal side
conservative side politically?
Liberal side . . . . . [ ]
Conservative side. . . . . [ ]
Somewhere in between . . . . . [ ]
17. The group that includes your age i
18 - 24. . . [ ] R(1) 40 - 49. . . [ ]
25 - 29. . . [ ] (2) 50 - 59. . . [ ]
30 - 39. . . [ ] (3) 60 or over . [ ]



your religious preference?
. . . . . ☐ S(1)
. . . . . ☐ (2)
. . . . . ☐ (3)
religion. . . . . ☐ (4)
n . . . . . ☐ (5)

he chief wage earner in your
get paid an hourly rate, paid a
is the chief wage earner
yed? (IF CHIEF WAGE EARNER IS
HECK THE BOX THAT BEST DESCRIBES HOW
WAGE EARNER USED TO BE PAID AND
"RETIRED" BOX AS WELL.)
. ☐ T(1) Retired now. ☐ (5)
. ☐ (2)
yed ☐ (3)
. ☐ (4)

one of the categories below best
most of your ancestors? (CHECK ONE

Austrian . . . . . ☐ U(1)
ia Dutch . . . . . ☐ (2)
cottish or Welsh . . . . . ☐ (3)
. . . . . ☐ (4)
er Slavic. . . . . ☐ (5)
. . . . . ☐ (6)
. . . . . ☐ (7)
can. . . . . ☐ (8)
else (WRITE IN BELOW). . . ☐ (9)

u or anyone in your household a
er?
. ☐ V(1) No. . . . . ☐ (2)
as the last grade of school you

school or less . . . . . ☐ W(1)
l graduate . . . . . ☐ (2)
ge . . . . . ☐ (3)
aduate . . . . . ☐ (4)
te . . . . . ☐ (5)

ex is:
. ☐ X(1) Female. . . ☐ (2)
u Black, White or some other race?

. . . . . ☐ Y(1)
. . . . . ☐ (2)
race. . . . . ☐ (3)
hich group below does your annual
income before taxes fall?

00 . . . . . ☐ Z(1)
$9,999 . . . . . ☐ (2)
$19,999 . . . . . ☐ (3)
$29,999 . . . . . ☐ (4)
$39,999 . . . . . ☐ (5)
$49,999 . . . . . ☐ (6)
d over . . . . . ☐ (7)

D IN HALF AND PLACE IN "SECRET
X. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION.

No one at ABC is proud of question 19. Designed to get a read on the voting patterns of retired blue-collar workers, it managed only to confuse retirees of all stripes. Many checked off the box designating "retired now" but ignored those pertaining to method of pay. Questions often flop the first time around. Says William Schneider, a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and a polling consultant to the *Los Angeles Times*: "People tend to forget that polling remains more an art than a science."

The networks start looking at completed exit polls around 1 P.M. Pollsters usually have some indication of the outcome of an election by early evening. When they should begin *revealing* this information is the issue. In 1980, on the basis of exit polls and returns from sample precincts, Ronald Reagan's victory was announced ("projected") by the networks before the polls had closed in some parts of the country. Do early projections discourage people who haven't voted from doing so? John E. Jackson, a political scientist at the University of Michigan, has done the most sophisticated study of early returns, and he says yes. Jackson has concluded that among registered voters who had not gone to the polls by 6 P.M. (EST), learning of Reagan's "victory" lowered the probability that they would vote by 6 percentage points in the East, 9 percentage points in the South, and 12 percentage points in the Midwest and West. A solution? Washington and Wyoming passed laws last year banning exit polling within 300 feet of the polls, a strong deterrent. The three major networks and the *New York Times* have gone to federal court to fight the Washington law. Albert Cantril, director of the Bureau of Social Science Research in Washington, D.C., has proposed a no-first-use doctrine of sorts: until the effects of exit polls are firmly established, networks should not make projections based on them. ABC's Alderman is not impressed by Cantril's proposal. "That man," he says, "must be living in a monastery."

MANTECH at Work

MANTECH. What is it? What does it mean?

Actually, it means a lot of things—all of them good.

It means increasing productivity. Mantech is a U.S. Defense Department program—the name stands for "manufacturing technology"—to improve the productivity and cost effectiveness of U.S. defense weapon systems. And it's working.

It means saving tax dollars. And it's saving a lot. An independent survey of 13 Mantech contracts with Pratt & Whitney, an operating unit of United Technologies Corporation, documented a projected 85 to 1 overall return on investment.

It means conservation of strategic and critical materials used in our national defense. One program, for instance, is responsible for conserving enough cobalt—an essential material used in aircraft engines—for an additional 1,000 fighter aircraft engines.

Under Mantech, the Defense Department provides funds to U.S. industry to improve manufacturing processes, to make the most efficient use of critical and strategic materials, to computerize manufacturing methods, and to initiate a host of other cost-saving steps.

The results have been dramatic. The U.S. Air Force, as an example, invested some $8 million of Mantech funds in Pratt & Whitney's F100 fighter engine program. These funds enabled the company to achieve more than $165 million in F100 cost reductions. That's a return to the taxpayer of $21 for each $1 originally invested. Overall, there are even greater savings since Pratt & Whitney is just one of many participants in the Mantech program.

There are other kinds of savings as well. Mantech helps to improve reliability, durability, and overall performance of our defense systems.

Before Mantech there was a very short life span for certain jet engine parts. New inspection techniques developed with Mantech support have led to identification of parts which have a more useful and safe life remaining. This program will contribute additional savings to the taxpayer.

Mantech money is money spent wisely to improve the national defense. The program actually saves considerably more money than it spends. That's why Mantech deserves the nation's continued support.



UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

EMINENTLY VICTORIAN

David Copperfield might have been written by the queen

By Richard West

One of the joys of Charles Dickens's *David Copperfield* is the way that it loses nothing but actually gains with familiarity. Whereas I used to allow myself seven or more years between each reading, I have now reduced this to four; and after my latest reading, during a visit to Central America, I found myself tempted to reread some of the choice bits immediately afterward.

One has to agree with the British writer and critic G. K. Chesterton that in *David Copperfield* Dickens produced "creatures who cling to us and tyrannise over us, creatures whom we would not forget if we could, creatures whom we could not forget if we would, creatures who are more actual than the man who made them." I used to believe that these creatures were not actually characters but caricatures of good or evil, or simply grotesques. Yet somehow David Copperfield and his friends and enemies grow more real the longer we know them. I could not believe in Uriah Heep until I met him, in different personifications, flourishing in the learned professions, in politics, and in journalism.

There is another quality about *David Copperfield*: it holds the affection even though one has come to see it with altered sensibilities and through the eyes of a quite different character. When I first read the book, at the age of ten or so, I of course identified with the young David Copperfield as a victim of schoolmasters and other grown-ups. On the next two or three readings, I just as naturally identified with David Copperfield as a young man falling in love and struggling to establish himself as a writer. Now, many years later, I have to identify not with David but with Mr. Micawber, pursued by duns, frequently "floored" (to borrow his favorite word), and not always sober, but comforted by family, punch, and the undying confidence that something will "turn up." The Micawber family no longer appear so comical, but they have gained in social realism.

It is generally agreed that *David Copperfield* was Dickens's nearest approach to autobiography. Perhaps that is why it is the book that states most clearly his views on morality, politics, and society. One would like to regard such matters as unimportant compared with the story of *David Copperfield* and its characters, but unfortunately, in the last few years, the name of Dickens has been hauled into public controversy. The word "Dickensian" is constantly used by people like social workers and trade union leaders to describe social conditions that, so they believe, are as bad as those denounced by Dickens. The same sort of people also denounce "Victorian values."

In Liverpool, during last year's election, I heard an obviously confused Labour candidate say that his primary school had "incorporated all the Victorian and Dickensian values that Mrs. Thatcher espouses." Like most such people, he knew nothing of Dickens or the Victorian age; and yet he was certainly right. Dickensian and Victorian values *are* the same thing. Books like *David Copperfield* were not only adored by the great Victorians such as Gladstone and the queen herself, but helped to create the British ethos of the second half of the nineteenth century. As the hero of Dickens's most successful novel, David Copperfield might be described as the beau ideal of Victorian man. David and Dickens were at their most Victorian in their rage against tyranny, cruelty, and hypocrisy.

The Victorians thought of themselves (and should be so honored) as social reformers who

Richard West lives in London, where he is a regular contributor to the Spectator.

Dickens's greatest achievement in David Copperfield *was to remind grown-ups of how they felt as children, and to teach them to look on their own children with love. That was the true Dickensian, Victorian value*

managed in just over sixty years to rid the country of much of the class oppression, savagery, vice, and corruption that had prevailed in the first few decades of the century. They began by tackling the penal system, the game laws, the drastic punishments, and the bribery in the armed forces. The much derided Victorian sexual morality was, at the start, an angry response from the middle class against the debauchery, the selfishness, and the ostentation of kings like George IV, their courtiers, and much of the old aristocracy. In the same way, pious expressions such as the Oxford Movement were honest reactions against the complacency and the torpor of the Church of England. The same honesty made the Victorians face up to the misery and injustices in Ireland. Although their wealth came largely from manufacture and trade, the Victorians acknowledged the horrors that went with industrial growth. They introduced factory acts; they limited children's and women's labor; they gave the vote and education to ever greater proportions of the urban masses.

In some respects, though, Dickens was what we would now call reactionary. He much disapproved of the good food and pampering given to prisoners like Uriah Heep in the latest progressive prison. (It is a nice touch that one of the magistrates who administer and approve of this newfangled prison should turn out to be Mr. Creakle, the former sadistic headmaster at the Salem House school.) In matters of the economy, Dickens was a monetarist of an extreme kind, as expressed in Mr. Micawber's maxim: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery." Although he makes fun of him, Dickens does not let us ignore how Mr. Micawber's improvidence caused unhappiness to the family he neglected and to the friends from whom he borrowed. Dickens's own childhood was blighted by just such a father.

With regard to sexual morality, Dickens was somewhat equivocal, perhaps because of his own unhappy marriage and adultery. But he did believe in the institution of marriage, so that David's long postponed wedding to Agnes brings the book to its natural end. Marriage, to Dickens, was important not as a source of happiness between men and women but as a precondition of happiness for children, whose plight is the main theme not only of *David Copperfield* but of *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Hard Times*, *Great Expectations*, and *A Christmas Carol*. The care and protection of children was the first and foremost of "Dickensian" and indeed of Victorian values.

David's stepfather, Mr. Murdstone, and his spiteful sister cheat young David out of his money and send him to work at the age of eleven in Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse in London. Avarice is their motive, but it is not that which makes them abhorrent in David's and Dickens's view. Their crime is having deprived a child of affection, of education, of the comradeship of other children—in short, of childhood.

Even Salem House school was better than no school at all, since David at least had the friendship of Steerforth and Traddles, and a sense of being a boy among boys. Even Mr. Creakle's cane was not more harsh than the turning of little children into adults; and in this respect we may be worse than the Creakles. At Salem House school the boys suffered during the day from spelling and Latin and French irregular verbs, but at night in the dormitory they regaled one another with imagined tales. This was perhaps a better education than filling children's heads with adult notions of politics, race, sociology, and sex, as is the modern wont. Actually, Dickens presciently portrayed a modern "educationist" in the person of Mr. Gradgrind in *Hard Times*:

> "And what," asked Mr. Gradgrind, in a still lower voice, "did you read to your father, Jupe?"
>
> "About the Fairies, Sir, and the Dwarf, and the Hunchback, and the Genies," she sobbed out; "and about—"
>
> "Hush!" said Mr. Gradgrind, "that is enough. Never breathe a word of such destructive nonsense any more. Bounderby, this is a case for rigid training. . . ."

Not long ago, I read in the London *Sunday Times* that two Australian sociologists had conducted a survey in the *Hard Times* county of Lancashire to find out what eight-year-olds knew about birth control, a subject that would have appealed to Mr. Gradgrind. The sociologists were shocked to discover that unlike eight-year-olds in Sweden, who could name as many as five kinds of contraceptives, some of the Lancashire children could not name any.

The childhood of David Copperfield was made miserable by the remarriage of his mother to a harsh and unfeeling man. Nowadays, parents are less likely to die before their children reach maturity, but they are very likely to get divorced and perhaps remarry. Few modern stepparents would prove as cruel as the Murdstones; probably few were even in Dickens's time. But coldness and neglect may possibly be as hurtful as beatings and compulsory church. Modern divorced parents deny this; but what do the children really feel? It was Dickens's greatest achievement that in *David Copperfield* he reminded grown-ups of how they had felt as children, and taught them to look on their own children with greater love and consideration. That was the true Dickensian, Victorian value. ■

THE 'NEW YORKER' STORY

By Martha Bayles

William has completed one paragraph of his new short fiction about a young woman who works in a J. C. Penney's department store. Striving for an atmosphere of depthless banality, he is imagining a shopping mall in one of those Midwestern states, Kansas or Indiana, where he might have ended up if his teaching position hadn't come through. He is still so relieved to have landed a decent creative-writing teaching job on the East Coast that he actually feels drawn to the idea of writing about a plastic, meaningless shopping mall: a palace of materialism surrounded by nothing but featureless wheat fields. It thrills him just a little to think how narrowly he's escaped.

Thanks to the editors at the *New Yorker*, William's talent was recognized in the nick of time. He probably wouldn't have gotten this great job if he hadn't been able to say casually that, oh yes, the *New Yorker* was going to print "Fred," his short fiction about a middle-aged, Midwestern Middle American who pumps gas, regular and diesel, at a 76 truck stop somewhere out there in that endless, anomic, checkerboard flatness: that heartland without a heart to which his imagination keeps returning.

Leaning forward in his chair, William looks over his opening paragraph.

> Betty waits at the cash register, even though there is no one in her checkout line. Buffing her Honeybee Pink nails, she watches Mr. Schmidt dust the Home Glassware display. The display takes up an entire aisle, and Mr. Schmidt keeps it arranged by color. First the red, then the blue, then the yellow, in neat rows. All the glasses are the same shape, with a nubbly surface for easy grip. E-Z GRIP, the sign says. Betty wonders what it would be like if one of the glasses broke, whether the nubbles themselves would shatter or whether they would roll like little marbles across the floor.

Pretty good, thinks William. But "linoleum floor" would be better. He whites out "floor," ponders a minute, and then types "Congoleum no-wax floor." After another minute he adds, "the kind with the imitation mica."

Now he is ready to begin a new paragraph.

> From the plastic rack next to the cash register Betty takes a stick of Vaseline Lip Balm and applies it to her Honeybee Pink lips. It is cola flavored. Mouth watering, she licks it off. Then she has to apply more Honeybee Pink.

Perfect, thinks William. There she is, out in consumerland; and the more she consumes, the emptier she feels. Eagerly, he goes on typing.

> Her lips are drawn full, with a symmetrically tapered line, as though the makeup artist's hand had just withdrawn before the camera. Her face is an immaculate oval as delicate as an eggshell, defined by the smoothly plucked hairline and brows, the subtle trace of rouge underscoring the cheekbones, and the gold spirals of the Monet earrings. Her eyes are as brilliant as star sapphires in their cups of eye shadow and dramatically accented lash.
>
> Her whispering mouth forms an elegant rosebud: "Lancôme, Paris."

Astounded, William pulls back. The page is almost full, which is good. But how oddly he has digressed! For a moment he considers whether to give rein to this impulse or to go back to his original conception. Before he can decide, another impulse carries him further.

> Betty's expression does not change as Mr. Schmidt walks forward with a single goblet that, although it refracts all the colors of the other glassware

Martha Bayles writes a television column for the Wall Street Journal *and publishes film and fiction criticism. She has just completed her first novel,* Boston Common.

through its richly faceted surface, is itself beautifully clear. He speaks in a deep brogue: "What is apparent to the cognoscenti is the affinity between the old and the new Waterford. Centuries have not altered . . ."

The deep brogue fades as the crystal grows larger, then fragments into seeds cut by a master hand to flash smaller, more numerous sparks. Arrayed across a black marble tabletop, they dazzle, juxtaposed to a cameo portrait of Betty gazing over her black velvet shoulder. Her swelling pageboy and reproachfully arched brow bear a strong resemblance to Lauren Bacall, in whose husky voice she says, "Food, shelter, and diamonds are the essentials. The rest is luxury."

Now William has to stop. This is getting out of control. The Betty he started with wears an ankle chain linking the fake gold letters of her boyfriend's name, not 122 marquise diamonds. Concentrating hard, he tries to go back to the shopping mall.

It's not yet ten-thirty, but Betty goes early for her coffee break. Not that it's much of a break to sit at the empty lunch counter with nothing to look at but the Tropical Punch circulating in its cooler. Betty wonders if they ever empty it out, or whether that same Tropical Punch has been circulating since the store opened five years ago.

Easing back against the striped canvas of her beach chair, Betty digs her toes into the sand. Under the thatched roof of her private cabana, which casts a cool lavender shade fretted with pink-gold sunlight, she gazes at a dark fringe of coconut palm and a brilliant turquoise ocean.

"Here we are," she says to Mr. Schmidt, who is ensconced in the other chair. "At home in our very own villa, all pastels and privacy. With Evangeline to pamper us: she's going shopping soon, to surprise us with a lobster for dinner."

"Madly extravagant?" asks Mr. Schmidt.

"Not at all," replies Betty. "There are hundreds of villas for rent, all over Jamaica."

"*Damn*!" cries William out loud. "What the hell is going on?" He is very surprised when Betty answers. No longer in the canvas chair, she now appears against the towers of Manhattan, seen at night through a glass wall on the fiftieth floor. In a beaded black gown, with her hair swirled sideways, she offers William a Hennessy V.S.O.P.

"Nothing." Her smile is alluring, her voice cold. "I'm just waiting for you to get started."

"I *am* started!" exclaims William.

"No you're not. You haven't even got a character."

"I've got *you*, a cashier at J. C. Penney's. You're wearing J. C. Penney imitation designer jeans and a red, white, and blue smock that says DOLLAR DAYS SALE."

Betty turns, revealing the graceful cut of her gown. "Is that all?"

"Certainly not," William snaps, and begins to describe the tacky merchandise she rings through the register all day, her boyfriend's four-wheel-drive pickup, the Denny's where they go for patty melts and thick shakes, the remote-control color television on which Betty's parents watch *Family Feud* . . . "I merely describe, I don't judge. You ought to appreciate that, at least."

She doesn't appear to. While he is talking, she strolls over to a baby grand piano and kicks off her gilt evening sandals. Pouring herself a Martell, she throws back her head. "So where is this going to be published?"

William feels a twinge of anxiety, but refuses to let it show. "Probably in the *New Yorker*."

"Oh, like the other one. Poor Fred."

"You know Fred?"

"Of course. To you, our town is just a cloverleaf on Route 80. But to us, it is the center of the universe. You may not know us, but we know each other. Fred, for example, is my oldest uncle on the German side."

"How do you know he's German? I didn't give him a last name."

"Oh, the town's full of Germans. Look at Mr. Schmidt. Do you know, we're having our centennial this year? One hundred years since our great-great-grandparents came from Russia."

William suppresses a smile. "Germans from Russia?"

"Oh yeah," she says, her voice beginning to warm up and take on a Kansas twang. "You see, this empress in Russia, Catherine the Great—you've heard of her? Good. Well, she got them to settle some scrubland by passing this law—"

William interrupts. "Please, please. I'm sure it's all very interesting, and I'm glad to see you talking with an authentic accent. But family sagas have nothing to do with my kind of fiction. I'm not James Michener."

Betty looks blank, so blank that William has to move closer. But even then all he can detect is a fragrance with that most exceptional of qualities: presence. "Only one woman could have created it," murmurs Betty. "Estée Lauder."

"Oh, knock it off!" shouts William.

"Sorry," says Betty, getting up and walking over to a chrome supper table set with black-and-gold-rimmed vichyssoise plates and flawless stemware. From the center of the table, against the delicate pinstriping of the dove gray Levolor blinds, rises a tall, twisting bouquet of red poppies, pink orchids, and white flowering quince. Betty displays her bare back, warm and creamy smooth in the indirect track lighting. "Perhaps," she says huskily, "I can make it up to you by letting Lenox express my world."

William slams down his Hennessy. "*I'm* expressing your world, goddamn it!"

"Oh," says Betty, looking blank again.

William waits, but she doesn't do anything.

Together with the chrome supper table, she is starting to fade. "Wait," he says. "You're out of place here. Tell me some more about Kansas."

"Bet I know what you want to hear about. My boyfriend. He works for the phone company, and gosh, does he get jealous. I mean, real jealous. One time I was talking to this other guy, and later on that night my boyfriend *hit* me. Oh, he was real sorry, but still, he *hit* me. Isn't that awful?"

"Please," says William. "Go find one of my scribbling female colleagues, if all you want to do is criticize men."

For a moment, Betty dims. But then she brightens again, evidently because this is a story she wants very much to tell. "Uncle Fred has this buddy who hauls cattle. He's from Arkansas, and real scary-looking, with a patch over one eye? But Fred says he's been every place you'd care to name. Guff—that's his real name. 'Guff don't take no guff'—he's always saying that. Um—do you really want to hear this? It gets kind of weird."

For once, William doesn't try to hush her up. "Yes, yes. Go on."

"OK. Well . . . Guff kind of likes me. Like a father, I mean. So when my boyfriend hit me, you know what he told me to do? He said next time my boyfriend gets jealous, I ought to cuddle up real close, like I'm going to whisper sweet nothings. Then bite off a hunk of his ear and spit it out in his face. Guff says that'll teach him."

"Terrific!" exclaims William. "Bizarre! Emotionally flat, symbolically ambiguous! What a pure gesture!"

Betty just looks at him, eyes filling with tears. "You know, when Guff said that, I realized a whole lot of things. Like how much I love my boyfriend. I don't want to hurt him, but I realized, making somebody jealous is like biting them with your teeth—it's painful."

"Oh no," groans William, "not the moral of the story!"

"I realized something else, too. I think it's because my dad ran off when I was small . . . I expect the worst from my boyfriend. It's like I *try* to make him jealous, because I'm scared to get close. I'm scared he'll run off, too. Deep down, I'm just so afraid of love!"

The expression on her face is too mawkish for William, and he pulls back. "Please," he says levelly, "don't ask me to be a psychologist. Save that for the potboilers."

"Then what do you think I should do? My mom says talk to Father Tim. But I can't apply religion to my problems. All I know is, if I had to die for my boyfriend, I think I would. And I know he feels the same way about me."

"*Stop! Please stop!*" Now William is shouting. "I'm a postmodernist writer! No epiphanies, no romanticism! You have to realize, I've accepted the void!"

"The what?"

William tries to calm himself. He picks up his Hennessy. "Look. I like the part about Guff and the ear, but the last thing I want to do is *explain* it. I want to *present* it as an utterly pointless experience that *seems* to have meaning but is really *absurd*. Like the rest of your existence."

"Oh," says Betty, turning slowly to look at him through a pair of emerald-and-aqua-stippled glasses frames, curved to emphasize the shape of her eyes. "Exotic," she breathes, "is your Dior."

"Oh no, not *that* again. Look, Betty dear. Will you do me a big, fat favor and go back to J. C. Penney's where you belong?"

Thoughtfully, Betty picks up a remote-control transmitter and flicks on the Pioneer stereo system. Given the surroundings, William expects Kraftwerk, or possibly Schoenberg. But no, it is the same mindless, sappy Muzak that has been playing in the mall.

William leaps forward. "There, you *see*?!? *That's* why I want you back in J. C. Penney's! Because you have no *taste*!"

Betty turns up the Muzak, then smiles. "Let me get this straight. There's no meaning in the world, so all experiences are equally pointless."

William waves his arms. "If you want to discuss my world view, you're going to have to turn down that *garbage*!"

"Can I play something else?"

"Sure, if you can find anything tolerable."

Through her glasses Betty studies the tuning device, then switches to a station playing one of Beethoven's last quartets.

"Much better," sighs William, "although I'm sure it's pure luck. You know, you shouldn't fixate on all these expensive luxuries if you don't know how to relate to them."

"Why not, if they give me pleasure?"

"Because they're just *objects*. They don't *define* you if you're not a certain kind of person to begin with."

Betty glides toward him on the polished floor, voice full of icy seductiveness. "How can you say they don't define me? Look at me."

"I am looking at you. And those glasses actually make you look intelligent. Maybe someday you'll figure out that a character is more than a collection of possessions. Don't you see? I could describe every jet bead on your evening gown, every imported wine in your closet, and it wouldn't add up to a human being. People are more than the sum total of their commercialized surroundings!"

"Even in this day and age?"

"Especially in this day and age."

"Well," says Betty sweetly. "In that case, I'll go back to J. C. Penney's." ■

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1E. C(ENO-TAPH, PAT ONE reversed; 2S. SO-D.A.-P.-OP; 3S. S(WART)HIER; 4E. I.-MP-I.E.-T(or)Y; 5E. PHA(R)MACY, anagram; 6E. A(VO..)WS, anagram of WAS; 7E. FLI(PPERS; 8W. C(HE)AP; 9N. EVER-EST; 10E. M-LIF(e), reversed; 11S. I-R-KSOME (anagram); 12E. SYNAPSE, anagram; 13S. (Trist)AN-ISE(ult); 14W. TRAFFIC, anagram; 15W. FLY, two meanings; 16E. APTITUDE, anagram; 17N. T(o)RADE; 18E. F-ACTION; 19N. CASHMERES, anagram; 20E. EXURB(1)A, anagram; 21N. X-Y-LOP-HONE; 22W. G-R-U(homophones)-FF; 23S. ICELAND, anagram; 24N. D-IN-KY; 25W. RE(M . . .)ODELS, anagram; 26N. A-RAP-A-HOE; 27S. O-HAR-A, reversal; 28W. COAT-I; 29S. APPLA(anagram)-USE; 30W. (R)OAST; 31W. BOL(reversal)-L; 32E. U-PH(ELD); 33N. PARISH, anagram; 34E. PLINKING, two meanings; 35S. NAR-D, reversal; 36W. ISLE, homophone; 37W. PITS, two meanings; 38N. (G)UNMAN; 39N. SKIM, hidden.

SOLUTION TO JUNE DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 18): In the best dancers, different parts of the body moved to different rhythms in a truly astonishing way. . . . It was as though the dancer's feet heard one drum, his hips another, his arms and clapping hands a third drum, his neck and head a fourth.
—[Esther Warner]: *The Crossing Fee*

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 19, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by July 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners' names will be printed in the September issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 17 (May) are Grant W. Erwin Jr., Seattle, Washington; Jane Schaffer, Brooklyn, New York; and John Wagner, East Lansing, Michigan.

LETTERS

Continued from page 5

Mistakes Doctors Make

Dr. David Hilfiker's "When Doctors Make Mistakes [*Harper's*, May] may be taken by some readers as evidence of its author's incompetence. How could a capable physician abort a live fetus, leave a blood vessel bleeding after an appendectomy, misread an X-ray, fail to treat a heart attack? Should a capable physician make so many errors?

The medical literature suggests that Dr. Hilfiker is not atypical. A 1981 *New England Journal of Medicine* study found that 36 percent of the patients admitted to hospitals developed new illnesses as a result of treatment they received. Serious errors occurred in 9 percent of the cases, and deaths in 2 percent. An average doctor, seeing several hundred patients each year, could easily make several life-threatening errors. Dr. Hilfiker is atypical in that he is honest.

The possibility of making mistakes is particularly great for a small-town general practitioner; he or she must deal with overwork and professional isolation, as well as with the frustration of knowing that the latest technology, and the personnel needed to run it, may be hundreds of miles away. It is nearly impossible today for someone to be an old-fashioned G.P.—for one person to serve as internist, surgeon, pediatrician, and psychiatrist.

Not only small-town G.P.s but all physicians understand that the very real, painful issues Dr. Hilfiker raises are made more difficult to grapple with by society's idealization of doctors and its expectation of medical perfection—an expectation that, when disappointed, often leads to vengeful responses, including lawsuits.

David Hellerstein, M.D.
New York, N.Y.

David Hilfiker presented an excellent overview of the physician's dilemma with regard to mistakes. But what about nurses? We make mistakes too.

Nurses are involved in patient care

twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week; most doctors aren't. Since the average nurse spends more time with patients than the average doctor, the odds that a nurse will eventually make a mistake are much greater. And our mistakes are less likely to be overlooked or forgiven. Most nurses do not have a strong professional support system. A nurse who makes a mistake is generally fired.

I have heard time and again that nurses who err do not belong in nursing. That is grossly unfair.

Sylvia T. Joseph, R.N.
North Hollywood, Calif.

On one wall of the delivery suite in the medical school where I did my training were the words "*primum non nocere*"—"first do no harm." This ancient medical dictum is still very much with us and, I dare say, is cited in the education of virtually all American doctors.

Nonetheless, problems, errors, and even tragedies await anyone who takes on the medical care of his fellow human beings. The advances in pharmaceuticals, the advent of modern surgery, and the elegant diagnostic technologies now available have, if anything, made things tougher, for physicians today are, understandably, more ambitious in their interventions than their colleagues of bygone years.

Dr. Hilfiker's article is remarkable for its candor and insight. It is also an extraordinarily educational document: it tells the reader about the ever-present difficulties that even a thoughtful, careful practitioner will encounter. What it doesn't do, to my satisfaction, is tell us what we are to do about the errors of action and judgment that we all make. Whatever the trial lawyers tell us, litigation is not the answer. It punishes a few scoundrels, intimidates everybody, and distorts medical costs and practices.

Soul-searching of the sort Dr. Hilfiker has undertaken and seems to recommend would be useful for most physicians, but will not, of itself, prevent honest medical mistakes. Nor will it bring about more humanistic relations between physicians and patients. What is needed, in addition to forthrightness on the part of physicians, is a heightened sense of con-

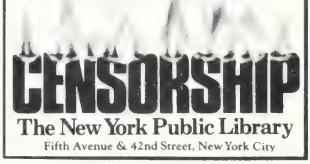
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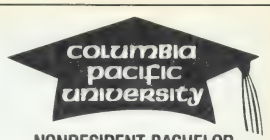
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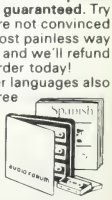
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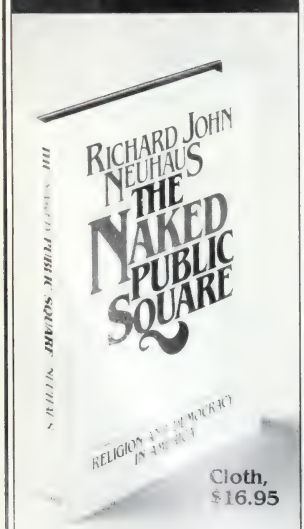
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sumerism on the part of patients. "User-friendly" directories of physicians are a step in this direction.

Activist public-advisory committees for hospitals, clinics, and health departments can educate physicians and patients to each other's lot. Public participation on medical school admissions committees and insurance rate-setting commissions would help move the practice of medicine out of its priesthood mode—Dr. Hilfiker properly protests "playing God"—and into the mainstream of democratic American life.

Fitzhugh Mullan, M.D.
Garrett Park, Md.

Dr. Mullan is author of Vital Signs: A Young Doctor's Struggle with Cancer.

The Politics of Pooh

I read to Pooh himself Henry Fairlie's article *If Pooh Were President* [*Harper's*, May]. Pooh didn't understand it. Neither did I. Nor did I understand what simple, positive, straightforward Pooh was doing sandwiched into the middle of such a hair-splitting, convoluted, don't-like-anybody-very-much piece of writing. The *title* was very promising, though. Maybe you could use it again.

Quite frankly, the portrayal of happy, generous, compassionate, and fun-loving Pooh Bear as a conservative seems rather desperate, if not outright ridiculous. So much of Pooh's character had to be left out in order to force a comparison that hardly anything remains—only enough for one paragraph and a sentence. And as for what *was* mentioned:

Pooh did not wait until the other animals "came to him with their worries." In incident after incident—including the Woozle hunt, which Fairlie cites—Pooh was in on the action from the beginning. And, with the exception of Piglet, the other animals did not go to *Pooh* to be "reassured." They went to the problem-solvers: Rabbit, Owl, and Christopher Robin.

I don't recall Pooh doing *anything* "with considerable skepticism." Pooh was "never excited—never"? What about when he was stuck in Rabbit's front door, when he fell out of the oak tree, when he was harassed by bees?

"Pooh was never surprised to find things where they ought to be"? Like what? What in the Forest was where it *ought* to have been? Pooh on a balloon, Tigger and Roo up a tree, Rabbit lost in the fog, Pooh caught in the Heffalump trap, Piglet in Kanga's pocket . . .

And it was Pooh, not Eeyore, who discovered that Eeyore's tail was missing and who felt compelled to look for it. Eeyore didn't realize it was gone until Pooh told him. Perhaps *Eeyore* was the conservative in the Pooh stories. Perhaps no one was. For none of the characters held the conservative view that things are best as and where they are—or were, many years ago. (And what relevance do any of them have to the tory conservatism mentioned and disguised in the article, which has held the English people under the boot of monarchy?)

The other animals "were all afraid of the Forest"? Come now. Tigger was not *agitated* (Piglet was, though, by Tigger). He was simply hyperactive—*bouncy*. He did not attack Pooh's tablecloth because it was unfamiliar, but because he thought it had tried to attack *him*. (Perhaps it did. One can never tell about tablecloths. I remember once at a party . . .)

It's irritating enough when conservatives rewrite history to suit themselves. But when they do the same to *Winnie-the-Pooh* and *The House at Pooh Corner*, I think it's time for them to stop meddling. They are always *talking* about leaving things alone. Well, let's see them *do* it.

As for Pooh's political affiliation, I asked him which party he liked best, and he said whichever one it was that served the little cake things with pink sugar icing.

Benjamin Hoff
Portland, Ore.

Benjamin Hoff is the author of Tao of Pooh.

Amplification

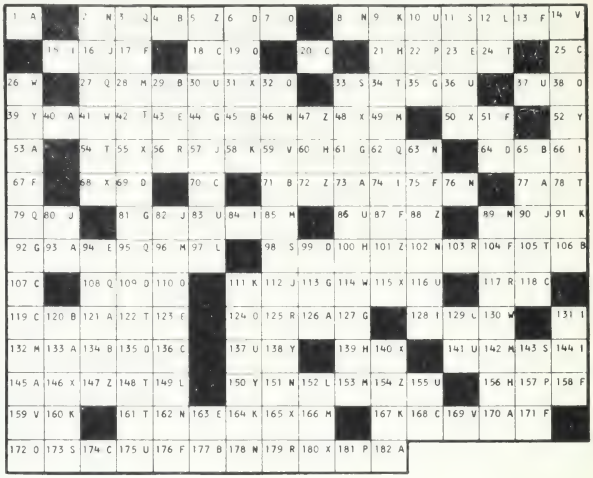
"Making Medical Mistakes," the report by David Hilfiker in the May *Harper's*, was based in part on an article that appeared earlier this year in the *New England Journal of Medicine*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 19

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 74.



CLUES

A. Red herring, in England (2 wds.)

B. Timely

C. "I have led my—where they are peppered," says Falstaff (*Henry IV, Part 1*)

D. Becomes engaged

E. Friendly relations

F. Irish potato or belladonna, e.g.

G. Women's shoes whose height of popularity was in the 1940s

H. Alert; pungent

I. Type of tongue

J. Proclaimer; forerunner

K. Not exhausted or wearied; still relatively bright-eyed

L. Vex, irritate

M. Common, usual

WORDS

170 73 145 77 133 121 182 93

1 40 126 53

4 71 134 120 177 29 65 45

136 20 25 70 168 174 119 118

18 129 167

99 6 64 109 135 69

23 43 163 94 123

13 104 171 67 176 51 87 155

12 75

81 44 127 113 61 92 35

60 156 139 21 100

66 15 128 74 131 144 84

82 112 57 16 80 90

9 164 91 167 111 58 160

152 12 149 97

28 96 85 132 49 142 153 166

CLUES

N. System of treatment by massage, based on the theory that illness stems from faulty ligaments

O. "Song Against—" by G. K. Chesterton

P. Am. Revolutionary soldier known as "Light-Horse Harry"

Q. A people of Luzon

R. Hoax, gag, prank

S. Shed, wretched dwelling

T. Fr. novelist (1840–1902; *Germinal, Nana*, full name)

U. Render unavoidable

V. Fr. painter (1771–1835, *The Plague at Jaffa*)

W. Master, chief

X. Unrelenting

Y. Coarsely ground corn

Z. Ravenous monsters with a woman's head and a bird's body

WORDS

63 102 8 76 89 2 162 46

151 178

124 32 38 172 110 7 19

181 157 22

95 27 62 3 79 108

103 56 125 117 179

11 173 143 98 33

54 161 42 122 34 105 78 24

148

175 116 37 155 10 36 137 30

141 180 83

14 159 169 59

41 26 114 130

50 140 31 55 180 48 68 146

165 115

138 52 39 150

101 47 72 5 147 88 154

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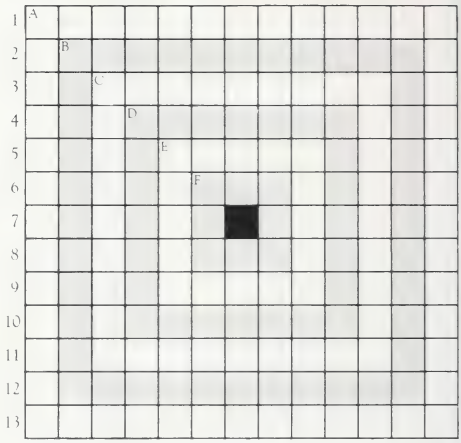
Square-rigged

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Each numbered row contains two non-overlapping entries. Superimposed on those entries are six square circuits beginning at the letter in the upper-left-hand corner of each and reading clockwise, consisting of one to seven consecutive and non-overlapping entries. Thus each square in the diagram contains a letter that appears in two words. All clue groupings are given in order of answer length, which is not necessarily the order of entry.

Among the clue answers: one common foreign word; five proper nouns and adjectives; one common colloquialism not in some dictionaries (D.b.); and three uncommon words (13.a., A.b., and B.b.). As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 74.



Rows

1. a. The smallest possible matters . . . intelligence, say (5)
   b. Bad pun: Gad, navy is without grounds (8)
2. a. On no occasion is red uniform to be reversed (5)
   b. Well-fixed, and circumventing duty (8)
3. a. Part of "A.D." found in Roman notation (4)
   b. Savages rioting around the Italian feudal state (9)
4. a. Adjusted points and part of the engine (6)
   b. English course is good—arm broken in two places (7)
5. a. Cook spoke about English teas (6)
   b. Applause left out in reaching a climax (7)
6. a. Ben Adhem is a bounder? Not half! (4)
   b. Square off about Lincoln's fancy style (9)
7. a. It keeps the Greeks and Turks apart in an age that's unsettled around the East (6)
   b. My . . . Lee's thrown fit (6)
8. a. Religious factions: groups adopting Catholic leader (5)
   b. Sherrill could be a screamer (8)
9. a. Religious teacher, given time, is one setting a fast pace (6)
   b. Tailless cat, coming inside, has returned for time to rest (7)
10. a. Lover could make more love (5)
    b. Former wife, given a ring and praised (8)
11. a. No old horse at end of race is in minority (6)
    b. Being indulgent—that is the ultimate in abstention during Lent (7)
12. a. More lads losing heads for some nymphs (6)
    b. Frantic pace is overwhelming leader of climb in glaciers (3,4)
13. a. Prisoner, for instance, rejected permission to leave (5)
    b. Rail rate is outrageous when related to major highways (8)

Square Circuits

A. a. Sign to repeat last third of course. Good mark? No (5)
   b. South American pint utensil made from brazilwood (6)
   c. Girl's lacier shifts (6)
   d. Watt attacks international organization as Pentecostal (7)
   e. Ought to be worried about limits of news report (7)
   f. Coaches ran tires raw (8)
   g. Food from professional seller (9)

B. a. Envied, among odd characters, as early sinner (3)
   b. One of the pits? Crew leader has one (4)
   c. Division of Lutheran church spread in the West (5)
   d. Listen, when lawyer's brief, finish (6)
   e. The uninitialed check is in this (6)
   f. Spice for, e.g., an oyster stuffing (7)
   g. God of love's in fast surroundings way up there (9)

C. a. Turned on by victory, like new stars (5)
   b. I'm a girl that doesn't finish returning Italian food (6)
   c. Was flattered by bachelor, flying ace, and me (6)
   d. Reductions in price show right in bills (6)
   e. Gelatin prepared around Northeast is lacking taste (9)

D. a. Pick up ice, e.g., for toasting (but without Italian champagne) (4)
   b. I bomb out making tart (5)
   c. Make compact with congressional aide to raise a ruckus (7)
   d. Bedroll is mussed, getting love in bawdy-house (8)

E. a. Marshal paces to look over ex-cons? (8)
   b. It's vile taking money drawer … jail results (8)

F. a. The way to enter this answer honestly? (8)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Square-rigged," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by July 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners' names will be printed in the September issue. Winners of the May puzzle, "Letter Drop," are Polly Hollern, Wayz, Minnesota; Sandra Kamin, Chicago, Illinois; and Allan E. Wilson, Princeton, New Jersey.

Discover



a



b



c



d



e



f



g


h

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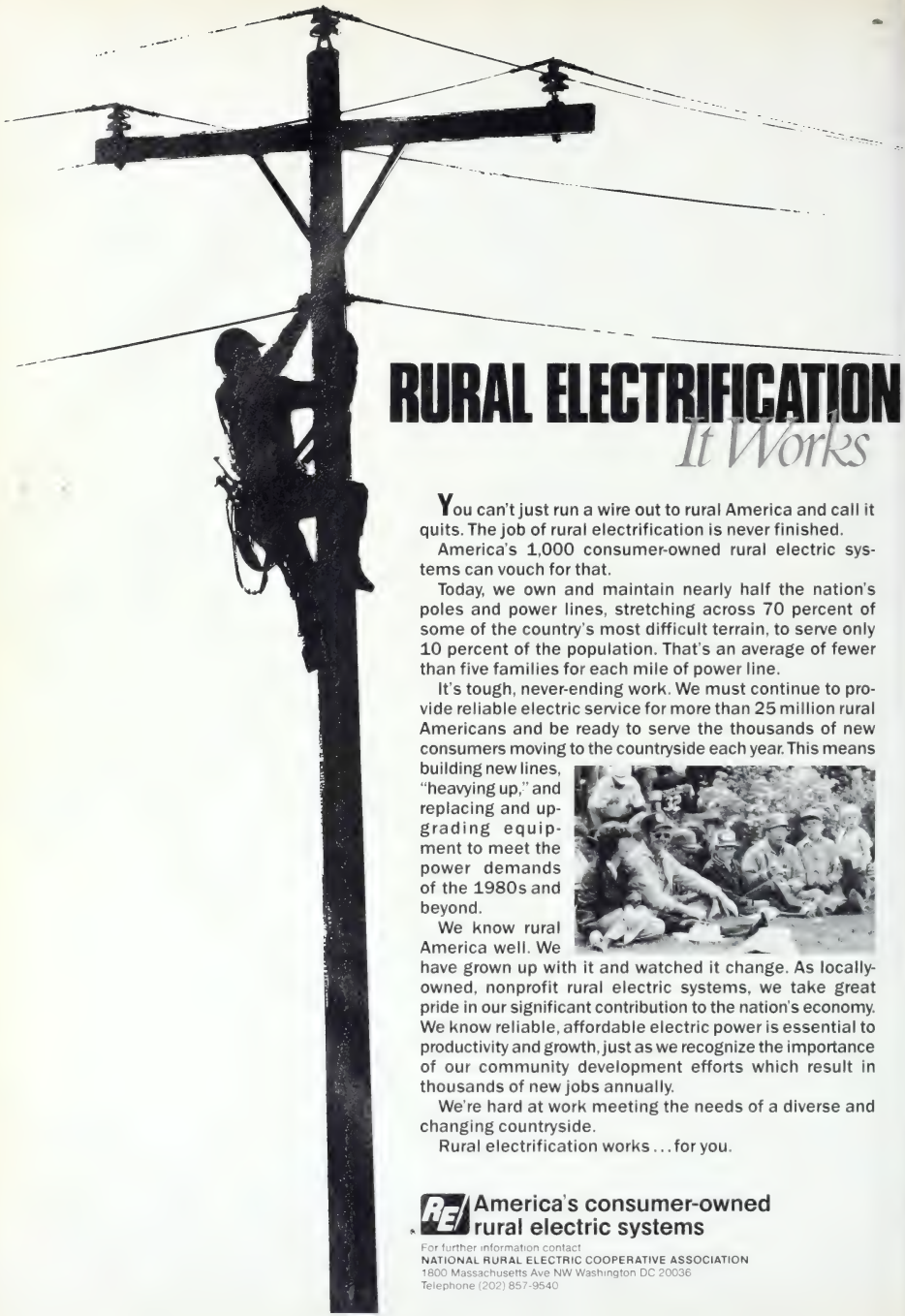
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Centralization and a strong national government have extended, not curtailed, our liberties

Acrostic 77 *Thomas H. Middleton*

Puzzle 80 *E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.*

Cover: La Plage, *by Malcolm Morley, collection of Martin Z. Margulies*

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LETTERS

America and the Arab World

Fouad Ajami's portrayal of the failed Arab-American encounter ["The End of the Affair," *Harper's*, June] is extraordinary. Ajami, of Lebanese-Shiite origin, has managed to acquire the American inclination toward "expertness" without losing his intimacy with the Arab world—an intimacy that has nurtured his rich, nuanced sensibility. Ajami maintains the tone of both the involved insider and the detached observer; he is a trustworthy guide to the treacherous political terrain he traverses.

What Ajami reports is disheartening for imperialists and nationalists alike. He has become convinced that the violent and fundamentalist passions sweeping across the region cannot be calmed by importing Western technology or spent by revolutionary triumphs. He finds the Arab world unable to take enlightened control of its own destiny. He foresees bloodshed and chaos, virtually without end; there is no healing imagery in Ajami's vision. The Arabs and the Americans seem doomed to be simultaneously victims and victimizers.

Ajami's starkly unsentimental assessment is invaluable, especially for Americans. We are so romantic. Despite a series of bruising disillusionments, most notably those inflicted during our decade of involvement in Indochina, we keep returning for more of the same. The United States still insists that it can be the bearer of political moderation to the Third World and that it can save the ex-colonial regions from their own pent-up passions—and from the machinations of hostile outsiders associated wit Moscow. Ajami strips away these vei of deception and self-deception. H realizes that there are no centri forces in the Middle East that ca hold countries together. He realize that to be politically conscious in th Arab world almost always leads to ir volvement on the side of extremism and that extremism inevitably pr duces horrifying results on a huma level.

There is a temptation to compar Ajami to V. S. Naipaul, who owe much of his reputation in the West t his mordant interpretation of what going on in the Third World. A though both present the interplay North and South as mutually sordi there is an important difference be tween the two writers. Naipaul em braces his adopted British home un critically, while casting an alienated harsh, hostile eye on "the bush. Ajami, in contrast, cherishes the peo ples of his native region even as h despairs of their capacities to handl the challenges of the modern era. A no point does Ajami suppress his criti cism of the United States, his adopte homeland. He is decidedly not a con vert to the American way.

Ajami does have his dark side, an it has to do with his detachment. I can often be illuminating to remai detached, to bear witness. But b standing aside from the struggles fo justice of the Arabs, the Palestinians and his people, the Lebanese Shiites Ajami restricts his witness. He is con demned to a kind of historical loneli ness, for ours is overwhelmingly an er of struggle.

As Sartre told Camus in their fa mous controversy about taking side in Algeria during the 1950s, it is fa better to be involved as a partisa than to stand back and preserves one' purity. In the end, I am persuaded b

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. *Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*

Sartre, although not without some anxiety. Despite the repeated failures of reform movements, the quest for justice remains bound up with our humanness. To forgo the quest is disabling.

Richard Falk
Center of International Studies
Princeton University
Princeton, N.J.

For Fouad Ajami to argue that the United States, and the presence of the U.S. Marines, are to blame for the vicious and deplorable murder of Malcolm Kerr—and, by inference, to blame the United States for all the ills of the Arabs in the Middle East—is to argue too cheaply, to create metaphors too easily.

As often as both Ajami and I have been flabbergasted, disappointed, and frustrated with the twists and turns of U.S. policy in the Middle East, neither of us should blame the United States for every disaster in that region. We can disagree; we might be able to see wiser courses. But it is too easy, and too safe, to blame. Our loyalties may be divided, but we live well here in the United States, and have the luxury of disagreement and the comfort of honing our disagreements without danger.

I am reminded of an Egyptian friend, the late Dr. Ahmad Fakhari. I once asked him what the difference was between King Farouk's time and that of Nasser, when the Soviet presence permeated Egypt. He said that "when the Americans were here, I saw John Wayne movies, went on vacations to Paris, and had a private limousine. When the Soviets were here, I saw Bulgarian movies, went on vacation to Belgrade, and rode in a state limousine."

The United States is no longer John Wayne riding in on horseback, if it ever was. As surely as the Marines and the Americans cannot save the Arabs, neither can they corrupt or destroy them. It is the Arabs who killed Malcolm Kerr.

Amos Perlmutter
American University
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Amos Perlmutter is the editor of the Journal of Strategic Studies.

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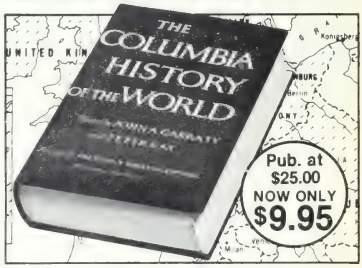
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The Law of the Letter

This is the first letter to the editor I have ever written, except for one I wrote, when I was quite young and didn't know any better, about IQ tests and Martin Luther King's march on Washington. I don't know for whom, exactly, this letter is meant, only that it is not meant for "the editor." That is the first thing to know about letters to the editor: they are, like memos, attempts to speak to almost anyone but the addressee.

I have been distantly aware of this for some decades, but last winter an essay of mine, "The Moral Transformation of the Dog," appeared in *Harper's* [January 1984], with the result that the contents of my mail changed a lot. Until recently, my mail consisted mainly of the odd mash note, to which I peacefully replied in kind, and a few other things, such as communications from my dentist. (About these I am not so peaceful, but at least I understand them.)

There is more than one sort of letter to the editor (LTTE). There were a couple of blatant factual errors in my piece—most notably in the postscript, in which I said, relying on information given me by Roger Fouts, that the project he is working on is the only ongoing study of animal behavior and language in the country. This turns out to be just plain "not the case," so I want to thank Jo Fritz of the Primate Foundation of Arizona for correcting me.

This category, letters intended to correct factual errors, overlaps with the category I like best—mash notes, or fan mail. These letters come from people ranging from art historians to law professors to blind people. They tend to say things like, "Bravo! I have been wanting to say that about Fido for years, and couldn't figure out how to do it." Then they go on to tell me some small tales about their own dogs. I keep these letters, because I really like dog stories as much as I like mash notes.

But there is this other category. I have no trouble now recognizing these letters. I scan them quickly and find that the Critical Parent discount words pop out every time: "mean," "silly," "ridiculous," "stupid." These are modifiers, meant to modify *me*.

These letters are denials, of language itself and, incidentally, of my humanity. Since I follow Stanley Cavell in thinking that "the denial of the Other presages the death of the Other," I find myself feeling that I have to do something about these letters. Something *philosophical*. Denying the humanity of the writers of the letters won't do, since this is improper behavior for the kind of writer I want to be. I want my writing to do what Auden said a poem must do—praise everything it can, for being and for happening.

I am a dog trainer, and this fact helped me find the right word for the writers and phone callers with their critical adjectives. There are dogs we call "fear-biters," dogs, that is, who bite not out of courage or a sense of responsibility, but out of timidity and spookiness. Sometimes the spookiness and the propensity for confused agitation is hereditary or metabolic; sometimes it is an artifact of relationships with people. Only by entering into a bold and committed training relationship with such a dog will its fear-biting cease and its temperament become one of dignity.

So, according to my own declared ideals, that's what I ought to do. But that would entail at the very least my writing a book, in this case a book about my experiences with autistic, schizophrenic, and mentally retarded children in training situations with both dogs and horses. (When I say things like "autistic," I mean that that is how these children were diagnosed by psychiatrists and psychologists.) But I can't do that, at least just now, because I have other obligations.

What I've said so far isn't terribly to the point of anything, but the issue of the genre, the LTTE, is to the point of the new *Harper's*. The attempt, as I understand it, is to create a forum for vigorous and civilized discussion of the issues facing the human creature at the moment. A place, that is, where people, or at least texts, can actually talk to each other, instead of engaging in the various forms of male-chimp display behavior that constitute so many LTTEs. Most of the letters I've gotten have failed to do that.

This failure isn't a function of the fact that the letters do not wholly surrender to Vicki Hearne. The failure is probably logically identical to my failure to avoid replying, as well as my failure to avoid replying without engaging in male-chimp display behavior or fear-biting. It seems as though the problem is, how does one respond to fear-biting with genuine respect?

I'm not sure that I can do this. Instead, I want to restate the problem radically by quoting Stanley Cavell, who wrote to me once, "Perhaps having a Beloved may (must?) mean getting some philosophical static from the Beloved from time to time, and then having the heart to continue to turn true philosophy back to them." I don't, at the moment, have that much heart in relationship to most of my mail, but I would like to take Cavell's remark as an opportunity to point out that what is going on in the new *Harper's* is, most of the time, alternately philosophy and philosophical static, and that the occasion for philosophy (which really is love of wisdom, and not an esoteric activity of people in university philosophy departments) is always love. Or else terror at the possibility of disappointment in love.

I, for example, am afraid of and prepared to refute the thesis that Ronald Reagan loves me enough to refrain from blowing me and my typewriter and my donkey to bits. That fear, when I receive certain LTTEs, gets displaced, or re-represented, or imagined, as a fear that no matter how I respond to the slingers of adjectives (You see? "Slingers of adjectives." Fear-biting is contagious.), they will not stop slinging them. So I find myself wanting to say in response exactly what they have said about me, which is that I don't know what I am talking about. I write well enough to do this colorfully, but it is not good for my cardiovascular system, and it is not good for the health of the nation.

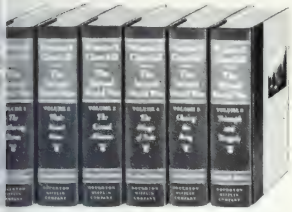
When I say that *Harper's* is a philosophy journal, one of the things I have in mind is its preoccupation with characterizational problems, especially the problem of how to characterize America. (Everyone is secretly in love with metaphysics.) It is worthwhile to tell a little allegory of how I

Continued on page 75

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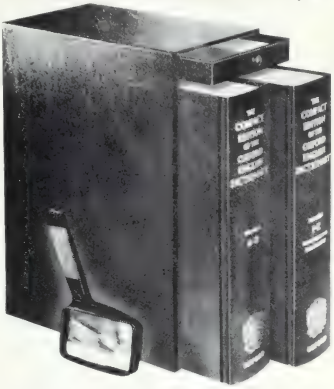
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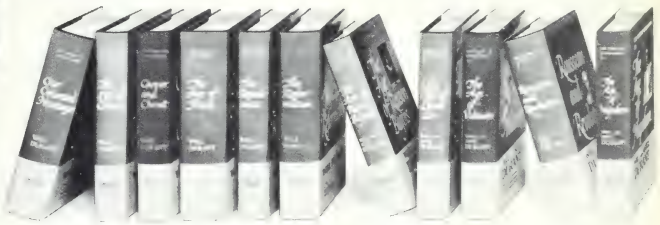
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NOTEBOOK

Licensed personality

By Lewis H. Lapham

Whenever I look at television these days I seem to see a commercial in which a prominent business executive, usually the president of the company, plays the part of principal shill. The settings vary according to taste and the dimensions of the executive's self-esteem. Sometimes we see the gentleman in an impressive office imparting a sense of wealth, efficiency, and calm to a world too often disfigured by bankrupts and louts. Sometimes we see him in a helicopter or at a construction site, demonstrating a sense of entrepreneurial energy and movement. Sometimes he merely stands in front of the camera with a chicken or a rack of suits.

These performances apparently have become the subject of grim negotiation at the point of signing corporate magnates to employment contracts. It is no longer enough to offer them salaries in excess of $1 million as well as country club memberships, chauffeured automobiles, free medical care, stock options, clothes allowances, and annual vacations on the Riviera. These benefits might satisfy the less enterprising fellows, but the guys with the wide grins and the glad hands demand the most precious of modern commodities—a publicly licensed personality. They seek to enter the sacred grove of celebrity, and a leading role in the company's advertising campaigns provides them with a ticket of admission.

The comic eagerness of their ambition testifies to the extent of the contemporary belief in the magical properties of celebrity. It is a belief that has come to resemble the pantheist worship of rivers and trees. The pagan invests everything in the universe with the aura of personality—a river god sulks, and the child drowns; a sky god smiles, and the corn ripens.

Much the same sort of primitive methodology governs the workings of the media. One of the most luminous instances of the modern disposition occurred some years ago in New York, when the weather correspondent for WABC's *Eyewitness News* caught a cold. The producers of the show hit upon the notion of broadcasting the evening's dispatches from the young woman's bedside. At the appointed moment in the script, the scene shifted to an apartment somewhere in Queens. The ailing dryad was seen sitting up in bed with a quilt drawn around her shoulders, smiling bravely through her symptoms, bringing her audience reports on the next day's chance of rain. Setting up an intimate location shot meets the prevailing definition of news as an aspect of personality, and maybe I do the producers of *Eyewitness News* an injustice by assuming that they sent their cameras into darkest Queens merely to amaze and astound their rival impresarios at WCBS and WNBC. It is conceivable that they believed it would rain for forty days and forty nights if their demiurge failed to make her evening propitiation to the storm gods.

Elsewhere in the media, in magazine advertisements as well as on subway signs, celebrities of all magnitudes bestow the gifts of immortality, awakening with their "personal touch" such inanimate objects as throw pillows, automobiles, blue jeans, chocolates, and chairs. Athletes show up on television breathing the gift of life into whatever products can be carried into a locker room. Actors pronounce ritual incantations over the otherwise lifeless forms of cameras, tires, and brokerage firms.

The popular worship of images thought to be divine has become so habitual that people find it easy to imagine celebrities enthroned in a broadcasting studio on Mount Olympus, conversing with one another in an eternal talk show. By granting the primacy of names over things, the media sustain the illusion of a universe inhabited by gods and heroes as well as by satyrs, nymphs, and fauns. Barbara Walters struck the appropriate note when, in the midst of interviewing the newly elected President Carter in the autumn of 1976, she said, in the hushed whisper of a suppliant at a woodland shrine, "Be kind to us, Mr. President. Be good to us."

The pagan instinct runs counter to the idea of civilization, which defines itself as an advance toward impersonality—toward a system of justice that doesn't depend on the whim of a judge, toward a conception of art that rests on something other than applause for the singing of the emperor's concubine. Einstein once remarked that the beauty as well as the utility of science consists precisely in its impersonality. Of Newton's art it is impossible for the critics to say that because they really don't care much for Newton, the laws of motion deserve a bad review.

But the new generation of businessmen, like the new generation of politicians and journalists, doesn't set much store by the old republican idea of a civil government conducted by mere mortals. Their belief in the transfiguring power of personality derives its egalitarian bona fides from Jean Jacques Rousseau's panorama of man as a noble savage at play in the fields of the id, of man set free from laws and schools and institutions, free to constitute himself his own government, free to declare himself a god. In a spirit that would be well understood by the editors of *People* magazine,

Rousseau's writings dwell upon his desire to walk into a room and seize the instant and universal approbation of everyone present, to focus on himself all eyes, all praise, all sexual feeling.

For at least ten years, a good many business executives have been asking themselves and their public relations people what is the point of running a company richer than Venezuela if nobody knows your goddamn name. Why remain within the shadow of anonymity if the company employs enough people to fill the seats in Yankee Stadium? The dispirited executives look at ballplayers selling hairspray or actors hustling jogging shoes, and they wonder at the injustice of a world that casts so much light on persons of so little substance.

Their feelings of inferiority and deprivation have prompted a fair number of corporations to supply the pomp and ceremony once provided by Louis XIV to the nobility resident at Versailles. Possibly this is because the corporations have learned that if they neglect to provide these dignities, then their executives, anxious to catch a glimpse of themselves in the shop windows of the media, might betray the stockholders to a hostile takeover or a leveraged buy-out.

At the very least, the corporations stage a ceaseless round of spectacles, conferences, and entertainments. Individuals no longer can afford to keep up appearances at the levels of opulence maintained by a bank, an oil company, or a movie studio, and the more discerning organizations employ a staff to consider the distinctions between museum shows and theater benefits, to order the wine and hire the music, to decide between the underwriting of a tennis or a golf tournament, to drum up invitations for the chairman to address a congressional committee or a meeting at some distant and prestigious institute.

When it wishes to bestow the supreme gift of personality, the corporation sends its executives to the equivalent of what used to be called "finishing schools" for young ladies of gentle birth and polite intellectual attainment. The executives sit in a studio and learn to talk to a television camera, which is the modern analogue of learning to talk to the Duc de Guise. They learn to refrain from fidgeting in their chairs, to wear their hair at a modish length, to walk gracefully through an assembly line or an accounting department, to keep their fingers from drumming on the lectern, to speak forcefully, and, above all, to avoid raising their voices when exchanging civilities with the ladies and gentlemen of the press. These latter personages open and close the doors to the lighted drawing rooms of celebrity, and they must never, never, never be made to look foolish.

But no matter how lavish the expense, almost every one of these would-be celebrities somehow manages to look and sound as wooden as Walter Mondale. The humor of their predicament rests on the paradox that the habit of impersonality aspires to the license of personality at precisely the point that the individual renounces all claim to an identity other than the one advertised in the company rules.

As often as not, corporate success depends upon the aspirant's willingness, over many years and under a bewildering variety of circumstance, to sacrifice whatever trace elements of personality might get him in trouble with the management or the police. The poor fellow learns to submerge his own being in the corporate being, to subvert his own voice to the institutional voice, to acquire the "plastic capability" that President Nixon so much admired in General Haig. Only when the candidate has enlisted in the ranks of T. S. Eliot's "Hollow Men" does he become eligible for the reward of a tax-deductible personality; only when it is certain that he will have nothing to say does the corporation set him up with a microphone and an audience.

By the same means and with the same object in view, the political parties prepare their candidates for public office. The personas of both President Reagan and Mr. Mondale attest to the triumph of the taxidermist's art. In their television commercials they resemble a company chairman inspecting a dam or promising a dividend, distributing, in thirty-second segments, the pieces of a personality suitable for use as votive offerings. ■

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HARPER'S INDEX

Price of a .5cc unit of a champion Holstein bull's semen : $50–$175
Price of a .5cc unit of human semen : $30–$40
Weekly rent for a one-bedroom oceanfront house on Martha's Vineyard, in August : $750–$1,250
Percentage of President Reagan's time that has been spent on vacation or at Camp David : 24
Percentage of President Eisenhower's time that was spent this way : 33
Of President Carter's : 10
Minimum number of paid vacation days, after one year of service, for workers in France : 25
For workers in the Soviet Union : 15
Paid vacation days for the average American worker : 8.7
Percentage of Americans who say they have made changes in their lives to "get out of the rat race" : 40
Number of Americans who quit their jobs each workday : 50,000
New jobs that were created in 1983 : 3,800,000
Estimated number of new secretarial jobs that will be created by 1990 : 700,000 (see page 24)
Computer-programming jobs : 112,000
Estimated world military expenditures for 1984 : $970,000,000,000
Rank of Saudi Arabia, Qatar, and Oman, among all nations, in per-capita military expenditures : 1, 2, 3
Number of countries thought to possess chemical weapons : 14–16
Value of marijuana, opium, heroin, and hashish smuggled out of Lebanon via Israel last year : $400,000,000
Gang-related homicides in New York City in 1983 : 6
In Los Angeles : 123
Number of South African athletes who have changed their citizenship in order to compete in the 1984 Olympics : 6
Number of holes-in-one American golfers claim to hit each day : 111
Number of SEC investigations of insider stock trading that have resulted in a prison term : 1
Most books on the *New York Times* best-seller list at one time edited by a single editor (Michael Korda) : 7
Number of the six highest-grossing films that were made by Steven Spielberg, George Lucas, or both : 6
Rank of August, among months of the year, in the number of American babies born : 1
Rank of August, among months of the year, in the number of Americans who die in auto accidents : 1
Chances that an American woman had in 1960 of developing breast cancer in her lifetime : 1 in 17
Her chances today : 1 in 11
Percentage of the sexual acts depicted or referred to on prime-time TV that are between married partners : 6
Percentage of newspaper stories that quote an unnamed source : 33
Number of Sunday newspapers in the United States in 1946 : 497
In 1983 : 772
Number of science books published in the United States in 1972 : 16,923
In 1982 : 7,900
Percentage of Americans who say they daydream about being rich : 52
About being elected to political office : 6
Percentage of Chicago restaurant managers who say they allow patrons to smoke cigarettes : 84
To nurse a child : 34

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of June 1984.

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READINGS

[Colloquium Paper]

BORDERS AND THE MODERN MIND

From "A Note on Limes *&* Translatio," *by George Steiner. Steiner delivered this paper to a colloquium on "The Frontier" held in Turin, Italy, last fall. The full text appears in issue No. 37 of the English literary journal* PN Review.

The heraldic image of our century is that of the frontier. Before 1914, my father, then a law student of very limited means, could travel the length and breadth of Europe with only a card of identity bearing cursory witness to his academic status. The demand for a passport and visa made by imperial Russia was, in the enlightened West, regarded as eccentrically symptomatic of a retarded, Oriental despotism.

Today, the frontier is the dominant fact of international existence. And when we say "frontier," the image that comes to mind is, unavoidably, one of barriers whose inhibiting brutality, whose enormity with respect to the logic of landscape and of human contacts, has few precedents in recorded history. Our sense of borders is that of mine fields and barbed wire, of watchtowers lit in the night and tank traps. Its antechamber is the consular office, the banal inferno of waiting in which the visas, the transit permits, the temporary papers for the stateless and the hunted are granted or withheld. Very often, in this twentieth century, it has not been high judges or tribunals who have ministered to life and death; it has been bored vice-consuls and frontier guards.

In the spider web of prohibitions—passport controls, bisected bridges, dead-end roads, strips cut out of forests—that hangs gray and venomous around our planet, the emblematic and existential finality is, of course, that of the Berlin Wall. No description is adequate to its calculated obscenity, to its negation of human values. Words fail before the demented formalism of a wall that snakes through houses, severing rooms into hermetic halves, that divides gardens, backyards, and country lanes into inert fragments. Here, made both visible and murderous as never before, is the night of reason in the politics of man.

"Who hath divided heaven into shires or parishes, or limited the territories or jurisdictions there?" asked John Donne in a sermon of 1684 (the answer being that no one and nothing can splinter the unison of God's realm and the wholeness of God's perception of man). Our present question is, in the just sense of the word, more mundane. Looking back on the ease of motion, on the unguarded liberalities of access and departure that marked the map of nations, notably in the West, prior to World War I, we ask: Why the metamorphosis (Kafka's term is relevant), why the return—if it is a return—to *clôture* and to the rage for insulation, literally, the making of islands?

A psychological hypothesis suggests itself. Historians tell us that numerous societies and epochs have felt themselves to be in the unmastered grip of change and acceleration. Nevertheless, the actual rate and impact of change between the mid-nineteenth century and our own day does seem of a different order from any experienced or recorded hitherto. Consider the one lifetime of Churchill: he took part in a saber and cavalry charge at the battle of Omdurman that would have been entirely comprehensible to Plutarch or Joinville; in his last administration, Churchill witnessed the manufacture in Britain of the hydrogen bomb.

Under pressure of the radical transformations of life brought on by the successive industrial, scientific, technological, and "informational" revolutions, acted upon by global, centrifugal forces that he can neither fully understand nor incorporate naturally into his daily existence, modern man clings to certain atavisms of identity. He seeks roots against vertigo. The fierce

linguistic tribalism that now smolders in the Basque region, in Flanders, in Brittany, in the Alto Adige, in so many regions of India is, I am convinced, a crucial symptom of this quest for stable psychic and social identity. In the storm winds of modern dispersal and standardization, the native tongue offers a talismanic focus, an insurance against self-scattering. So do frontiers. Behind walls, palisades, and moats, men and women have sought to concentrate, to preserve their ethnic identity. They have striven to spatialize time, that is to say, to make of a physical terrain the guarded locale of their (largely imaginary) historical past. In that sense—and the East German regime is fully aware of the paradox—the functions and effects of a frontier are, essentially, *inward*. Those and that which they exclude matter less than those and that which they contain.

A psychological or sociological explanation is often a prudent masking of metaphysical, *voire* theological, possibilities. It may be that the sources of our impulse to enclosure lie deeper than the politics of nationalism and economic competition, and the panic of the psyche when it confronts modernism. We recall John Donne's confident appeal to the catholicity of God, to the negation of frontiers in the order of faith. We remember the saying of Socrates—which Montaigne loved to quote—"Ask me not from what city I come; I am of mankind." Both Donne's insistence on divine ubiquity and Socrates's universalism are underwritten by a prior assumption of the reality of God. With the gradual erosion of this assumption, with its accelerating passage into metaphor, the categories of solitude sharpen. The metamessianic movements of fraternity, of dynamic communion that we call "socialism," and the metaconfessional models of dialogue, of privileged communication that we call "psychoanalysis," may be understood as responses to a post-theological aloneness.

Such aloneness draws inward. The imagination after God builds for itself the imaginary *carceri* of Piranesi. The sensibility of the nineteenth century was fascinated by constructs of enclosure: prisons, towers, sealed sepulchers, the "rathole" of Dostoevski's "underground man." Kafka's last great fiction, "The Burrow," tells of one who surrounds himself with concentric circles of isolation, who endeavors to keep out even the last thin stream of air that might intrude from the menace of the outside world. It may be that Kafka's parable is the classic statement of our theme. The modern nation-state, the contemporary ideological cell, seeking to keep itself immune from challenge and from strangeness by means of hermetically sealed frontiers, is the enactment, on a collective scale, of the retreat of the individual into the burrow of his abandonment.

[Parable]

MIRAGE

From Time Travel and Papa Joe's Pipe: Essays on the Human Side of Science, *by Alan P. Lightman, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. Lightman teaches astronomy and physics at Harvard and writes a column for* Science 84.

In southeast Persia lies the city Khashabriz. Few inhabitants have ever left its borders, for it is imprisoned within an outer city, a circle of castles and pilasters rising from the horizon like a mountain range. At times, aqueducts and windows glitter in the distance, but then dissolve. Some have ventured toward that outer fortress, only to find the castles receding in step, discouraging further exploration. It is said that, in time, a resident of Khashabriz grows resigned to confinement, walking the same cobblestone streets, passing the same food stalls filled with dates and wheat and sugar beets, breathing the same dusty air, marrying his children to the children of neighbors. When caravans and nomads drift into the city, they remain.

Like Zarathustra, the city has slowly wrapped around itself, content with isolation. No cotton in the outside world could be as silky as the cotton in Khashabriz, no pottery as delicate, no poets as enchanting. Indeed, what reason could there be to leave?

Over the years, various theories have developed among the citizens of Khashabriz regarding the origin of the distant, misty towers. One theory holds that they were built by the ancient founders to give protection from the unknown world beyond. Another claims they were erected as a blockade by foreign artisans who feared competition with the curious silverwork and stunning carpets made within the inner city. The number of theories equals the number of people who discuss them idly in the vaulted alleys of the bazaars and on the terraces in late afternoon. On one point there is agreement: None dwell in that outer fortress, because at night, while in Khashabriz the taverns and the houses glow with light, out there it is as black as coal. Except in sleep. Long ago it was discovered that the towers loom in every dream of every citizen of Khashabriz, just as in daylight they hover in the background beyond every shop, every house, every arcade.

A small group of local scientists, known for their detachment, have proposed that the surrounding castles are simply a mirage, that the people could escape at any time. They say that irregularities in the atmosphere cause light rays to bend, that the air can act as a misshapen lens, distorting some images and creating others. Sim-

[Photograph]

THE POLITICIAN'S PLIGHT



From the London Times, *June 1. The* Times's *caption read, "Shower of protest: Herr Kohl, the West German Chancellor, being shielded from a barrage of eggs and tomatoes while campaigning in Hamburg yesterday."*

ilar effects, they say, disjoint the image of a spoon half in air and half in water. Most of their theorizing takes place in a cafe after the evening meal and would occupy the whole of the night if their families did not call them home to sleep.

Their theory hinges on one peculiar fact: if the air density decreases with height above the ground, as happens when the temperature increases, light will bend down along its path and images will shift upward. An observer, recreating reality by extrapolating from the light rays striking his eyes, has the impression of being inside a large bowl and sees the image of the ground curving up into a distant wall. What's more, elaborate layerings of the atmosphere can fashion turrets where there was smoothness, stripes where there was solid gray.

Few believe this explanation. Why should the air temperature day after day increase with height above the ground? The scientists answer that the land around Khashabriz by chance is cooled by a subterranean lake leading to the Gulf of Oman, while the air several meters up is warmed by constant sun and mountain breezes. Caught between cold below and heat above, the air has little choice. Why should the distant castles shimmer, as if reflecting light? The scientists answer that wind is constantly stirring the air, mingling its different densities and rapidly changing its focus. There is a final question that silences the physicists. Why have they remained in Khashabriz if the outer fortress is just an illusion? They have no answer and return to their equations, just as the baker, after listening to these strange ideas, returns to his shop.

Some of the scientists have quietly abandoned their unpopular theory, without proof or disproof. Others have become philosophers, arguing that nothing exists, that all is mirage. With their converts they sit each day in the baths, the chambers of progressively warmer water, and do not notice whether their eyes are closed or open.

It is difficult for a stranger to understand the city Khashabriz. In some respects it is a normal city. Children run across the tiled courtyards chasing goats and sheep, lovers clench in darkened corners, morning shatters with the mullah's call to prayer. But in the middle of the night the empty streets are filled with sleepers' moanings, and on waking none can look directly at another, as if each person owed the other money. And the distant towers hover in the background, mixed with stone and air, daunting, mute.

[Essay]

THE PERILS OF INATTENTION

From "The Pole of History and the Hay of Peace," by Alberto Moravia, in the Italian quarterly Nuovi Argomenti. *Moravia, the author most recently of* 1934, *is a founding editor of the magazine. This essay was translated by John Satriano.*

Empire! Empires! The Persian Empire! The Greek Empire! The Roman Empire! The empire of Charlemagne! The empire of Charles V! The empire of Napoleon! All that history and all so useless! Who was Alexander the Great? A Reagan with a peplos? And Darius? A Chernenko with a crown? Will we forever be faced with what Rimbaud called that "old itch" for empire? Without changes, without pauses for breath, without improvements?

Indeed, it would be useful to ask if the pattern of empires from the beginning of history—that is, the logic that demands that a stronger empire must destroy a weaker empire and take its place until the day when it too must be conquered and brushed aside by another empire—will continue to repeat itself.

If we were to examine that old imperial itch carefully, we would have to say that a change has already taken place. Here are two or three things that show it clearly:

I. Empires used to be empty. That is, they expanded not because of demographic pressure but for reasons of glory and plunder.

II. Empires were armed for conquest, not for the destruction of peoples. There was, of course, the genocide perpetrated by the Mongols. But the fact that it is still spoken of proverbially and with horror makes us understand that it was an exception to the rule.

III. Empires were personal, or at least personalized. Each was created by a single man and each crumbled on account of a single man. No empire was ever truly acephalous, that is, completely democratic. Certainly the man at the top was often a tyrant. But no empire was ever supported by an idea or, better, by an ideology.

Today, we see that:

I. Empires are overpopulated, whether in absolute terms or in proportion to their resources. Malthus was right: the modern world is approaching the exhaustion of its resources and foresees with all the lucidity of science that it will soon reach this point.

II. The weapons of empire exist not merely to subjugate populations but to destroy them. Thermonuclear weapons, in fact, were born concomitant with overpopulation and, out of a kind of negative providence, seem made to order as a remedy for it.

III. Chernenko is not Darius in a red shirt and Reagan is not Alexander in blue jeans. These two men are symbols. They are the corks in two magical vessels, each of which encloses a gigantic ideology.

What do I mean by all this? I mean that along with overpopulation comes change. That empires are afraid of famine and are preparing themselves for genocide, the only remedy, according to them, for penury.

Yet the Soviet Union and the United States are not two savage beasts; they are two great civilized nations. So why does apocalypse seem inevitable? Because, quite simply, the ruling groups of the two empires are not paying attention.

Indeed, I am convinced that the great question of history is this: What has been the role of inattention over the centuries? It has kept problems that are soluble, insoluble—problems that would reveal themselves as soluble only if they were examined attentively.

What kind of inattention are we talking about? It resembles that shown by the man who didn't know how to solve the following riddle: There is a pole, there is a donkey tied to a rope two meters long, and, three meters from the pole, there is a pile of hay. How can the donkey get to the hay, given that the difference between the length of the rope and the distance to the hay is one meter?

The inattentive man responds: "He won't be able to do anything. The problem is insoluble unless you take a knife and cut the rope."

The attentive man responds: "The donkey will simply take a step of two meters and eat the hay. And this he will do because the rope is not attached to the pole."

Now, the inattentiveness of the two ruling groups, the Soviet and the American, reveals itself by the fact that they do not perceive that the rope—that is, their struggle for world hegemony—is no longer tied to the pole of history, and that they could easily eat the hay of peace if they wanted to.

Why is this rope no longer attached to the pole of history? Here are a few reasons:

I. The differences between the two societies are disappearing. They are going neither in the direction of capitalism nor in the direction of communism, but rather toward a modern technological society of a collective type.

II. Their respective ideologies are already dead or on the road to death. No one really believes in them, either inside the superpowers or outside.

III. The idea of world hegemony is outdated, and what has made it so is reality. For reality, to anyone who examines it attentively, offers the

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The Harper's Index, for example, presents a not-so-random collection of statistics both current and relevant—the number of wars waged in 1983 (41), the percentage of ıericans who believe that heaven exists (77), the number of movie theaters in the ited States (16,901) as opposed to the number of movie theaters in the Soviet Union 4,100). Read as a sequence the Index provides a kind of sounding of the spirit of the es. For those willing to listen.

Each issue also contains writing from people as various in their perceptions as ıiel Patrick Moynihan, Kurt Vonnegut, Leo Steinberg and Tom Stoppard. As well eadings from publications as miscellaneous as Pravda, the Bulletin of the Atomic entists, Variety and Le Monde. We do this to give you an indication of what's being l and done in places you don't have access to. What you do with it is up to you.

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spectacle of the approaching unity of the planet.

IV. The rope of peace and of war is not only not tied to the pole of history; the pole itself no longer exists. This last reason is perhaps the most important and therefore merits some elucidation.

History always unfolds in different ways. Since the Industrial Revolution, however, we have passed from history to eternity. Certainly, "eternity" is a very solemn word; but in this case it is a question of eternity through default, of an eternity that has come about because of the disappearance of history. Let me explain myself better. Until now, humankind knew only about the eternity of nature, which is always the same in its alternation of life and death, creation and destruction. The Industrial Revolution created a substitute eternity, one made of production and consumption. This eternity, you will see after a careful look, has abolished every motive for fighting a nuclear war for the final hegemony. It makes us understand that the world cannot be conquered but only organized.

[Q & A]

DANGER: TWO MAGNITUDES

From an interview with Walid Jumblatt in the June issue of Playboy. *Jumblatt is the leader of the Druse in Lebanon.*

PLAYBOY: That seems a rather fatalistic attitude, doesn't it?

WALID JUMBLATT: Well, take the killing of my father. My grandfather was killed, too. It's a tradition of the family. The father of the father of my grandfather was killed, too, on duty. As you go down the line for 300 years, few of the Jumblatts had a natural death. My aunt was killed; my ex-wife committed suicide. So [I'm] cynical, but that helps you to be fatalistic. . . .

PLAYBOY: How did you get around in New York—by subway?

JUMBLATT: No. I would not dare go in the New York City subway. I don't think so. I was told not to go alone down there.

PLAYBOY: Let's see if we got this right: The most ferocious warlord in the Middle East was afraid to travel in the New York City subway?

JUMBLATT: I wouldn't dare go. No way.

[Press Release]

'INDIANA JONES': THE ABRIDGED VERSION

From a press release issued by the National Coalition on Television Violence to protest what it deems to be excessive violence in the movie Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom. *The NCTV has catalogued 194 acts of violence, the first fifty-one of which appear below.*

1. Gun threat against Jones in Shanghai cabaret.
2. Jones threatens girl with knife to get his money.
3. The poisoning of Jones through his martini.
4. Gun threat by good waiter.
5. Waiter killed by another waiter.
6. Jones kills gangster with a shish kebab skewer.
7. Second knife threat by Jones of the girl.
8. Villain shoots at girl and diamond and antidote fall to the floor.
9. Jones wrestles bad guy.
10. Bad guy punches Jones.
11. Jones punches waitress.
12. Jones is restrained.
13. Jones is thrown on a cart.
14. Deadly dart fired at Jones.
15. Jones hits bad guy.
16. Bad guy kicks Jones.
17. Bad guy hits Jones.
18. Jones flips bad guy.
19. Machine gun threat by bad guy.
20. Machine gun shooting by bad guy.
21. Jones kidnaps girl to get antidote.
22. Jones forced to jump out of window with girl to escape.
23. Car chase with weapons.
24. Reckless driving endangering many lives.
25. Gunfire by bad guy in chase.
26. Jones fires back, knocks out window.
27. Jones kills one bad guy.
28. Another bad guy fires submachine gun.
29. Third bad guy fires gun at car.
30. Rickshaw accident caused by car chase; driver hits wall. Kid car driver says, "This is fun."
31. Jones, woman, and kid think they have gotten on a getaway plane, but they are actually being kidnapped by villains.
32. Villains parachute out of plane after letting out the gas while Jones sleeps.
33. Elephant throws Willie to ground and sprays her with water.
34. Woman screams, frightened by snake, lizard, and vampire bat attacks.
35. Human entrails and blood cover statue close to palace. Banquet in palace of live snakes, giant beetles, and eyeball soup, with monkey brains eaten out of monkey heads for dessert. Jones and Willie have sexual flirtation and get ready for "pagan sex practices."
36. Jones attacked by bad guy who tries to kill him with rope.
37. Jones hits bad guy with brass vase.
38. Bad guy hits Jones.
39. Jones slugs bad guy.
40. Jones hits bad guy on head with object.
41. Jones lassos bad guy with whip.
42. Jones throws whip into fan and hangs bad guy. Kid finally turns off fan and dead villain falls to floor.
43. Two skeletons fall out of wall.
44. Scorpions and snakes attack Jones and kid.

[Phrase Card]

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING

English	Russian	* Cyrillic ** Phonetic
Where do I apply for ration cards?	* Где можно добыть паёвую книжку? ** Gdy'eh mo'zh-na da-by't pa-yo'v-u-yu knish-ku?	
How do I enroll my children in the Young Communist League?	Как я зачислю детей в Комсомоле? Kak ya za-chis-lyu' dit-ye'y v Kom-som-o'l-ye?	
Yes. I own some stocks and a car. No. I am not a capitalist enemy of the people.	Да, у меня автомобиль и несколько Da u men-ya' avtomobi'l ee ny'e-skol-ka акций, но я не капиталистический a'kt-si-yev, no ya nyeh capitaliste'e-cheski враг народа. vrag na-ro'- da	
No, there are no other Bibles or religious articles in my house.	Нет, у меня в доме нет библией или Nyet, u men-y'a v do'm-yeh nyet be'eb-lee-yey других религиозных вещей. e'e-lee dru-ge'ekh religioznikh vish-che'y	
How soon will I get my "Internal Passport" to let me visit my relatives in the next town?	Как скоро можно получить "граждан- Kak sko'-ra mo'zh-na pa-lu-che'et "grazh- ский паспорт", чтобы посещать danski pasport", shto'-be pa-sesh-ch'at родителей в соседнем месте? ra-de'e-tel-yey v sa-sye'd-nyem me's-tyeh?	

This English/Russian phrase card is being distributed by the American Security Council, a conservative group that is working to defeat the nuclear freeze. On the other side of the card is the legend, "You may find this useful in the event of a nuclear freeze."

45. Jones and kid caught in trap room.
46. Crusher room starts to close in on trio.
47. Kid pulls knife but no one there.
48. Skeletons frighten girl.
49. Millipedes and scorpions attack girl.
50. Crusher room again starts to close in on trio. They escape.
51. Indian about to be sacrificed is restrained.

[Court Order]

MODERN JUSTICE

From a decision made by the Court of Chancery of the state of Delaware on a motion filed in the case of June C. McNatt versus the Freedom Church of Revelation.

The plaintiff, June C. McNatt, has moved pursuant to Chancery Court Rule 12(f) to strike defendant Freedom Church of Revelation's answer and counterclaim in toto on various grounds including irrelevancy, immateriality, insufficiency of defenses, and redundancy. . . . Additionally, plaintiff has moved pursuant to Chancery Court Rule 12(c) for a judgment on the pleadings. Defendant responded to plaintiff's motions by filing a document that defendant terms "Defendant's Motion to Strike Plaintiff's Motion to Strike."

Without enumerating the particulars and the lengthy, detailed objections found in plaintiff's motion to strike, suffice it to say that I agree that defendant's answer falls far short of what is required under the rules of this court. Defendant Freedom Church of Revelation's answer is a rambling tirade which asserts various preposterous allegations and claims. . . .

I also note that defendant's offer to waive its counterclaim on the condition that plaintiff accept a challenge of trial by combat to death is not a form of relief this court, or any court in this country, would or could authorize. Dueling is a crime, and defendant is therefore cautioned against such further requests for unlawful relief.

In conclusion, plaintiff's motion to strike is granted in full.

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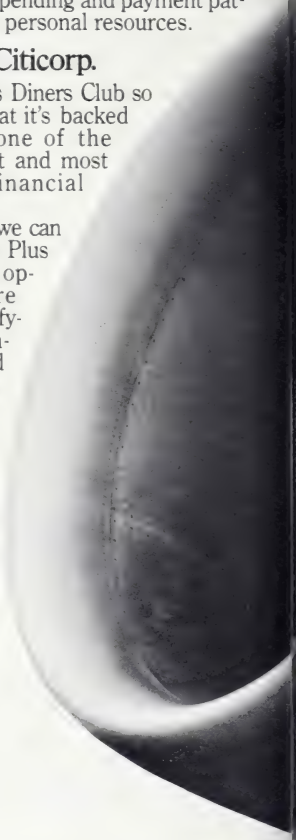
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From the Austin American-Statesman.

[Lecture]

IN PRAISE OF THE WELFARE STATE

From a lecture on "Employment and Welfare," given by Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme at Harvard University's John F. Kennedy School of Government on April 3. The lecture was the first in a series honoring the late Jerry Wurf, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees from 1964 to 1981.

In times of economic difficulty, conservatives attack the welfare state with the argument that the efforts of the community should be directed toward only its weakest members—the very poor. As reasonable as this approach might seem, it is fundamentally unsound. For the resulting social programs, based typically on "means tests," encourage taxpayers to think in terms of "us" and "them." "We"—the middle class and the better-off manual workers—have to pay the state, but get nothing in return.

The ground is thus prepared for the disintegration of social solidarity, which in turn encourages tax revolts. The fact is that it is not the weight of the tax burden that causes such revolts but rather the feeling among taxpayers that they do not get anything for their money. People who derive some benefit from a welfare system are its greatest supporters and will pay taxes without feeling exploited.

An efficient and stable welfare state must be based on universal social programs, such as health insurance, pensions, and child-support allowances—programs extended to *all* citizens. Official "poverty lines" or "means tests" would not be used to define "the poor" (which would eliminate the need for bureaucratic controls). At the same time, people in difficult financial circumstances would not have to put up with the degrading classification of "poor." And because the poor would have the same rights as others to social services, they would enjoy services of a much higher standard—services that would be acceptable to the rich. Moreover, universal programs would help eliminate the "poverty trap," in which the poor are discouraged from increasing their earnings since to do so decreases their benefits.

The point I am trying to make is that the weak members of society are best protected not by being given special treatment but by being included in programs that extend to all members of society.

Opponents of the welfare state say that a large public sector leads to inefficiency and slow economic growth. There are no data to support such assertions. It is impossible to establish any connection between a large public sector and low economic growth. Many countries are, of course, struggling with budget deficits. And it goes without saying that the expansion of social programs depends upon general economic development. But we in Sweden have come to the

conclusion that the problem is not that the public sector is too large but that the industrial sector is too small, and that industry is not operating at full capacity.

In our efforts to improve society we must always keep in mind the invariables of human life. I am speaking of those few great challenges that are the same for all of us, everywhere: to grow up and be educated for our roles as adults; to find friends; to find a place to live and turn it into a home; to raise a family; to cope with illness and any other misfortunes that may beset us; to make a decent living and prepare for the inevitable frailty of old age; to live as free citizens equal to the other members of society; and to take a share of responsibility for the common good.

All of our material and technological advances have done nothing to change these life projects. We may deal with them, practically speaking, in different ways, but they remain the same.

When we discuss the kind of society we want to create, we must remember that the purpose of society is not to realize any particular idea. Our goal should not be to manifest the greatness of a nation or state, nor to champion the interests of any one group or class. Society should not be built to conform to any blueprint of utopia. Rather, society and its institutions should serve people here and now, and help them to realize their life projects—in short, to live their lives.

[Essay]

THE MYTH OF COMPUTER LITERACY

From "The Underside of Computer Literacy," by Douglas Noble, in the Spring 1984 Raritan, *a quarterly published at Rutgers University. Noble is a former teacher and computer programmer.*

We are witnessing the creation of an enormous computer education infrastructure in this country. As the computer insinuates itself further and further into our jobs and our lives, the need for everyone to acquire some form of computer literacy (CL) is coming to be accepted as reasonable. Failure to learn to use computers, we are told again and again, will leave one functionally illiterate, devoid of the skills needed to survive in the "information society."

The great justification of the CL movement is that high-tech jobs require high-tech skills. Early in this century, the introduction of machinery made many unskilled jobs semiskilled; just so, we are told, the introduction of computers will transform many jobs into "knowledge work" requiring computer proficiency. True, computers are being introduced into millions of jobs; but it hardly follows that those jobs will become intellectually more demanding. In fact, the contrary is more often the case: the jobs become deskilled and less creative.

It is also important to realize that many jobs are simply eliminated by computers and that a large part of the service sector will remain unaffected by them. The majority of jobs that will be affected call for a level of computer expertise that can be acquired in a week or two of practical instruction. In the computer field itself, the number and quality of jobs has been greatly overstated; and anyway, a computer literacy course is hardly preparation for a career in programming.

If, as I have suggested, the practical claims for computer literacy are nonsense, how has the movement gotten so far? Whose interests does it serve? Certainly those of the hardware and software manufacturers—the cry for computer literacy is nothing if not a good way to sell computers. And the educational establishment stands to benefit from the clamor for computer courses. But the real weavers of CL's dubious cloth are the prime movers behind the computerized society itself—the corporate leaders and their ideological allies who mean to transform the workplace, the home, and the school into an efficient, highly controlled, and easily monitored technological marketplace. The makers of the "information society" have perpetrated the CL movement in order to ensure public acquiescence in their grand design.

How does the computer literacy movement ensure this acquiescence? First, it introduces people to computers, gives them some hands-on experience, and deludes them into thinking that all computers are as friendly as their little micro. In this way, computer literacy mystifies in the name of demystification.

Second, as manufacturers and designers produce computers that are ever more user-friendly, so CL helps "produce" people who are ever more computer-friendly. A person who is familiar with a school computer or, even better, who has a personal computer at home is less likely to be apprehensive about a computerized society than a person who is uninitiated.

Third, computer literacy helps ensure public acquiescence in the information society by psychologizing dissent. Anyone who is reluctant to get involved with computers is labeled "computerphobic."

The unequivocal message of CL propaganda is this: Computers are important, very important, and learning about them is equally important. This propaganda portrays the computer society as inevitable and, in the process, suggests that

any misgivings about it amount to nothing more than nostalgia. Add to this a fervent appeal to national prestige, along with a challenge to overcome our foreign competition, and it becomes hard to find anyone who will even admit the possibility that all this computer talk may be exaggerated. But the relative unimportance of computer knowledge must be stated plainly and often so people will see that the picture of the future woven into the CL tapestry remains essentially a fiction.

[Table]

THE MYTH OF HIGH-TECH JOBS

From "The New Manufacturing: America's Race to 'Automate,'" a report submitted to President Reagan by the Business–Higher Education Forum in June. This table, based on the most recent projections of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, shows those occupations that will provide the greatest number of new jobs by 1990.

Occupation	*New Jobs By 1990*
Secretaries	700,000
Nurses' Aides and Orderlies	508,000
Janitors	501,000
Salesclerks	479,000
Cashiers	452,000
Nurses (professional)	437,000
Truck Drivers	415,000
Food Service Workers	400,000
General Office Clerks	377,000
Waiters and Waitresses	360,000
Stock Clerks	262,000
Elementary School Teachers	251,000
Kitchen Helpers	231,000
Accountants and Auditors	221,000
Helpers (trades)	212,000
Automotive Mechanics	206,000
Blue-Collar-Worker Supervisors	206,000
Typists	187,000
Licensed Practical Nurses	185,000
Carpenters	173,000
Bookkeepers	167,000
Guards and Doorkeepers	153,000
Computer Systems Analysts	139,000
Store Managers	139,000
Physicians	135,000
Maintenance Repairers	134,000
Computer Operators	132,000
Child Care Workers	125,000
Welders and Flamecutters	123,000
Electrical Engineers	115,000
Computer Programmers	112,000

[Conference Talk]

POST-VIETNAM TELEVISION NEWS

From "The Effect of the Vietnam War on Broadcast Journalism," a talk given by Michael Arlen at a conference on the war held last year at the University of Southern California. Arlen's remarks appear in Vietnam Reconsidered: Lessons From a War, *a collection of speeches and papers from the conference edited by Harrison E. Salisbury and published by Harper & Row. Arlen writes about television for the* New Yorker.

There is little doubt that the Vietnam War changed television journalism. Wars are usually bad for people and good for institutions, and television journalism is nothing if not institutional. World War II rescued radio news from gossips like Walter Winchell and Gabriel Heater and laid the foundations of two of the great network news organizations. Vietnam, in turn, rescued television news from the likes of *Camel News Caravan* and John Cameron Swayze and gave us the present majesty of the nightly network news.

I have heard it said that Vietnam helped television news grow up. I don't doubt this is true, though maybe that's because television news had such a lot of growing up to do. To take a small example, television correspondents no longer cover wars in postcolonial Third World countries costumed in those white-hunter safari suits. Nor do they try to report wars by passively passing along as news the pronouncements of the generals and politicians who sponsor wars.

There is a prevailing myth (or memory) of television's coverage of the Vietnam War, to the effect that TV overwhelmed the home audience with scenes of bloody combat and persistently stuck it to the military with its relentless negative commentary. But I remember something very different. For, throughout most of the war, there was very rarely anything of a horrific or bloody or Goyaesque nature on the nightly news—on entertainment programs, yes, but not on the nightly news. In fact, television dutifully passed on the body counts, but almost never showed us death. As for those sad tales that network executives used to tell of Pentagon or administration pressures brought to bear on plucky network executives, the fact is that almost nothing resembling a flunking grade was given to our military by television news until the final phase of the war, when some C-minuses were nervously handed out.

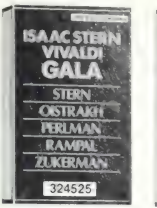
By the end of the war, the whole country, with TV news clinging to its coattails, had em-

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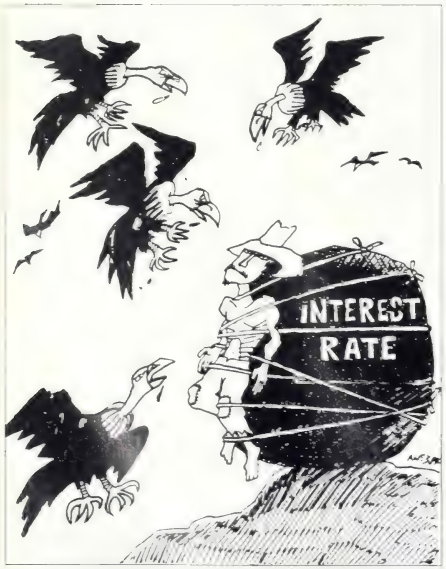
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barked on one of its periodic sentimental, anti-authoritarian pendulum swings. TV news gave the cold shoulder to generals and admirals and rushed off to interview the grunts—and even the Vietnamese, whose war it had been all along and to whom both our military and our press were now returning it. In the post-Vietnam world, I have heard it said that this new anti-authoritarian focus marks a new maturity, a new seriousness, but I am wary of it. In some cases, interviewing PFC's can be a refreshing change from interviewing generals, but it strikes me that little meaningful change has taken place. TV journalism, forever seeking an authority outside itself to—so to speak—take the rap for the troublesome rush of history, has merely switched authority symbols from the once-popular establishment figures to the now-popular man on the street. I am struck, for example, by the narrow range of most present-day economic news reporting. Long ago, at the time of the great crash, when the press wanted to tell us the economic story of the country, it went rushing off to J. P. Morgan, who knew a little about it though his view was somewhat narrow. Now the press goes to Grover's Corner and interviews John Doe, who also knows a little about it but whose view is also somewhat narrow.



From Granma, *the Cuban newspaper.*

In the end, what is most interesting about TV journalism today is the ways it hasn't changed. One is what we might call the parochial factor, the continued insistence of television news that complicated international situations be defined in American terms whenever possible. Thirty years ago, in Boston, we used to joke about the parochialism of Hearst's *American* (with its "Hub Man Lands on Omaha Beach" headlines), but the story of our coverage of El Salvador is that nothing really exists there unless an American is involved. Recently, an entire news story revolved around an American soldier who had been shot in the leg. At times like that, you feel the network news reporting on international affairs is on the level of a Mickey Rooney movie—*A Yank at Eton, A Yank in the RAF, A Yank in the Mekong Delta, A Yank at the Sack of Troy.*

There are two basic reasons for this sort of thing, and I respect one reason more than the other. The reason I don't respect too much is our old friend the chicken-hearted news executive, who knows that the Yanks play well in Peoria and how the hell do you spell "Agamemnon" anyway? The other reason is that television news tells stories, whether it means to or not. Television news is always searching for figures in the foreground, heroes if you will, or villains. It sometimes makes heroes without meaning to and sometimes sticks them where they do not belong; but once made, these foreground figures redefine our view of history.

When most people ask television news to change, to become more responsible and thoughtful, they are asking it to go against its nature—and its strengths, which are considerable. Film is most naturally a medium of narrative. A narrative on film inevitably composes itself into scenes. I said "composes itself" intentionally, because television news, like all other film narrative, is dominated not by what the camera sees but by what the camera takes pleasure in. We remember so-called news events in terms of certain scenes. The Iranians with their fists raised outside the U.S. Embassy in Tehran defined not only the hostage crisis but what in former times one might have called the whole Iranian question. Israeli jets and Arafat kissing babies recently defined the Beirut question.

As a television critic, I probably took too easy an aim at all that "bang bang" footage of the Vietnam War. Of course, it was often trivial or misleading; of course, it did not speak to my sense of the war's complexity. But the interesting point, and the point I missed then, is that the really telling scenes on the news were the scenes the camera made sense of and took pleasure in. I realize now that, though cameras are owned and operated by men and women, they see differently from those men and women and with a

different logic, certainly with a logic different from that of print journalism. A film narrative has a different impact than other narratives. I do not think that can ever be changed, except superficially. I suspect that if there is an important challenge in television journalism, it is only in part a challenge to the people who own the cameras. The much greater challenge is to the rest of us, the audience, who consistently confuse the camera eye with the human eye, who love the cameras—all those cameras everywhere—in the fashion of lovers in the early stage of infatuation who, alas, expect the love object to do, somehow, absolutely everything.

[Essay]

DISSENT AMONG THE DISSIDENTS

From "Dissent as a Personal Experience," by Andrei Sinyavsky, a Russian émigré writer now living in Paris. This essay was delivered at a conference on "The Meaning of Dissent" held at Indiana University. It was originally published in the university's Yearbook of Comparative and General Literature, *No. 31, and was reprinted in the Spring 1984 issue of* Dissent. *Though Sinyavsky is careful not to name names, Zhores Medvedev and Lev Kopelev can be counted among those he labels "liberal-democratic" dissidents, and Alexander Solzhenitsyn among those he calls "authoritarian-nationalists."*

There has recently been a clear split within the dissident movement, particularly on émigré soil. One wing can provisionally be called the "authoritarian-nationalist" wing; the other can be called the "liberal-democratic" wing. I belong to the liberal-democratic wing, but not because I believe in the imminent victory of freedom and democracy in Russia. On the contrary, I categorically do not believe in such a victory. But given the existence of Soviet despotism, I believe it is correct for a Russian intellectual to be a liberal and a democrat, and not to propose some new kind of despotism. That is why I cannot agree with those dissidents who propose to exchange communism for another form of despotism under the banner of nationalism and religion.

Many contemporary Russophiles criticize the West for its formalized way of life, for the fact that judicial and rationalistic categories of "law" and "justice" dominate. They point out that the ideas of Christian "love" and "goodness" have always been indigenous to Russia. I agree that goodness is higher than law. But this theory seems to me dangerous and insulting when applied to a system of government—dangerous for the individual and insulting to religion. After all, it is not God who rules a despotic state but a czar or leader who, unfortunately, frequently resembles not God but the Devil.

Russian dissidents who have come to the West are sometimes afraid of democracy here. They think that the West will gradually disintegrate under the pressure of the monolithic, totalitarian system of the Soviet Union. They advise the West to embrace more authoritarian principles. And, correspondingly, they want the Russia of the future to be not a democracy but a more authoritarian-theocratic state. The same people who were saved from death by Western democracy now want to restrict it. Hence the moralistic and didactic pronouncements to the West on the part of some Soviet dissidents.

We should probably be more modest in advising the West about how to build its society. We have already helped build our society into an intolerable communist state. The new Russian nationalists reply by saying that all of Russia's misfortunes have come from the West. Marxism came from the West, as did liberalism, which undermined Russia's autocratic-patriarchal foundation. Yet this is but a search for a scapegoat. It is not we who are guilty but someone alien (the West, the Jews, and so on). That is tantamount to casting off one's own sins and omissions. We are the good ones, we are clean, we are most fortunate, because we are Russians. It is the Devil who interfered in our history.

How odd it is that in the West the authoritarian-nationalist wing enjoys greater success and influence than the democratic one. Many people in the West support the Russian nationalists, even though the democratic dissidents are psychologically much closer to them. The logic is as follows: freedom and democracy are good for the West, but for Russia something simpler and more reactionary is required.

As an illustration, I would like to tell you of a conversation I had recently with a very perceptive Western Sovietologist. As a sophisticated man, he is shocked by the rudeness of Russian authoritarianism, and, if he were Russian, he would never be associated with it. But it seems to him a movement with more of a future than that of the Russian democrats. I asked him, "Aren't you afraid that, in the end, outright fascism will triumph in Russia?" It turns out that this does not upset him. He regards Russian fascism as a realistic alternative to communism and hopes that fascism, through its concern with nationalism, will save the West from communism.

I am not so optimistic. In my opinion, the West should save itself from communism by its own efforts, and not with the help of someone else's fascism.

[Biography]

A MEDITATION ON POWER

From "A Prince and Her Poet," an essay on Queen Elizabeth I, by A. Bartlett Giamatti, in the Spring 1984 Yale Review. *Giamatti is president of Yale University.*

Elizabeth I was born on 7 September 1533 and ascended the throne on 17 November 1558. For the twenty-five years of her girlhood, adolescence, and young womanhood, she lived in the court of her father, Henry VIII, her brother, Edward VI, and her elder sister, Queen Mary. At court, by watching and waiting, she developed the instincts, the habits, and the style that later became her motto: *Taceo et video—I see and am silent.* Under Mary Tudor she learned how to give, as she would in the matter of Mary Stuart, "an answer answerless." She learned she had no one to answer to if she was sufficiently self-possessed.

She learned self-possession by watching the court and learning about power. Her innate powers of mind and character were developed so diligently that when she was sixteen Ascham could write a friend: "Her mind has no womanly weakness, her perseverance is equal to that of a man, and her memory long keeps what it quickly picks up." By watching, she also learned about public power. She learned that public power is a pure derivative of some overmastering idea about which all people agree; it is the force that accrues from some transcendent principle, the potency available for use in some bargain men make with heaven.

She learned that power derived from such an overarching idea can be held only if one becomes the embodiment of the idea oneself. Only by complete self-absorption can one contain the grand principle and the force that therefrom derives. She learned that to hold power she first had to deny herself—deny herself the ordinary delights of body and of spirit that otherwise disperse potency and principle. She early chose to deny herself those forms of dispersal represented by sex, by marriage and family, by the sense of wonder. She learned to deny herself that delicious, delightful human capacity to be smitten by anything outside of oneself. Wonder, a luxury she never tasted, would be for others, who adored and feared her.

She learned not only that power is derivative and that it must be held close; she also learned that those who share in one's power are forever bound by something stronger than love. They are bound by need—the need to be defined by power's beautiful and mysterious clarity. Those who get close enough to the sovereign's power to be shaped by it never forget it. They also never forgive power its clarifying coherence and they grow in resentment if the source of power recedes. She learned there is no one more dangerous than an intimate who fears exile.

And she learned about power that it is at bottom concerned only with the maintenance of itself, which is to say that true power answers only to its source, to the principal idea whence it derives. At twenty-five she would have thought the notion that absolute power corrupts absolutely a sentimental axiom of a time grown blurred. Absolute power is nonexistent; power is only proximate, and circular, and can no more corrupt than light or wind can corrupt. If the first, overarching idea, the supreme fiction everyone agrees defines reality, is inward sound and invulnerable to the worms of doubt or fear, then whatever derives from that idea can be mishandled or lost but power itself can never spoil or be spoiled.

She learned of the grandeur of power and that the handling of power is not grand. She saw how using power is a domestic activity: how it is gathered and stored and apportioned in local, intimate, homely, daily moments. She saw how the careful cultivator of power, like a good housewife wise in the vicissitudes of weather and time, always stores more than enough, keeps much in reserve, never wastes, uses the power of others so as to conserve one's own. She learned never to dilute the larder. By watching, she learned that others will always waste their small portion eagerly enough on one's behalf if they are sufficiently enthralled by their sovereign. She learned therefore never to be enthralled precisely by what she would most burnish—her gorgeous, glittering self.

At court, she learned that power often resides where the world believes it does not dwell: she learned that power grows in not doing; that it can flourish in silence, gathering to itself more of itself. She learned that it must be used without doubt as it has been aggregated in men's minds, by deliberation. Above all, she learned that power lies in seeming. Power, she learned, is merely the strength of a systematic self-delusion on the part of the many about the primacy of some one grand idea no one has ever seen. She learned all the secrets the court could tell.

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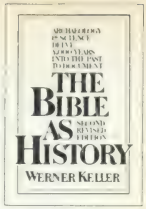
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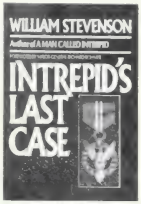
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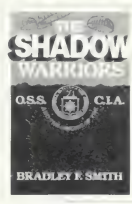
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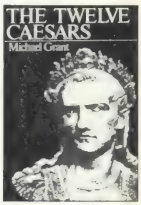
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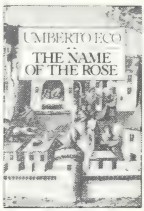
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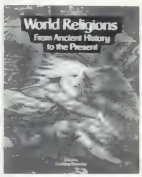
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[Screenplay]

RICHARD NIXON: A SOLILOQUY

From Secret Honor: The Last Testament of Richard M. Nixon, *a play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone, adapted for the screen by Robert Altman.* Secret Honor *takes place late one night in Nixon's study, sometime after his resignation in August 1974, and consists entirely of an imaginary monologue delivered by Nixon to a tape recorder. Nixon is played by Philip Baker Hall.* Secret Honor *will be in release during the conventions and throughout the presidential campaign.*

What Hiss and the Kennedys—all those East Coast pricks—never understood was that I would be a winner because I was a loser! That's right. I dream of failure every night of my life. And that's my secret. To make it in this rat race you have to dream of failing every night. That's *reality*! Jews, niggers, Reds, kikes—new Nixons, old Nixons—*Because I am an American*! A real American. The forgotten American, that's me. I'm not some rich Ivy League prince that thinks he's a winner. We shoot that type down in the street like dogs. We send those people to prison. See, what the big shots thought is that I was a dogcatcher. *Yes! I was*! And I am. And a used-car salesman. *Sure*! *Fine*! And a siding and shingle man. Because I know that, today, the dogcatcher is king! And all those crooks and shysters, those mobsters and lobsters, I mean, lobbyists and every well-fed, I mean, welfare bum and tramp in the country—*that is your true palace guard*!

[He pushes away from the desk and, laughing, rides the swivel chair across the room. He stops and stares into the past. He is sad, wistful.]

I could have won in 1960. I could have beat Kennedy. But the CIA told him about the Track II operation against Castro. They told Kennedy and then he out Red-baited me by attacking Castro, and that made me look soft. And they promised me that the invasion, the, uh, "executive action" against Castro would take place before the election. God, how they screwed me! I could have won! I could have beat Kennedy.

[He foams with grief and rage.]

And I was the one with the 5412 Special Group who had planned the whole thing in the first place. And I'd have bombed 'em, oh, how I'd have bombed them! But Castro was smart—oh, boy—when Eisenhower wouldn't meet with Castro when he came to this country before the election, and then the son of a bitch went up there and had lunch with the colored waiters at the G'damn Theresa Hotel in Harlem. And I would have got him. We already had the poison, for Christ's sake. We tested it on some monkeys.

[He gestures warmly to the heavens.]

Ah, but, Jack, Jack, Jack . . . He was a big, good-looking Irishman with that shock of hair. Like my brother Harold. He had the same charismatic . . . And the women, they all jumped up and down whenever he . . . And his wife. She was a G'damn clothes horse. My wife was forty-eight G'damn years old, for Christ's sake. And what was she? Thirty? I went to their wedding. And Jack liked me. Yes, he did, he did. He even congratulated me when I beat Helen Gahagan Douglas. His old man contributed money to my campaign. Of course, it's true that we were black Irish and they were . . . But, we both had our tragedies, though. The four brothers, uh, the boys . . . And the Catholic thing. I never, uh, I never used it . . . Then the debates came along. Everybody said I was like Cicero. They said, "How well he speaks." But when Demosthenes spoke, they all said, "Let's march! Let's march!" G'damn Jack. He was something else.

[He turns bitter and drinks from his Scotch.]

And I got rattled when the press got hold of the Howard Hughes loan to my brother for that wacko scheme of his to sell "Nixonburgers." Then Haldeman calls Martin Luther King a nigger on the telephone. But the worst was three days before the election, when I slipped and called for peace *and* surrender. That was the dumbest thing I ever did.

[He stops, stares at photographs.]

My poor goddamn dumb brothers. I had to put 'em all under surveillance because of Vesco.

[Laughing hysterically.]

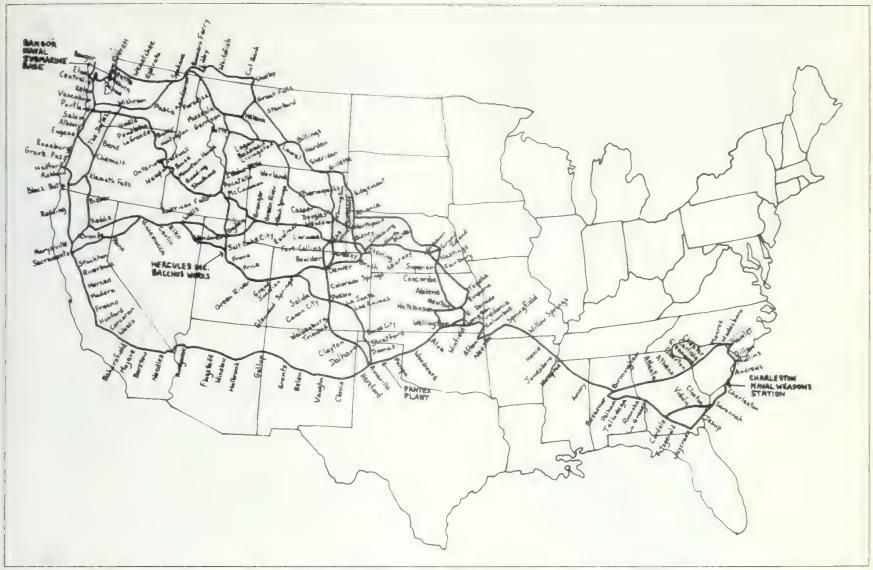
Then my brother Don's kid, he runs off and joins some dirty hippie commune and they had to get some private investigator to wade through all that crap and drag him back by the ears and put him to work for Vesco. Oh, Jesus Christ, my G'damn family alone could have ruined me!

[A few minutes later. He is recalling the good old days.]

God, how I loved being president—I cannot tell you. The walks on the South Lawn with the dogs and the girls. And the White House. I used to love the . . . And the Lincoln study. I used to love to sit in the Lincoln study with the fireplace burning and the air conditioning on, thinking about Lincoln and Washington—what a liar he was, huh? And the putting green. Used to love the . . . I couldn't even hold the . . .

[Map]

THE ROUTE OF THE WHITE TRAIN



From the February issue of Sojourners. *This map shows the routes of the White Train, the Department of Energy train that delivers nuclear weapons from the Pantex plant in Amarillo, Texas—the final assembly point for all U.S. nuclear weapons—to the Bangor Naval Submarine Base in Washington and the Charleston Naval Weapons Station in South Carolina. The train, which is painted white to keep its cargo cool, delivered weapons for two decades unnoticed. In December 1982, however, Jim and Shelley Douglass, founders of the Ground Zero Center for Nonviolent Action in Poulsbo, Washington, learned of the train's existence and formed a group—the Agape Community—to track its movements and organize protests along its path. The train now varies its route to avoid protesters, and the Department of Energy has proposed a regulation that would make it a felony to disseminate "Unclassified Controlled Nuclear Information." Under the rule, anyone found guilty of spreading information about the transportation of weapons would face a $100,000 fine and/or twenty years in prison.*

[*Chuckling, he mimes swinging a golf club.*]

But the Rose Garden . . . it was so beautiful . . . And the yacht. Oh, yes, the *Sequoia* . . . how I used to love to sit topside on the fantail of the *Sequoia*—down the Potomac, back to the Navy yard. Sipping drinks with a friend and talking "geopolitics" . . . Ahhh, God, God, God . . . Oh, and the jiga—jiga—the, uh, *colored* waiters bringing up steaks from the galley. And the breeeeeze! Gee, we had fun. Oh, Kissinger and that crowd—they used to like to read the pornographic novels and swing. But I was a Navy man. I was at home on the *Sequoia*. I was at peace . . . I was. Oh, I really used to enjoy calling in plays to the Redskin coaching staff on the white phone and going over the bombing targets in Cambodia with Henry on the red phone—at the same time! That's fun!

[Diary Entry]

HANDKE: OCTOBER 19

From The Weight of the World, *by Peter Handke. This volume of the German novelist's diaries and notebooks was translated by Ralph Manheim and published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

October 19

When, as sometimes happens, I lose my feeling for my own life, other people's way of life strikes me as a threat; their shameless definitions of reality recover their power to blackmail me

Went to the bakery with Herr F. to buy a cake; he said: "I'll pay for the cake. You're providing the tea" (this eternal matching of accounts among people who aren't quite friends)

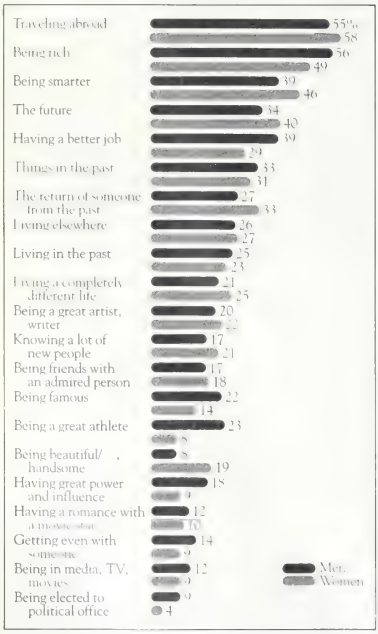
I keep forgetting what I'm doing; I no sooner think of something than I forget it forever—but now and then I stop, follow myself back, and catch up with myself; that gives me strength

Listening to dinner table conversations, as now for instance about Norway and "the Norwegians," I consider the possibility of never opening my mouth again, especially because in moments of embarrassment similar pronouncements escape me, and when that happens it's hard to go on living

A rare phenomenon: someone who, instead of falling into a sensual torpor after a big meal, seems to be invigorated and inspired

[Survey]

DAYDREAMING



From the Roper Reports, *No. 84–3. The survey is based on interviews with 2,000 adults conducted by the Roper Organization in February.*

An old man with red face, dripping nose, and blue work trousers called out to a North African with broom and bucket on the other side of the tracks: "How goes it?" The other returned the question and, just as the train came rattling into the station between them, the old man replied: "I'm going to die soon." Then he pulled out a red-and-black-checked handkerchief and blew his nose so hard that his watering eyes stood out more than ever

When in a film a man of whom nothing is known stops to look at a woman, the viewer gets an instant impression of *déjà vu* and knows just what to think. Of course he may be looking at the woman because he is lonely, but that can scarcely be made credible; at such moments a film has the commonplace eyes of a commonplace woman

Women's faces in the train: only the sex act is lacking to their beauty

Infuriated by the spectacle of a man looking high and low for a chair that doesn't creak, because he wants to write something. What, I wonder, will he write after this long, self-important search for a non-creaking chair? (Reminded of my disgust years ago when someone was trying to write a story in my house. Before starting, he solemnly littered my whole desk with strips of paper, on each one of which he had jotted a few words)

Brief feeling of warmth during the day when I know that a rare film or a football game will be shown on television that evening (even when, as usual, I have no intention of tuning in)

Children's program on TV; longing for the commercials!

When scolded or threatened by other aggression, A. automatically takes refuge in a book, just as I did as a child (instead of retreating into another room, or at least into a corner)

The lewd face of a gum-chewing blind man (the lewd part was the eyes)

One more *idée fixe*: What if, without wanting to, against my will, I should steal something in a shop? Today I very nearly walked off with an umbrella in a restaurant ("Everything that did not belong to him gave him physical pain; on the other hand, he despised all property")

Moments in which I am aware of all possible catastrophes but not troubled by them: a feeling of strange indifference; moments when I thumb my nose at death

[Short Story]

FEAR: FOUR EXAMPLES

From What I Know So Far, *a collection of stories by Gordon Lish, published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Lish is the author of* Dear Mr. Capote, *a novel.*

My daughter called from college. She is a good student, excellent grades, is gifted in any number of ways.

"What time is it?" she said.

I said, "It is two o'clock."

"All right," she said. "It's two now. Expect me at four—four by the clock that said it's two."

"It was my watch," I said.

"Good," she said.

It is ninety miles, an easy drive.

At a quarter to four, I went down to the street. I had these things in mind—look for her car, hold a parking place, be there waving when she turned into the block.

At a quarter to five, I came back up.

I changed my shirt. I wiped off my shoes. I looked into the mirror to see if I looked like someone's father.

She presented herself shortly after six o'clock.

"Traffic?" I said.

"No," she said, and that was the end of that.

After supper, she complained of insufferable pains, and doubled over on the dining-room floor.

"My belly," she said.

"What?" I said.

She said, "My belly. It's agony. Get me a doctor."

There is a large and famous hospital mere blocks from my apartment. Celebrities go there, statesmen, people who must know what they are doing.

With the help of a doorman and an elevator man, I got my daughter to the hospital. Within minutes, two physicians and a corps of nurses took the matter in hand.

I stood by watching.

It was hours and hours before they had her undoubled and were willing to announce their findings.

A bellyache, a rogue cramp, a certain unspecific seizure of the abdomen—vagrant, indecipherable, a mystery not worth further inquiry.

We left the hospital unassisted, using a chain of tunnels in order to shorten the distance home. The exposed distance, that is—since it would be four in the morning on the city streets, and though the blocks would be few, each one of them would be dangerous. So we made our way along the system of underground passages that link the units of the hospital until we were forced to surface and exit. We came out onto a street with not a person on it—until we saw him, the young man who was going from car to car. He carried something under his arm. It looked to be a furled umbrella—black fabric, silver fittings. But it could not have been what it looked to be—it was a tool of entry disguised as an umbrella.

He turned to us as we stepped along, and then he turned back to his work—going from car to car, trying the doors, and sometimes using the thing to dig at the windows.

"Don't look," I said.

My daughter said, "What?"

I said, "There's someone across the street. He's trying to jimmy open cars. Just keep on walking as if you don't see him."

My daughter said, "Where? I don't see him."

I put my daughter to bed and the hospital charges on my desk, and then I let my head down on the pillow and listened.

There was nothing to hear.

Before I surrendered myself to sleep, there was only this in my mind—the boy in the treatment room across the corridor from my daughter's, how I had wanted to cry out each time he had cried out as a stitch was sutured into his hand.

"Take it out! Take it out!"

That is what the boy was shrieking as the doctor worked to close the wound.

I thought about the feeling in me when I had heard that awful wailing. The boy wanted the needle out. I suppose it hurt worse than the thing that had opened him up.

Then I considered the statement for emergency services, translating the amount first into theater tickets, then into hand-ironed shirts.

[Glossary]

GANG SLANG

From "Hell on Wheels: The Outlaw Motorcycle Gangs," by Columbus B. Hopper and Johnny ("Big John") Moore, in the Journal of American Culture, *Fall 1983. Hopper is a professor of sociology at the University of Mississippi. Moore is former president of Satan's Dead, a motorcycle club on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi. The authors estimate that there are 250 outlaw gangs today, and that the number is rising.*

The outlaw motorcycle club subculture is based on esoteric terms. In order to understand outlaw bikers, one must know a few of the terms they use. The following list is not complete, but it does include the basic concepts.

COLORS: The club emblem and jacket.

CHOPPER: A customized motorcycle.

CITIZEN: A nonmember of an outlaw club.

CRASH: To pass out drunk; it also means to have an accident. When one has an accident because of going around a curve at excessive speeds, however, it is referred to as "going over the high side."



"I thought I might stay in tonight and read my jacket."

From Punch, *the English satirical weekly.*

GARBAGE WAGON: A stock motorcycle with standard parts and fittings. Most clubs' bylaws forbid members to wear their colors while riding a garbage wagon.

HOG: A Harley Davidson.

LEGAL: In conformity with club bylaws and customs.

MAMA: A woman who is willing to "pull a train," or have sex with all members of the gang. The term is used only for women who regularly associate with a club.

ORIGINALS: Jeans that have not been washed in three years. In some clubs, a member's originals are "baptized" at his initiation when all members urinate on them.

OUTLAW: A term applied exclusively to motorcyclists wearing the colors of an outlaw club.

PARTICIPATE: To aid a member in a fight by ganging up on his opponent.

RIGHTEOUS: This term is similar to the term *legal* but it is more subtle. It refers to a broader range of things of which bikers approve. If an individual is described as righteous, you know he meets the character standards of the outlaws.

RUN: An all-day or weekend trip the gang makes as a group. It is an occasion for parties. A club has a run about once or twice a month.

SHEEP: Clubs sometimes require that a new member bring a woman to his initiation. As part of the ceremony, all members have sex with the "sheep," as the woman is called. She might become a mama if she becomes a regular associate.

SHOW CLASS: An individual shows class when he does something malicious or shocking to citizens. If one shows exceptional class, he might be awarded a "Gross Badge."

SNUFF: To kill or be killed.

TURN OUT: To be initiated as a member. In the case of a woman, to pull a train for the first time.

WINGS: Many outlaws wear a set of wings on their jacket, indicating that they have performed oral sex on a woman in front of other members of the club. The wings can be red, purple, brown, green, or gold, depending on what the member has done. Green, for example, indicates that the woman had venereal disease; purple indicates that she was dead.

[Speech]

WHY MANNERS MATTER

From "The Problem That Baffled Jefferson," a speech delivered by Judith Martin at Harvard May 10. A longer, somewhat different version of her remarks appeared in the New Republic. *Martin, who writes the syndicated column "Miss Manners," was the John M. Olin Distinguished Lecturer.*

Americans today believe, erroneously, that acceptable social behavior follows effortlessly from personal virtue. The distinction between morals and manners has become blurred. All you need is a good heart, most people assume, and the rest will take care of itself. You don't have to write thank-you notes.

The belief that natural behavior is beautiful and that civilization and its manners spoil the essential goodness inherent in all of us noble savages is, of course, the Jean Jacques Rousseau school of etiquette. He began his career as a footman, you may recall. Rousseau's ideas survive in the pop-psychology and "human potential" movements and in the child-rearing philosophy that has given us so many little . . . savages.

The "natural" approach to human relations presumes that to know any person well enough is to love him, that the only human problem is a communication problem. This denies that people might be separated by basic, genuinely irreconcilable differences—philosophical, political, or religious—and assumes that all such differences are no more than misunderstandings.

Many forms of etiquette are employed precisely to disguise those antipathies that arise from irreconcilable differences, in order to prevent mayhem. The reason that diplomacy, for example, is so stilted is that its purpose is to head off the most natural social relation between countries in conflict, namely war.

Whenever the expectation exists that manners ought to be in full compliance with morals, ethical problems arise with the polite fictions or conventions that smooth ordinary life. In the days of obligatory formal visiting, "Madam is not at home" was clearly understood to mean, "Madam can't face you any more than you can her, but takes due note of the fact that you have done your duty." Nowadays, we never allow ourselves the convenience of being temporarily unavailable, even to strangers. With telephones and beepers, people make themselves instantly accessible to everyone at all times, and it is the person who refuses to be on call, rather than the importunate caller, who is considered rude.

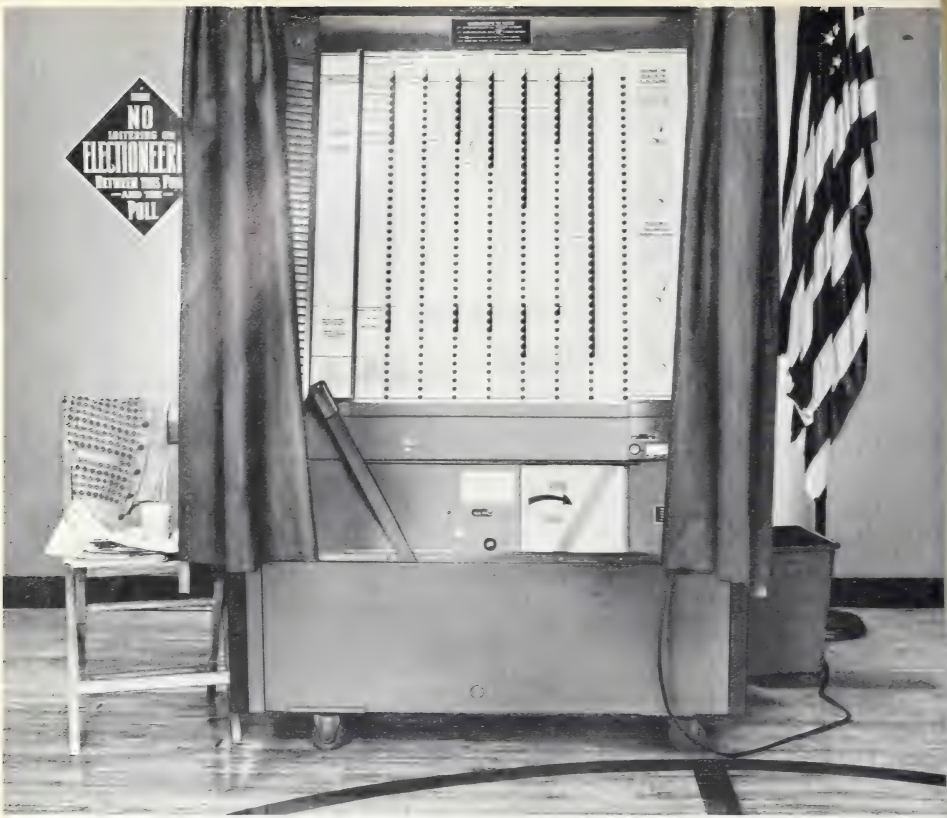
I receive much mail from righteous correspondents who consider anything but blunt literalness to be dishonesty. They wax indignant because people who ask them "How do you do?" don't really want to hear about the malfunctioning of their bowels, and they demand an alternative to signing letters "Yours truly" when writing those whose trulies they don't want to be. It is a little tiresome to have to check the weather report before venturing to say "Good morning." Those who believe in unwavering, literal truth also claim special license to be rude by giving honest answers to such careless questions as "Do I look all right?"

The lack of standardization of manners results in an anger-ridden, chaotic society, where every trivial act is interpreted as a revelation of the moral philosophy of the individual actor, who is left standing naked in his mores. Today, each person claims the right not only to design his own etiquette but also to take offense if others do not observe it, even if he has not troubled to acquaint them with his preferences.

Indeed, it has never been easier to insult people inadvertently. A gentleman opens a door for a lady because his mother taught him that ladies appreciate such courtesies, but this one turns around and spits in his eye because he has insulted her womanhood. A young lady offers her seat in a crowded bus to an elderly, frail gentleman, and he gives her a dirty look because she has insulted his manhood. Mind you, those are just people trying to be nice; the only problem is that they are operating on different systems of etiquette.

Curiously, it has never been harder to insult people intentionally. If you say, "You are horrid and I hate you," the person is apt to reply, "Oh, you're feeling hostile; I'll wait until you feel better." Non-culpability, the idea that explaining one's motivation justifies any violation, is perhaps essential in a world of flying insults, where the all-purpose psychiatric excuse, "I'm depressed," absolves one of any obligation or responsibility.

The idea that people can behave "naturally" without resorting to an artificial code tacitly agreed upon by their society is as silly as the idea that they can communicate by using a language without commonly accepted semantic and grammatical rules. Like language, a code of manners can be used with more or less skill, for laudable or evil purposes, to express a great variety of ideas and emotions. Like language, manners continually undergo slow changes and adaptations, but these changes have to be global, not atomic. For if everyone improvises his own manners, no one will understand the meaning of anyone else's behavior, and the result will be social chaos and the end of civilization, or about what we have now. ■



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NAMING THE LAND

"The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem." Thus Walt Whitman, in his 1855 preface to *Leaves of Grass,* expressed what has been the American poet's struggle from the beginning—to wrest from the land a separate work of art. In honor of the Academy of American Poets, which celebrates its fiftieth birthday this year, *Harper's* publishes fifteen poems reflecting this passion to explore the American text.

No other country's history offers so dramatic a parallel to the act of creation: presented with a blank page, the settlers built houses, named cities, constructed a nation. Some of our poets still confront the land itself, evoking a modern wilderness. Others contend with the evolving settlement: the houses, ramshackle or lavish, built to house exiles and immigrants; the unfinished cities, warding off their own disintegration; the great highways, still carrying fortune hunters west.

But whether the poets locate their "greatest poem" in a landscape or a city street, a filling station or a neighborhood front yard, all of them practice what William Carlos Williams called "the poet's business, not to talk in vague categories but to write particularly, as a physician works, upon a patient, upon the thing before him, in the particular to discover the universal." In front yards, as both Whitman and Williams would have said, there are continents.

This Forum was arranged in cooperation with the Academy of American Poets and its executive director, Henri Cole.

Travels in North America

Weldon Kees

To Lorraine and Robert Wilbur

Here is San Luis Obispo. Here
Is Kansas City, and here is Rovere,
Kentucky. And here, a small black dot,
Unpronounceable but hard to forget,
Is where we stopped at the Seraphim Motel,
And well-fed moths flew out to greet us from the walls
On which a dado of petunias grew.
We threw a nickel in the wishing well,
But the moths remained, and the petunias too.

And here is Santa Barbara where
They had the heated swimming pool.
Warm in our room, we watched the bathers' breaths.
My hair
Fell out in Santa Barbara, and the cold
Came blowing off the sea. An ancient gull
Dropped down to shiver gravely in the steady rain.
The sea-food dinner Duncan Hines had praised
Gave off a classic taste of tin. The weather was unseasonable.
There was a landmark, I remember, that was closed.

Here is the highway in and out of Cincinnati.
An inch or so of line along the river. Driving west



One Sunday in a smoky dawn, burnt orange along the landscape's rim,
The radio gave forth five solid and remembered hours
Of gospel singers and New Orleans jazz,
With terse, well-phrased commercials for a funeral home.
They faded out—Cleves, Covington, North Bend
Made way for Evansville and Patti Page. The roads end
At motels. The one that night had an Utrillo in a velvet frame.

The stars near Santa Fe are blurred and old, discolored
By a milky haze; a ragged moon
Near Albuquerque shimmers the heat. Autumnal light
Falls softly on a file of candy skulls
And metal masks. Sand drifts at noon, at nine,
And now at midnight on a Navajo in levis reading
Sartre in an Avon Pocket Book, against the window
Of a Rexall store. Here one descends
To shelvings of the pit. The valleys hollow out.

The land is terraced near Los Alamos: scrub cedars,
Piñon pines and ruined pueblos, where a line
Of tall young men in uniform keep watch upon
The University of California's atom bomb.
The sky is soiled and charitable
Behind barbed wire and the peaks of mountains—
Sangre de Christo, Blood of Christ, this "fitting portent
For the Capital of the Atomic Age." We meant
To stop, but one can only see so much. A mist
Came over us outside Tryuonyi: caves, and a shattered cliff.

And possibly the towns one never sees are best,
Preserved, remote, and merely names and distances.
Cadiz, Kentucky, "noted for the quality of hams it ships,
The home of wealthy planters," Dalton, Georgia,
"Center of a thriving bedspread industry, where rainbow lines
Of counterpanes may be observed along the highway. Here
The man whose *Home, Sweet Home* is known to all,
The champion of the Cherokee, John Howard Payne, was tried."
—Wetumka, Oklahoma; Kipling, Michigan;

Glenrock, Wyoming; and Chehalis, Washington
Are momentarily the shifting centers of a dream,

Swept bare of formica and television aerials
And rows of cars that look a little more like fish each year.
—A dream that ends with towns that smell of rubber smouldering;
A brownish film sticks to the windshields
And the lungs; the skies are raining soot
And other specks that failed to fit into the paint
Or the salami. A cloud of grit sweeps over you and down the street.

And sometimes, shivering in St. Paul or baking in Atlanta,
The sudden sense that you have seen it all before:
The man who took your ticket at the Gem in Council Bluffs
Performed a similar function for you at the Shreveport Tivoli.
Joe's Lunch appears again, town after town, next door
To Larry's Shoe Repair, adjoining, inescapably, the Acme Doughnut Shop.
Main, First, and Market fuse together.
Bert and Lena run the laundromat. John Foster, D.D.S.,
Has offices above the City Bank. —At three or four,
On winter afternoons, when school is letting out
And rows of children pass you, near the firehouse,
This sense is keenest, piercing as the wind
That sweeps you toward the frosted door of your hotel
And past the portly hatted traveler with moist cigar
Who turns his paper as you brush against the rubber plant.
You have forgotten singularities. You have forgotten
Rooms that overlooked a park in Boston, brown walls hung

With congo masks and Mirós, rain
Against a skylight, and the screaming girl
Who threw a cocktail shaker at a man in tweeds
Who quoted passages from Marlowe and *'Tis Pity She's a Whore.*
You have forgotten yellow lights of San Francisco coming on,
The bridges choked with cars, and islands in the fog.
Or have forgotten why you left or why you came to where you are,
Or by what roads and passages,
Or what it was, if anything, that you were hoping for.

Journeys are ways of marking out a distance,
Or dealing with the past, however ineffectually,
Or ways of searching for some new enclosure in this space
Between the oceans. —Now the smaller waves of afternoon retrace
This sand where breakers threw their cargoes up—
Old rafts and spongy two-by-fours and inner tubes,
The spines of sharks and broken codheads,
Tinned stuff with the labels gone, and yellow weeds
Like entrails; mattresses and stones, and, by a grapefruit crate,
A ragged map, imperfectly enclosed by seaworn oilskin.
Two tiny scarlet crabs run out as I unfold it on the beach.
Here, sodden, fading, green ink blending into blue,
Is Brooklyn Heights, and I am walking toward the subway
In a January snow again, at night, ten years ago. Here is Milpitas,
California, filling stations and a Ford
Assembly plant. Here are the washboard roads
Of Wellfleet, on the Cape, and summer light and dust.
And here, now textured like a blotter, like the going years
And difficult to see, is where you are, and where I am,
And where the oceans cover us.

Weldon Kees was born in Beatrice, Nebraska, in 1914 and disappeared in San Francisco on July 18, 1955. He spent most of his adult years in New York and San Francisco, working as a writer, painter, composer, and jazz pianist. The Collected Poems of Weldon Kees *was published by the University of Nebraska Press in 1975.*

Filling Station

Elizabeth Bishop

Oh, but it is dirty!
—this little filling station,
oil-soaked, oil-permeated
to a disturbing, over-all
black translucency.
Be careful with that match!

Father wears a dirty,
oil-soaked monkey suit
that cuts him under the arms,
and several quick and saucy
and greasy sons assist him
(it's a family filling station),
all quite thoroughly dirty.

Do they live in the station?
It has a cement porch
behind the pumps, and on it
a set of crushed and grease-
impregnated wickerwork;
on the wicker sofa
a dirty dog, quite comfy.

Some comic books provide
the only note of color—
of certain color. They lie
upon a big dim doily
draping a taboret
(part of the set), beside
a big hirsute begonia.

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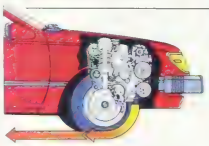
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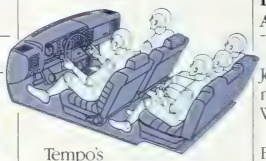


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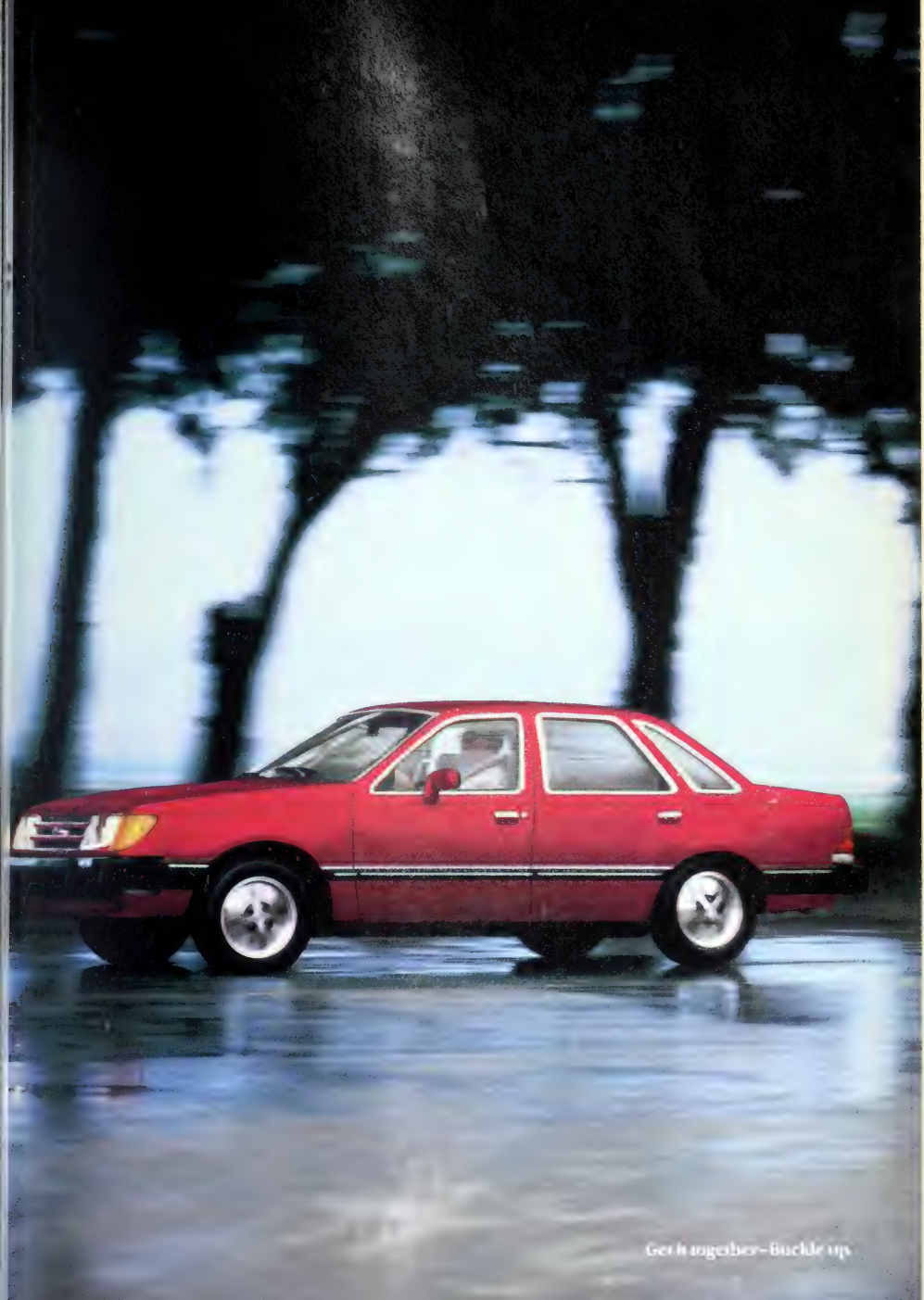


*For comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway ratings will probably be lower. Not available with A/C.

Ford Tempo

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford



Get it together—buckle up.

Why the extraneous plant?
Why the taboret?
Why, oh why, the doily?
(Embroidered in daisy stitch
with marguerites, I think,
and heavy with gray crochet.)

Somebody embroidered the doily.
Somebody waters the plant,
or oils it, maybe. Somebody
arranges the rows of cans
so that they softly say:
ESSO—SO—SO—SO
to high-strung automobiles.
Somebody loves us all.

Elizabeth Bishop was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1911 and spent much of her life as a traveler. She lived in, among other places, Nova Scotia and Paris, London and Key West, Poughkeepsie and Cape Cod, Mexico and Boston, North Haven and Greenwich Village, Seattle and Rio de Janeiro. Her books include Questions of Travel *(1965),* Geography III *(1977), where "Filling Station" first appeared, and* The Complete Poems *(1983), all published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Elizabeth Bishop died in 1979.*

Enough

Marianne Moore

Jamestown 1607–1957

Some in the Godspeed, the Susan C.,
others in the Discovery,

found their too earthly paradise,
a paradise in which hope dies,

found pests and pestilence instead,
the living outnumbered by the dead.

The same reward for best and worst
doomed communism, tried at first.

Three acres each, initiative,
six bushels paid back, they could live.

Captain Dale became kidnaper—
the master—lawless when the spur

was desperation, even though
his victim had let her victim go—

Captain John Smith. Poor Powhatan
was forced to make peace, embittered man.

Then teaching—instilling holiness—
enhancing Pocahontas, flowered of course
in marriage. John Rolfe fell in love
with her and she—in rank above

what she became—renounced her name
yet found her status not too tame.

The crested moss-rose casts a spell;
and bud of solid green as well;

old deep pink one with fragrant wings
imparting balsam scent that clings

where redbrown tanbark holds the sun—
path enticing beyond comparison.

Not to begin with. No select
artlessly perfect French effect

mattered at first. (Don't speak in rhyme
of maddened men in starving-time.)

Tested until so unnatural
that one became a cannibal.

Marriage, tobacco, and slavery,
initiated liberty

when the Deliverance brought seed
of that now controversial weed—

a blameless plant-Red-Ridinghood.
Blameless, but who knows what is good?

The victims of a search for gold
cast yellow soil into the hold.

With nothing but the feeble tower
to mark the site that did not flower,

could the most ardent have been sure
that they had done what would endure?

It was enough; it is enough
if present faith mend partial proof.

Marianne Moore was born in Kirkwood, Missouri, in 1887 and spent much of her youth in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Her first poems appeared during her undergraduate days at Bryn Mawr. She moved to Brooklyn in 1927 and lived there for more than thirty years. The definitive edition of her work, The Complete Poems of Marianne Moore, *was published in 1967 by Macmillan/Viking. Marianne Moore died in New York City in 1972.*

The Cove

Amy Clampitt

Inside the snug house, blue willow-ware
plates go round the dado, cross-stitch
domesticates the guest room, whole nutmegs
inhabit the spice rack, and when there's fog
or a gale we get a fire going, listen
to Mozart, read Marianne Moore, or
sit looking out at the eiders, trig
in their white-over-black as they tip
and tuck themselves into the swell, almost
as though diving under the eiderdown
in a *gemütlich* hotel room at Innsbruck.

At dusk we watch a porcupine, hoary
quadruped, emerge from under the spruce trees
needle-tined paddle tail held out straight
behind, as though the ground were negotiable
only by climbing, to examine the premises,
and then withdraw from the (we presume)
alarming realm of the horizontal into
the up-and-down underbrush of normality.

From the sundeck, overhung by a gale-
hugged mountain ash, limbs blotched
and tufted with lichen, where in good
weather, every time we look up there's
a new kind of warbler flirting, all ombré
and fine stitchery, through the foliage,
one midday, looking down at the grass
we noticed a turtle—domed repoussé
leather with an underlip of crimson—
as it hove eastward, a covered
wagon intent on the wrong direction.

Where at low tide the rocks, like the
back of an old sheepdog or spaniel, are
[illegible] with wet seaweed, the cove
embays a pavement of ocean, at times
wrinkling like tinfoil, at others
all isinglass flakes, or sun-pounded
gauzy glitter of mica or hanging
[illegible]. A curtain will just freshen
indigo, so someone a hue, a blue
of such mistiness it can't be looked at,
at whose apex there pulses, even
in daylight, a lighthouse light-
pierced like a needle's eye.

Amy Clampitt was born in New Providence, Iowa, and has lived in New York City. "The Cove," the opening poem in The Kingfisher (Knopf, 1983), her first collection, appeared in the New Yorker in 1979.



Upstate

Derek Walcott

A knife blade of cold air keeps prying
the bus window open. The spring country
won't be shut out. The door to the john
keeps banging. There're a few of us:
a stale-drunk or stoned woman in torn jeans,
a Spanish-American salesman, and, ahead,
a black woman folded in an overcoat.
Emptiness makes a companionable aura
through the upstate villages—repetitive,
but crucial in their little differences
of fields, wide yards with washing, old machinery—
  where people live
with the highway's patience and flat certainty.

Sometimes I feel sometimes
the Muse is leaving, the Muse is leaving America.
Her tired face is tired of iron fields,
its hollows sing the mines of Appalachia,
she is a chalk-thin miner's wife with knobbled elbows,
her neck tendons taut as banjo strings,
she who was once a freckled palomino with a girl's mane
galloping blue pastures plinkety-plunkety,
staring down at a tree-stunned summer lake,
when all the corny calendars were true.
The departure comes over me in smoke
from the far factories.

But were the willows lyres, the fanned-out pollard
  willows
with clear translation of water into song,
were the starlings as heartbroken as nightingales,
whose sorrow piles the looming thunderhead
over the Catskills, what would be their theme?
The spring hills are sun-freckled, the chaste white
  barns flash
through screening trees the vigor of her dream,
like a white plank bridge over a quarreling brook.
Clear images! Direct as your daughters
in the way their clear look returns your stare,
unarguable and fatal—
no, it is more sensual.
I am falling in love with America.

I must put the cold small pebbles from the spring
upon my tongue to learn her language,
to talk like birch or aspen confidently.
I will knock at the widowed door
of one of these villages
where she will admit me like a broad meadow,
like a blue space between mountains,
and holding her arms at the broken elbows
brush the dank hair from a forehead
as warm as bread or as a homecoming.

Derek Walcott was born on the island of St. Lucia in 1930 and now lives in Trinidad and in Boston. His most recent book is Midsummer *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1984). "Upstate" appeared in* The Fortunate Traveler *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1981).*



CHARLOTTE STOAL GALLERY, N.Y.

An Urban Convalescence

James Merrill

Out for a walk, after a week in bed,
I find them tearing up part of my block
And, chilled through, dazed and lonely, join the dozen
In meek attitudes, watching a huge crane
Fumble luxuriously in the filth of years.
Her jaws dribble rubble. An old man
Laughs and curses in her brain,
Bringing to mind the close of *The White Goddess.*

As usual in New York, everything is torn down
Before you have had time to care for it.
Head bowed, at the shrine of noise, let me try to recall
What building stood here. Was there a building at all?
I have lived on this same street for a decade.

Wait. Yes. Vaguely a presence rises
Some five floors high, of shabby stone
—Or am I confusing it with another one
In another part of town, or of the world?—
And over its lintel into focus vaguely
Misted with blood (my eyes are shut)
A single garland sways, stone fruit, stone leaves,
Which years of grit had etched until it thrust
Roots down, even into the poor soil of my seeing.
When did the garland become part of me?
I ask myself, amused almost,
Then shiver once from head to toe,

Transfixed by a particular cheap engraving of garlands
Bought for a few francs long ago,
All calligraphic tendril and cross-hatched rondure,
Ten years ago, and crumpled up to stanch
Boughs dripping, whose white gestures filled a cab,
And thought of neither then nor since.
Also, to clasp them, the small, red-nailed hand
Of no one I can place. Wait. No. Her name, her features
Lie toppled underneath that year's fashions.
The words she must have spoken, setting her face
To fluttering like a veil, I cannot hear now,
Let alone understand.

So that I am already on the stair,
As it were, of where I lived,
When the whole structure shudders at my tread
And soundlessly collapses, filling
The air with motes of stone.
Onto the still erect building next door
Are pressed levels and hues—
Pocked rose, streaked greens, brown whites.
Who drained the pousse-café?
Wires and pipes, snapped off at the roots, quiver.

Well, that is what life does. I stare
A moment longer, so. And presently
The massive volume of the world
Closes again.

Upon that book I swear
To abide by what it teaches:
Gospels of ugliness and waste,
Of towering voids, of soiled gusts,
Of a shrieking to be faced
Full into, eyes astream with cold—

With cold?
All right then. With self-knowledge.

Indoors at last, the pages of *Time* are apt
To open, and the illustrated mayor of New York,
Given a glimpse of how and where I work,
To note yet one more house that can be scrapped.

Unwillingly I picture
My walls weathering in the general view.
It is not even as though the new
Buildings did very much for architecture.

Suppose they did. The sickness of our time requires
That these as well be blasted in their prime.
You would think the simple fact of having lasted
Threatened our cities like mysterious fires.

There are certain phrases which to use in a poem
Is like rubbing silver with quicksilver. Bright
But facile, the glamour deadens overnight.
For instance, how "the sickness of our time"

Enhances, then debases, what I feel.
At my desk I swallow in a glass of water
No longer cordial, scarcely wet, a pill
They had told me not to take until much later.

With the result that back into my imagination
The city glides, like cities seen from the air,
Mere smoke and sparkle to the passenger
Having in mind another destination

Which now is not that honey-slow descent
Of the Champs-Elysées, her hand in his,
But the dull need to make some kind of house
Out of the life lived, out of the love spent.

James Merrill was born in New York City in 1926 and now lives in Stonington, Connecticut. His two companion volumes of poetry, From the First Nine: Poems 1946–1976 *and* The Changing Light at Sandover, *were published by Atheneum in 1982. "An Urban Convalescence" first appeared in his fourth book,* Water Street *(Atheneum, 1962).*

A Family of Dolls' House Dolls

Cynthia Macdonald

The mother and father do not get along.
She is dressed in pink velvet; he
In a brown suit. The house is called a Dutch
Colonial. The living room has a secretary and
A carpet like moss. There are two medium-
Size children, both girls. Everyone
Has blue eyes and they are all blonde except
The father who has light brown hair. They bend
Quite well, though they are not jointed. I think
They are wired. Most of the time they fight. The
sisters
About who interrupted who and which
Toy belongs to which of them. They try
To pull out each other's hair, but it
Is firmly rooted. Their room is yellow and white
And frilled with organdy the way I wish mine was.
They kick each other almost every time they
Are awake and would be lumped and bruised if
They were not composition. Maybe I will paint
Black and blues on one. Perhaps if they
Had friends they would not always fight. I have asked
For friends, but I will have to wait until
Next Christmas, unless my grandmother brings them
when
She comes to visit. The dining room has a chandelier
As sparkling as an earring. There is a maid, but she
Is too big to play with them. She really
Cannot do anything but be a maid.
I cut a hole in a wash cloth and made her a dress,
But the white maid-hat is part of her composition
hair;
So you could see she was still the maid.
She is always complaining about her varicose veins.
The hall
Wallpaper is the color of sky. I am not
Exactly sure why the mother and father do not
Get along. They fight sometimes about who
Interrupted who or why someone
Invested too much in something or whether they
Will be too early or too late for the dinner
Party. But mostly they do not fight, but also
They do not get along. The bathroom has
A tub and basin and toilet and towels, but no
Water. She is very beautiful, especially
When she wears her diamond earrings. Her children
Come in when she is dressing to go out
And watch her put them on. She is really
Beautiful. The father would be all right looking
Except his nose is too big. But he
Is smart. He can always answer most things
And when he cannot he says, "Let's look it up," and
Gets a book from their brown library right away
To look it up in, even in the middle of dinner
When the maid is just passing him the platter.
He never says anything nice about
The mother, even when she wears her earrings.
Except once when he and his children were
Looking out the window to see when she
Would come home he saw her in the distance
And they said, "How do you know it's her?"
Because she was still too far away to tell,
And he said, "I know her walk." That
Is as near saying something good about her
As he ever has. The lights really turn on
And off. If I thought it would help, I would ask for
a new
Father for Christmas, but they come in pairs and what
Would I do with the new mother? Maybe she could be
A governess. But I do not know if the new father
Would be any different. There is a loaf of bread
In the bread box and red celluloid flames in the
fireplace.

Cynthia Macdonald was born in New York City in 1928 and had a career as a concert and opera singer. She has lived in Vancouver, Tokyo, and Westport, Connecticut, and now lives in Houston, Texas. Her books include Amputations *(Braziller, 1972), where this poem appeared, and, most recently,* (W)holes *(Knopf, 1980).*

America Began in Houses

Douglas Crase

Unlike the other countries, this one
Begins in houses, specific houses and the upstairs
room
Where constitutions vibrate in the blockfront drawers,
A Queen Anne highboy, or maybe the widow's walk
On a farmhouse hundreds of miles inland and believed
By the family to be a lookout for Indians though
clearly
It was a pioneer's conceit, fresh as the latest politics
From home: so much for that innocent thesis *The
Frontier.*
No, between the houses and the people living in them
Ought to be a view as easy to pick out from the road
As the traditional six-over-six of a double window
sash,
And just as functional. Occasionally, when this
meeting
Of artifice and artifact occurs, a national monument
Is declared, but to visit it afterward is invariably
To be dismayed: could they really have planted lilacs
By the door, had Sheraton sideboards when they were
the rage,
Stencilled the dining room till only the wainscot
Had been spared? How touchingly people embrace the
styles
Which look in retrospect like individual good taste.
Still, they lived with them and that was long enough

That it continues having its effect. It's been said
Of a house that it's the carapace of a soul: perhaps,
But not always of the occupant any more than the shell
Of a hermit crab can be said to be his own. It takes
Some growing into, or making over, here and in the houses
Scattered one by one in individual commonplace yards.
The squirrels come in on the wires, bringing their news.
The lilacs move over first for spruce and lately, everywhere
One looks, for rhododendrons. Strangely, as the pilgrim
Aspirations increase they seem to diminish in promise
Yet who can say that out of these borrowed fashions
Won't come a suburban mutant enlarging nature
Once again. The Federal fanlight opens in the sun
And on the gateleg table is a treaty to be signed.

Douglas Crase was born in Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1944 and now lives in New York City. His first book, The Revisionist *(Little, Brown, 1981), in which this poem appeared, is a chronicle of the American past and present.*

Little Millionaire's Pad, Chicago

Robert Lowell

The little millionaire's is a sheen of copies;
at first glance most everything is French;
a sonata scored *sans rigueur*
is on a muddy-white baby grand piano,
the little plaster bust on it, small as a medallion,
is Franz Schubert below the colored blow-up
of the master's wife, executive-Bronzino—
his frantic touch to antique her! Out the window,
two cunning cylinder apartment towers—
below the apartments, six spirals of car garage,
below the cars, yachts at moorings—more Louis Quinze
and right than anything of the millionaire's,
except the small daughter's bedroom, perfect with posters:
"Do not enter. Sock it to me, Baby."

Robert Lowell was born in Boston in 1927 and was educated at Harvard and at Kenyon College, where he studied poetry under John Crowe Ransom. His many books include For the Union Dead *(1964),* History *(1973), where this poem appeared,* The Dolphin *(1973), and* Day by Day *(1977), all published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Lowell died in New York City in 1977.*

A Song in the Front Yard

Gwendolyn Brooks

I've stayed in the front yard all my life.
I want a peek at the back
Where it's rough and untended and hungry weed grows.
A girl gets sick of a rose.

I want to go in the back yard now
And maybe down the alley,
To where the charity children play.
I want a good time today.

They do some wonderful things.
They have some wonderful fun.
My mother sneers, but I say it's fine
How they don't have to go in at quarter to nine.
My mother, she tells me that Johnnie Mae
Will grow up to be a bad woman.
That George'll be taken to Jail soon or late
(On account of last winter he sold our back gate).

But I say it's fine. Honest, I do.
And I'd like to be a bad woman, too,
And wear the brave stockings of night-black lace
And strut down the streets with paint on my face.

Gwendolyn Brooks, poet laureate for the state of Illinois, was born in 1917 and lives in Chicago. Among her many volumes of poetry is The World of Gwendolyn Brooks *(Harper & Row, 1971), where "A Song in the Front Yard" appeared.*

The Harbor at Seattle

Robert Hass

They used to meet one night a week at a place on top of Telegraph Hill to explicate Pound's *Cantos*—Peter who was a scholar; and Linda who could recite many of the parts of the poem that envisioned paradise; and Bob who wanted to understand the energy and surprise of its music; and Bill who knew Greek and could tell them that "Dioce, whose terraces were the color of stars," was a city in Asia Minor mentioned by Herodotus.

And that winter when Bill locked his front door and shot himself in the heart with a Webley service pistol, the others remembered the summer nights, after a long session of work, when they would climb down the steep stairs which negotiated the cliff where the hill faced the waterfront to go somewhere to get a drink and talk. The city was all lights at that hour and the air smelled of coffee and the bay.

In San Francisco coffee is a family business, and a profitable one, so the members of the families are often on the society page of the newspaper, which is why Linda remembered the wife of one of the great coffee merchants who had also killed herself; it was a memory from childhood, from those first glimpses a newspaper gives of the shape of the adult world, and is mixed now with the memory of the odor of coffee and the salt air.

And Peter recalled that the museum had a photograph of that woman by Minor White. They had all seen it. She had bobbed hair and a smart suit on with sharp lapels and padded shoulders, and her skin was perfectly clear. Looking directly into the camera, she does not seem happy but she seems confident; and it is as if Minor White understood that her elegance, because it was a matter of style, was historical, because behind her is an old barn which is the real subject of the picture—the grain of its wood planking so sharply focused that it seems alive, greys and blacks in a rivery and complex pattern of venation.

The back of Telegraph Hill was not always so steep. At the time of the earthquake, building materials were scarce, so coastal ships made a good thing of hauling lumber down from the northwest. But the economy was paralyzed, there were no goods to take back north, so they dynamited the side of the hill and used the blasted rock for ballast, and then, in port again, they dumped the rock in the water to take on more lumber, and that was how they built the harbor in Seattle.

Robert Hass was born in San Francisco in 1941 and now lives in Berkeley. He has published two books of poems, Field Guide *(Yale University Press, 1973) and* Praise *(Ecco, 1979), and a collection of criticism,* Twentieth Century Pleasures *(Ecco, 1984).*

The Freedom of the House

John Ashbery

A few more might have survived the fall
To read the afternoon away, navigating
In sullen peace, a finger at the lips,
From the beginning of one surf point to the end,

And again, and may have wondered why being alone
Is the condition of happiness, the substance
Of the golden hints, articulation in the hall outside,
And the condition as well of using that knowledge

To pleasure, always in confinement? Otherwise it fades
Like the rejoicing at the beginning of an opera, since we know
The seriousness of what lies ahead: that we can split open
The ripe exchanges, kisses, sighs, only in unholy
Solitude, and sample them here. It means that a disguised fate
Is weaving a net of heat lightning on the horizon, and that this
Will be neither bad nor good when experienced. Meanwhile
The night has been pushed back again, but cannot say where it has been.

John Ashbery was born in Rochester, New York, in 1927 and now lives in New York City. He teaches at Brooklyn College and writes regularly on art for Newsweek. *Ashbery's ten collections of poems include* Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror, Houseboat Days, Shadow Train, *where "The Freedom of the House" appeared, and, most recently,* A Wave, *all published by Viking.*

Elizabeth and Eban, 1940

Gjertrud Schnackenberg

He watered brickbordered flowerbeds Saturday
And mowed and raked the lawn and weeded it,
Grass settling in his trouser cuffs and shoes.
She talked to him as she stood at the clothesline
Gathering his empty clothes into her arms,
Then swept, dusted, and baked, went shopping for
The Sunday dinner that they served today.
Their next door neighbors came, their Minister
Arrived promptly with flowers at one o'clock:
Lace tablecloth on gleaming mahogany,
Silver candlesticks, a bowl of polished fruit,
Pot roast with rich gravy, and mashed potatoes,
Applesauce, hot biscuits with raspberry jam,
Butter beans, ice water in cut glass goblets,
The Chocolate Lovelight cake she's famous for,
And fresh hot coffee. The widower Johnson's
Square red face beneath white hair grew worried
That the pastor's wife might ask him what he thought
Of the sermon text her husband chose that day,
'Then said the trees unto the bramble, Come thou,
Reign over us,' so he drew a breath
And offered his views of a town selectman:
'As for Williams, he's so broad he's flat.'

The guests are gone now and, the dishes done,
They're in the living room, sitting within
The circle of the lamp. The evening steals
Over their windows, as over a pond.
Outside, June's tree toads peep; she talks
Softly, abstractedly running her hands
Over her stockings, straightening the seams.
His eyes darken looking at her amid
The sprays of rosebuds on their wallpaper,
The roses in their carpet. The hall clock whirs.
And on the small round table at her elbow
Their wedding photograph keeps under glass,

A young couple cutting their wedding cake.
Next to the photo sits a crystal bowl
Of water and white rocks where angelfish
Keep rising to a surface they can't break.

Gjertrud Schnackenberg was born in Tacoma, Washington, in 1953 and now lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was recently a Fellow at the American Academy in Rome. Schnackenberg's first book is Portraits and Elegies *(Godine, 1982), where "Elizabeth and Eban, 1940" appeared.*

Birdwatchers of America

Anthony Hecht

I suffer now continually from vertigo, and today, 23rd of January, 1862, I received a singular warning: I felt the wind of the wing of madness pass over me. —Baudelaire, *Journals*

It's all very well to dream of a dove that saves,
Picasso's or the Pope's,
The one that annually coos in Our Lady's ear
Half the world's hopes,
And the other one that shall cunningly engineer
The retirement of all businessmen to their graves,
And when this is brought about
Make us the loving brothers of every lout—

But in our part of the country a false dusk
Lingers for hours; it steams
From the soaked hay, wades in the cloudy woods,
Engendering other dreams.
Formless and soft beyond the fence it broods
Or rises as a faint and rotten musk
Out of a broken stalk.
There are some things of which we seldom talk;

For instance, the woman next door, whom we hear at night,
Claims that when she was small
She found a man stone dead near the cedar trees
After the first snowfall.
The air was clear. He seemed in ultimate peace
Except that he had no eyes. Rigid and bright
Upon the forehead, furred
With a light frost, crouched an outrageous bird.

Anthony Hecht was born in New York City in 1923 and now lives in Rochester, New York, where he is John H. Deane Professor of Rhetoric and Poetry at the University of Rochester. His most recent collection is The Venetian Vespers *(Atheneum, 1979). "Birdwatchers of America" appeared in* The Hard Hours *(Atheneum, 1967).*

Notes from a Child of Paradise, XII

Alfred Corn

For America is the Garden of
Paradox: new golden land, it was brave
And new to them; but in itself, old, old
As only sheer geology can be,
Before history comes to give some scale
To the monotone of eternity,
Overlaying a grid of date and place,
Memorable wars, claims and boundaries
That would supplant the concrete calendar
Of aborigines whose clock was myth.

Wilderness and garden, where liberty
Flourished, dishevelment of death mingled
With life renewed, the green seedling rooted
In crumbling brown peat from its fallen great
Parent, that brought down also the cordage
Of wild grape, not in defeat but patience;
The tendril's springy drill, the classic leaf
Seize and cling to the rise of each new tree,
Sharers with them all in light sought upward—
Pillars of a temple; a roof of crowns.

When one has left his house and village green,
Society of women, customs, law,
The handworked coverlet and mantel chime,
Roof in imbricate shingles, silver smoke,
With stick and pouch, a polished rifle, he
Makes his solitary way through forests;
Then, well along, in a birch-lined clearing,
He pauses for the vista—the lost trail
Back, the uphill climb to summits far off
In azure-white noon—and feels an old fear.

Alfred Corn was born in Georgia in 1943 and now lives in New York City. His most recent book, Notes from a Child of Paradise *(Viking, 1984), from which this is drawn, is a narrative poem that mixes personal memory and the story of the Lewis and Clark expedition.*

A DILEMMA FC

A U.S.–Saudi collo

Why waste perfectly good pentaerythritol tetranitrate softening up West for Holy Tanker War when diplomatic demolition can be accomplished using combination of carbon black and flattened wood pulp cleverly disguised as news? "Secret Protocol of the Sultan-Weinberger Meeting" was first published in *al-Safir*, the Beirut daily, on July 17, 1983. It is allegedly the transcript of a frank talk between Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Saudi Defense Minister Prince Sultan ibn Abd al-Aziz Al-Saud. (Also said to be present: Prince Bandar ibn Sultan, Saudi ambassador to the United States, and "General Wendelmeyer," whom the Pentagon says it has never heard of.) Sultan and Weinberger did meet in Paris on May 12, 1983, but issued no communiqué. "Protocol" begins with an exchange on the then soon-to-be-signed Israel-Lebanon pact. Is "protocol" history or disinformation, and if the latter, *cui bono*?

[CASPAR W.] WEINBERGER: I can assure Your Highness that this is a very good agreement and that it's to the advantage of the Arabs, or at least of one Arab nation. It isn't a perfect agreement, but it establishes the principle of Israeli withdrawal from an Arab state, and that in itself should receive the support of the Arabs, and especially our friends among them. The United States is depending on its friends to accept the agreement so that they can persuade other nations to accept it.

SULTAN: In reality, I know what my esteemed friend Weinberger means. Every day I read and hear in the newspapers and on television that the key to the whole solution is in the hands of the Saudis and that the Saudis are able to force the Syrians and the PLO to withdraw. There is to this talk some exaggeration. It is true the Kingdom works quietly and in special ways, without any threats or hysterics, but our influence with the Syrians is not as the world imagines. In any event, we will leave these matters to His Loftiness the King, to President Reagan, and to the exalted Minister Shultz. I and my good friend Weinberger are ministers of defense, and it is not for us to trespass on the internal affairs of other ministries. We should speak about defense matters only.

Reagan Administration sources have attempted to pin failure of Israel–Lebanon agreement on Saudis, claiming they assured the United States that Syrians would withdraw from Lebanon. Actually, assurances came via U.S. special envoy to the Mideast Philip Habib from then Lebanese Foreign Minister Elie Salem, who was gulled by Damascene deceptions. Disinformation? Could be Saudis trying to show they declined role as U.S. cat's-paw.

WEINBERGER: I agree with Your Highness. There are two matters concerning defense that I'd like to discuss with you. I assure you that discussing them won't be considered interference in the affairs of Secretary Shultz and Prince Saud. These two matters worry us, and I'm sure they worry you even more. One is the increased Soviet presence in Syria—the increase in the number of Soviet experts as well as in the number of SA-5 and S10 [*sic*] missiles, which, according to our information, are capable of being equipped with nuclear warheads. Syria has become another Afghanistan, but with no official Soviet conquest. It's a friendly invasion. The Syrians believe the Russians are giving them the missiles, the experts, and the aid out of love for Syria, but of course this isn't so. As Your Highness mentioned at our last meeting in Riyadh, the Russians are looking for murky water to fish in and warm water to sit in. After the embarrassing fail-

Documents in Arab press oftentimes Soviet *dezinformatzia*. But what KGB forger would risk being called on the carpet years later and told by superior, "You were the one who inserted gratuitous derogation of motherland's fraternal assistance to Afghan people"?

HE DISINFORMED

be, *by Craig S. Karpel*

ure of Soviet weaponry last year, they want to prove via the Syrians the good quality of their weapons. Their arms sales have dried up in most of the Third World. Countries are turning elsewhere for arms—especially to France and to another country. Also, there's the war between Iraq and Iran, which we can classify as entering the attrition stage. Secretary Shultz reported to me about his meeting with Mr. Tariq Aziz two days ago. Mr. Aziz conveyed Iraq's desire to end the war and to stop the killing of so many young men from both nations. According to the information we have, Iraq has the desire and the ability to cease hostilities almost unconditionally. However, it seems that the leadership of Iran wants personal revenge against the Iraqis for the loss of ten- to twelve-year-old children, who are dying by the hundreds every day. We feel that our friends' influence is important at this point because Syria has good relations with the Tehran regime. All of this has begun to have a very dangerous effect on Lebanon, and by that I mean the increase of Shiite extremism in Baalbek and in the Bekaa, which Iran feeds and Syria protects. U.S. policy is to remain completely neutral in this war, and we aren't going to sell any weapons to either side. We have no connection with either side, but we support efforts that may persuade both sides to agree to a cease-fire and negotiations. As you well know, we've been working quietly to keep the war from spreading, and within this framework we've attempted to improve our relations with Iraq. The meeting between Mr. Shultz and Mr. Aziz was part of this effort to extend contacts between us and Iraq, as you know. But to our distress, one thing that has prevented the continuation of this effort has been the lack of a clear Iraqi policy regarding terror, especially by groups such as Abu Nidal.

SULTAN: In reality, I agree with my friend the exalted minister about all the points he mentioned, and we are trying our best to help Iraq remain steadfast, but the United States has to take a bigger role in this area.

WEINBERGER: To the great distress of the United States, we don't have relations with the two sides

"Embarrassing failure of Soviet weaponry" in Lebanon during Israeli invasion: another jab at Russian sore spot, suggesting—or meant to suggest—that this "protocol" not a Soviet concoction. Moscow blames Syrian bumbling: Syrian recruits could not read or write, never mind operate modern weapons.

Naive, maybe too naive to be true, for Weinberger to expect Saudis to mediate seriously with Syria to mediate seriously with Iran. Syria closed Iraq–Mediterranean pipeline in early 1982 to increase flow of cash to Iran for oil. Syrian troops rumored stationed in Iran since mid-1983, fighting against Iraq. Further, as Weinberger should know, Saudis fear Syrian-inspired subversion at home and are reluctant to undertake anything that might rub Syrian President Hafez Assad the wrong way.

"In reality"—*fee al-wakea*. Arabic verbal tic, used to emphasize one is speaking the truth. "Protocol" said to summarize three-and-a-half-hour conversation. Should it contain every "I mean"?

Craig S. Karpel is a contributing editor of Harper's. *His first magazine article, seventeen years ago, analyzed a confidential memorandum instructing security personnel protecting Lyndon Johnson not to reveal "how many cattle the president runs."*

and have no influence on them. Of course, we're working quietly by diplomatic means and recently succeeded in bringing both sides together to discuss the problem of the oil spill in the Gulf. We hope these contacts will result in further contacts.

Early 1983 meetings of Regional Organization for the Protection of the Marine Environment included Iran and Iraq. U.S. role doubtful. Iran unlikely to have attended if approached by United States to do so. This could be an attempt by disinformationists to pressure Iran to keep out of further spill negotiations by portraying 1983 sessions as U.S.-inspired.

SULTAN: In reality, I would like to discuss with the exalted minister the matter of cooperative defense and military efforts between the Kingdom and the United States. It is true that we are in continuous contact by means of the American-Saudi mutual consultations. However, Prince Bandar informs me that the Reagan Administration until now has not presented the Kingdom's request for twenty more F-15 aircraft. In reality, we would like to get them as soon as possible, because the Iranian danger increases every day. Our pilots are ready, and every day a new group of pilots is graduated. In reality, we now have more pilots than aircraft. And we should get planes from any side to keep our pilots always ready. This, in reality, causes a problem for us.

If there was indeed a request for more F-15 superplanes, world learns about it first via "protocol." But word is Saudis want no additional F-15s—they had already received forty-eight as a result of an earlier deal—but 100 to 200 pokier Northrop F-20s. F-15 "request" could be disinformation by anti-Reaganite to drum up pro-Israeli opposition to President's re-election.

WEINBERGER: Your Highness, let's speak frankly.

SULTAN: Yes. Yes, frankness before anything. We should speak frankly because we are friends. And between friends there should always be frankness. This has been the nature of our relationship for more than twenty years.

WEINBERGER: All right. In all frankness—we know that you're in contact with the French regarding acquisition of armaments as well as aircraft. This is all right. This is no business of the United States. It's the Kingdom's business. We don't want to interfere with your internal policy regarding weapons acquisitions, but the United States is ready to study the Kingdom's request for a squadron of F-15 aircraft. Though I suggest that we shouldn't present this matter to Congress before 1984, and it's better after 1984. I assure Your Highness that, as Prince Bandar is aware, President Reagan doesn't know anything about your request. There's a sensible reason for that. As you know, the government suffers from the problem of leakage of classified information. If we were to pass on your request to the President, the matter would leak to Congress and the press and it would be difficult to supply new weapons to the Kingdom.

The "protocol" became news in the United States last November when letters between New York Mayor Ed Koch and Weinberger concerning the transcript were published in the *New York Times*. Koch thought "protocol" was scandalous, and this passage was his smoking popgun. "I was appalled at the comment which conveyed your alleged view that President Reagan should not be told by you of Saudi arms requests," he wrote to Weinberger. The Defense Department must inform the president of all sizable foreign requests so he can seek congressional approval. But there is no requirement that this be done within any particular time. In practice, White House is usually informed at moment deemed propitious by Pentagon. The *Times*, in its introduction to the Koch-Weinberger letters, said of the "protocol": "In it, Mr. Weinberger was quoted as saying that President Reagan was being denied defense secrets because he could not be trusted to keep them quiet." Though newspaper of record had document, it didn't publish it: readers therefore could not make up their own minds whether Weinberger had characterized Reagan as loose-lipped. Is it possible Gray Lady not above cutting facts' legs to fit story's trousers?

PRINCE BANDAR: If the exalted prince and Mr. Weinberger will permit me—in reality, we would like to buy non-American weapons for exactly that reason. We do not want to face a new battle like the AWACS battle. In reality, the AWACS battle was an embarrassing and scandalous situation for the Kingdom, although we won in the end. Also, the Saudi air force wants to diversify its weapons and aircraft. It would be a mistake militarily for us to be dependent on only one source or one type of weapons and aircraft. At the time of the AWACS

battle, the United States promised to sell us a squadron of F-15 aircraft and to supply us with bomb racks and fuel tanks.

WEINBERGER: No, no, no! Please wait. I don't think we promised you.

BANDAR: Yes, the AWACS covered everything. But nobody has brought up the F-15 matter again, and we have not received the additional bomb racks for the planes we have or the additional fuel tanks.

WEINBERGER: I think General (Wendelmeyer) discussed that matter.

GENERAL (WENDELMEYER): This week we discussed this question with the responsible parties at the National Security Council in Washington. And I think the council is preparing a report on the subject that will be ready next week.

WEINBERGER: Can we give a copy to Prince Bandar when the report is ready? But I'm able to say at this time that the report says the United States isn't comfortable with the Kingdom's trying to buy non-American weapons and aircraft. The Kingdom isn't the only Gulf state that's done this. Kuwait and other nations in the Gulf have begun to buy French weaponry and Mirage 2000 aircraft. There's public criticism that I'm always traveling to sell American weapons, but I think that Mr. Hernu, the French defense minister, is a good deal ahead of me. In any case, the only thing that worries us is the future of the (Riyadh) RIADS (Regional Integrated Air Defense System) program, which demands a uniform infrastructure of weapons and aircraft to create a unified air-defense system to protect the Gulf states. If the nations of the Gulf are going to buy non-American weapons, we'll be forced to radically change the structure of the RIADS system, and that'll cost a lot of money and time. All the effort we've invested in structuring this system will have been in vain.

SULTAN: In reality, if my exalted friend Weinberger will allow me—after the AWACS battle, the Kingdom lost its desire to work with the United States. The exalted minister has mentioned that the idea will not be presented to Congress until after 1984, and this, in reality, is our problem with America. Whenever we begin to present any idea, only a short time is left in the president's term and he is busy with the election campaign. You always ask us to postpone everything until a new Congress is chosen and a new president is elected. Frankly, if this Administration—or any administration, Democratic or Republican—raises a battle like the AWACS battle, the Kingdom will be forced to change its defense policies completely, because our enemies are many and they use the nearest chance to attack the Kingdom, the royal family, and its honor. They produce cinema and television films about the royal family. Every day we see an article

MER-200 racks equip F-15 for a ground-attack role. Racks were removed from AWACS package to defang contention that planes could hit Israel. Bandar portrayed here as claiming that MER-200s were secretly promised by United States in 1981. If true, it is news. True or not, composer/planter of "protocol" knows the revelation of secret commitments doesn't exactly grease skids for U.S. arms sales. Range-extending fuel tanks were known to be in package but have not yet been delivered. Odd that Bandar, who coordinated U.S. corporate lobbying for AWACS out of office off Senate floor, would lump racks and tanks together.

Pentagon mystery man. Name in parentheses in text published in *al-Safir*. To indicate "transcriber" didn't quite catch it?

Sultan needs to be told by Weinberger the identity of Saudi Arabia's second-largest arms supplier? Even if document authentic, "explanatory" material must have been added.

"Riyadh" appears in Arabic in parentheses, then "RIADS" in Latin characters, then Arabic explanation. United States has sold antiaircraft missiles to all Gulf Cooperation Council members except Oman. Hopes to sell F-20s to council countries. Is supplying Saudis with ground stations for air defense. As far as can be known, document makes clear for the first time in print that all elements are to be integrated. Pentagon says it has never heard of "RIADS."

about extravagance and corruption. This does not suit us. It is understandable that you have a democratic system and understandable that you are not able to shut up the newspapers. Yes, but—

WEINBERGER: There are other things we'd like to discuss, so when we return to Washington I suggest that Prince Bandar meet with General (Secord) and General (Wendelmeyer) to find a suitable way of solving the F-15 problem. Now, with your permission, Your Highness, I'd like to move to the matter of the M-1 tanks.

In early 1983, Weinberger pressed White House to threaten to cut off military aid to Israel—he thought threat would foster Israeli acceptance of U.S. terms for Israel-Lebanon peace and overall Reagan Mideast plan. Could "protocol" have been planted in *al-Safir* by Israelis to knock Weinberger? If this was the bait, Koch took it. But Weinberger already ogre to U.S. supporters of Israel. Why bother with disinformation? Also, Israelis had been privately warned by sympathetic Administration figure to lay off Weinberger, lest his hand be strengthened by forcing Reagan to come to his defense.

SULTAN: Excuse me. If my dear friend will allow me, before we discuss the M-1 tanks—we have heard that the United States is going to supply Israel with motors to produce an advanced aircraft . . .

WEINBERGER: Yes, yes, you mean the Lavi aircraft. Israel will produce this plane in the 1990s. The military relations between us and Israel are extremely important to Israel's security preparedness, and also to force her to back down from inflexible positions in Arab-Israeli negotiations. If we don't give assurances to Israel, and if we don't give her guarantees of this nature to ensure her security, she won't negotiate with us about matters that concern us and our Arab friends. In other words, at times we give weapons and assistance to Israel so that she'll give up her rigid positions. In the last few weeks, during the negotiations that Secretary Shultz arranged between Israel and Lebanon, Israel gave up a lot and made concessions on many difficult demands that Lebanon wasn't able to accept. Israel wouldn't have done so if President Reagan hadn't decided to free the planes that had been blocked. Was something said about the M-1?

Koch made much of this "glaring comment." Weinberger is referring here to the fact that U.S. Army doesn't have M-1A1 tank with 120mm gun. But Army has had M-1 with 105mm gun since 1981. Delivery of M-1A1 to U.S. forces begins in 1985.

SULTAN: Yes. In reality, this is a subject that concerns us. Much time has passed and it is still not known if the Kingdom will get these tanks, and when, and how many. Prince Bandar told me.

WEINBERGER: Your Highness, permit me to say that the delay wasn't from our side. We've been trying for more than a year or a year and a half to persuade you to come to the United States to see a demonstration of this new tank, but you never agreed to do that. And now we've agreed to your wishes and are going to bring the tank to the Kingdom this year to test it. A few of them may join the Rapid Deployment Force exercise that'll take place in the Gulf this year. But as you know, the American Army doesn't have this kind of tank yet. On the number we can agree, but delivery won't begin before 1986, '87, or '88. General (Wendelmeyer) may know the number.

SULTAN: The truth is, if my dear friend will allow me—frankly, if there is a problem in America and in Congress about these tanks and their sale to the Kingdom, we do not want them, because we do not want to open a battle like the AWACS battle. About

the number: if we ask for 2,000, you will tell us, "No, 1,000 is enough," and if we request 1,000, you will tell us, "500 is enough." In reality, we want to get as many as we can. Prince Bandar reminded me that the Gulf maneuvers will be in conjunction with Oman and not—

Why state that maneuvers are with Oman and not with Saudi Arabia? Because Sultan aware transcript is to be released? Or does someone want us to *think* he is aware?

WEINBERGER: We don't expect a battle with Congress on the matter of the tanks and their number because our dealings with the Israelis show us that they aren't going to stir up any opposition—perhaps they'll stir up token opposition. The number will be decided by the capability of the Saudi army to absorb the tanks. And I assure Your Highness that there won't be differences of opinion between us on this matter.

SULTAN: Of course not. We hope there will not be differences of opinion on any matter.

WEINBERGER: I see that Ambassador (Catto) is signaling me that the time has come to return to Washington. Unless you have another subject you want to bring up before we finish this meeting.

Henry E. Catto Jr., assistant defense secretary.

SULTAN: As you wish.

WEINBERGER: A group from the Pentagon will come to the Kingdom in the near future to discuss the CENTERCON system and to set up forward headquarters with you. I think that our correspondence last year and this year and also the Gulf situation are creating a real necessity to begin setting up this system as soon as possible. Prince Bandar has told me that the Kingdom is ready, but without drums and bugles. We'll stay in touch. We're happy that Prince Bandar will be in Washington, because it'll make it easier for us to develop a direct line of communication with you. Before we leave—we'll stay in touch, and in the meetings in the coming days I hope we'll find satisfactory solutions for you and for us on the subjects of the F-15, the M-1, and CENTERCON.

Latin characters in *al-Safir*. Actually, USCENTCOM. "Auditory error" suggests—contrived to suggest?—transcription from tape. USCENTCOM is based at MacDill Air Force Base in Tampa. Forward headquarters since December 1983 is aboard USS *LaSalle*, flagship of U.S. fleet in Persian Gulf. But here, HQ to be (in Arabic) "*ladaikum*." No way of knowing original English locution—if there was one. Arabic implies HQ on Saudi territory. If true (unlikely), explosive revelation. United States long eager for land HQ.

"Confirms" HQ planned for Saudi soil. If HQ on a ship, for what must Saudi Arabia be ready? Passage seems to rule out U.S. origin for "protocol." Could Saudis be running HQ up flagpole to see if anyone cuts it down? Could it be Saudi whistle-blow from Crown Prince Abdullah's traditionalist camp, exposing Sultan's Occidentophilia?

SULTAN: Good. And I would like to thank the exalted minister.

WEINBERGER: If reporters surround us on our way out, I think it's appropriate that we say that our meeting was in the framework of the periodic meetings we have in the context of the Saudi-American joint committee, and that we've discussed matters of defense that concern the two countries. I don't think the reporters will be satisfied with this, but—

SULTAN: I think the reporters already wrote in detail a few days ago on what we would discuss in this meeting.

WEINBERGER: No doubt.

"Protocol" a many-mirrored fun house of doubt. It may be marble cake of fact/blarney—an accurate account, leaked by Saudis to show noncollusion with United States over Syrian pullout, into which hostile player inserted USCENTCOM fib, burr under Saud's saddle. There is some truth to nearly every story in leftist Arab press. But separating the wheat from the chaff in masterworks of disinformation is complicated by the difficulty of telling the fake wheat from the real chaff.

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BLEACHED TRUTHS

On a Greek beach, in a hard light

By Alice Bloom

Day after stupefying day, for our weeks on the island, we drown ourselves in the heat of the beaches. These public beaches—two or three of them—are intermittently bitten into the rocks and woods encircling the island. To get to them, since there are few roads, one must catch one of the daily taxi boats, converted fishing boats now fitted up with wooden benches and gay awnings, which bob and toot and whistle in the town's main harbor early each morning. The half-hour ride costs less than a dollar, and the boat putts its polyglot cargo round to St. Patros or farther, to the Paradise Beach, and unloads us. The captain ties it up, turns off the motor, and then he retires for the heat of the day to the shade of the seaside cafe. There he eats, and drinks, and talks with Greek men—stray police, other boat captains and crew, the sweating, white-aproned cook, and occasional delivery men who roar up on mopeds laden with cases of mineral water or eggplants for the cafe. Five or six hours later, the captain reboards his boat, blows its horn, starts up his motor, and the sun-soaked tourists drag back on to return to the main town, to its hotels, shops, and restaurants.

Ten years ago, when we were also on this island for several weeks, everything was very nearly the same. The same waiters, the same shops, the same striped shirts and wool bags fading against sunny walls, the same elaborate gray leather English prams filled with lacy pillows, canned tomatoes, and enthroned, one beruffled, olive-eyed Greek baby. The same village simpleton employed with his broom in a dozen small establishments, wearing his Hell's Angels T-shirt. But, this trip, aside from the bakery, which had been fixed up and painted a fresh green, there was one large change. Ten years ago, though they may have been scantily clad, no woman appeared on any of the public beaches without a top to her suit. Now, ten years later, except for the Greek women who remain most emphatically suited, nearly every woman on the beach, of whatever age, has bare breasts, and in some coves, bare everything. "Mom," said one of our boys the first day embarking from the beach taxi, thirty hours from the chill proprieties of Logan Airport and our own northern beaches where, for all but a few days of the year, you need a wool sweater, "Mom, that lady over there doesn't have on a whole suit."

We had not expected this, I don't know why we didn't, but so she doesn't, and, at once clear, neither does anyone else. This is not at all a normal moment. It is a startling moment. More so if one has no thought of doing it oneself. It is the sort of outlandish but limited experience about which you have immediately to ask: How do I feel? Much less, what do our eleven- and

Alice Bloom teaches in the department of English at the University of Maine in Farmington.
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The men must have to work so hard not to notice, to be liberal and free-minded and nonchauvinistic, that their effort transforms the nakedness of the women into costuming

fifteen-year-olds feel? These breasts aren't just lying down either, they're up and moving, hundreds of more or less matched pairs.

The first thing you have to do is arrange your face and hope that the children will have the decency to do the same. They don't of course, they can't, and for two or three days of this, they do the worst: point and giggle and hit each other and stroll slowly, staring. Finally they seem to get used to it, or tire of it, at least they say so, and they return to playing with snorkles and whining for food.

The second thing you have to do, now that the obviously untraumatized boys have their faces recomposed and are back to lunch and swimming, is work on your mind. You try to make this scene rhyme with its advance publicity: this is beautiful, and free, and healthy, and what's more, to go as naked as you please is *everyone's right*, and if you are such a pig that you find it either sexually exciting or morally offensive, then *that is your problem.*

Third, wishing ever, at first, to be rational, modern, and especially broad-minded, you try to compose in yourself the most difficult piece of the publicity: one is not supposed to think about this at all. Naturally, one is not supposed to look or stare or say something or in any way notice or react, certainly not sexually or prudishly, but more difficult: one is not, if one is really modern, supposed to *think* about this. What's current bad behavior, what's truly shocking, is to think it is worth thinking about. It's natural, it's normal—two attributes which go without saying and which preclude thought. If you think about it, there's something wrong with you. Bare breasts on the beach, here and there bare genitals, should be as normal, as everyday, as are the empty faded packs of Marlboros, the abandoned bottles, the tattered oily paperbacks of *Airport* and *Princess Daisy*, and the squeezed-out tubes of Nivea Soleil. Breasts are simply something else on the beach and you, brother and sister of the flesh, had better bloody well think so, too.

A spine of wooded, uninhabited hills, small mountains really, forms the imposing center of the island from end to end. On each side of this furry spine, the dry land falls abruptly to the sea. Every few miles, a bald stripe appears: the fire line, cut straight up through the trees, with the purpose of containing forest fires, too wide a bare space for sparks to jump. The Greek men sit under the fig trees, their backs to the beach. Their own women move in a weight of clothes, in the protection of their own cumbersome shade. The tourist men lie on the beach mats, clothed in their tiny suits, reading *Airport* or *Princess Daisy*, or adjusting the knobs on multiwave radios. Sometimes they empty tubes of Nivea onto themselves or onto the breasts and bellies and backs of their women. Otherwise, they occupy themselves; they don't stare; they don't giggle; they are not playful, either, and their faces have an expression of somewhat lofty, gentle unconcern. They gaze out to sea as though they are thinking about business; perhaps they are. They seem careworn, forlorn, and not much warmed. And they behave like quiet eunuchs, especially so when they methodically and without feeling do the servicing of radio knobs, dig in their shorts for wads of money, and rub on the oil. A fire line has to cut through them. Otherwise, they'd become the missing piece of the beach: satyrs, noon gods, cavorting, slathering Pans.



Because they are not, because they are so diminished, they have the powerful effect of turning the woman from bare-breasted Artemis into slave. That's the fourth beach thought. The men must have to work so hard not to notice, to be liberal and free-minded and nonchauvinistic, that their effort transforms the nakedness of the women into costuming, as conscious and stagy as Halloween crone or shepherdess. To go naked, after all, is to dress up as an infant, as a victim, or as a slave. This seems inescapable. There is no escaping history by untying a string, and for too long in the art and tribal lore of cold, northern, imperial places, nudity is established as peril. Escaping, the slave must first find garments to cover his shame, to hide and protect his true menial, owned state. These breasts on the beach, though brazen, are

Illustrations by Melanie Marder Parks

not proud. This unfortunate effect, created first by the studied, peaceful neutrality of all the men, is compounded by the difficulty of getting up and down the beach. These are not sandy beaches. It is a cruel walk, burning hot and sharp and stony. The women can't stride; shod, a proud free stride is difficult. Barefooted, barebreasted, it is impossible; they pick and mince, curse and stumble, their hands fly up stiffly to keep balance. They walk as though their breasts should be on trays. They move with such joyless, servile effort it seems as though they have been forced to go naked, as sign, as chattel, as someone else's visible symbol of power, acted out through drudgery, hard, simple chores, and pitiless exposure. Their eunuchs, though sweet and free from lust, are powerless to alter the women's essential degradation of having to do as the master wills; and he, whoever he is, wills nakedness, even in these hard conditions.

You have to turn away from it. The general impudence and coldness of things is too sorrowful, and is perhaps the result of defiance. For how does one handle a position of defiance, of dare? By acting cold. And defiance is also inescapable. No one can go naked in a country whose native inhabitants are clothed without having to arrange an attitude. Blithe Spirit, thou cannot pull off. Nor relax, naked in public, because a front must be kept up against the clothed. And it must be, in Greece, of extreme mental difficulty to label and hence dismiss the old, funny, cackling, self-satisfied Greek women, puddling in the warm shallows, embalmed in their dark skirted bathing suits, big beach hats, baskets of food and wine and blankets, as uptight Puritans. They're having too good a time for that to stick. You would have to work too hard to escape their mirthful eye, and too hard to catch the eye of the waiter who will not look at you at all. And it is difficult to imagine what effort must go into the regendering of the patient escorts, temporary eunuchs on polite holiday.

Hence there is, at last, the last thought: light without warmth, provocation without sympathy, a cold, blue glare, like cans of burning Sterno. It sinks into you, this sadness, from the quarter mile of bodies lying exhausted with their feet toward the sea, like a blow to the bone, a hard slug in the pit, and leaves behind the utter coldness, the terrifying, unimportant, empty arrest that follows an unexpected slap. Cover the breasts, and the face is free. Uncover the breasts, and the face must perforce become a policeman.

Two women are walking toward us, at noon, across the nearly deserted rocks. Most of the other swimmers and sunbathers are up in the cafe, eating lunch under the fig trees, the grapevine. These two women are not together, they walk several feet apart, and they do not look at each other. One is tall and blond, dressed in a flowered bikini and clogs, a tourist, English or American or Scandinavian or German. The other woman, a Greek, is carrying a basket, walking quickly, and gives the impression of being on a neighborhood errand. She is probably from one of the small old farms—sheep, olive trees, hens, gardens, goats—that border this stretch of sea and climb a little way into the pine and cypress woods.

Both are smoking and both walk upright. Beyond that, there is so little similarity they could belong to different planets, eras, species, sexes. The tourist looks young, the Greek looks old; actually, she looks as old as a village well and the blonde looks like a drawn-out infant, but there could be as little as five or ten years difference between them.

The Greek woman is short and heavy, waistless, and is wearing a black dress, a black scarf pulled low around her eyes, a black sweater, thick black stockings, black shoes. She is stupendously there, black but for the walnut of her face, in the white sun, against the white space. She looks, at once, as if she could do everything she's ever done, anything needed, and also at once, she gives off an emanation of humor, powers, secrets, determinations, acts. She is moving straight ahead, like a moving church, a black peaked roof, a hot black hat, a dark tent, like a doom, a government, a force for good and

The Greek woman is stupendously there. She looks, at once, as if she could do everything she's ever done, anything needed, and also at once, she gives off an emanation of humor, powers, secrets, acts

Nearly naked, pretty, without discernible blemish, tall, tan, firm, the product of red meat and whole milk, vitamins, women's suffrage, freedom of religion—still, the blond tourist is not much to look at

evil, an ultimatum, a determined animal. She probably can't read, or write; she may never in her life have left this island; but she is beautiful, she could crush you, love you, mend you, deliver you of child or calf or lamb or illusion, bleed a pig, spear a fish, wring a supper's neck, till a field, coax an egg into life. Her sex is like a votive lamp flickering in a black, airless room. As she comes closer, she begins to crochet—that's what's in her basket, balls of cotton string and thick white lace coming off the hook and her brown fingers.

The blond tourist, struggling along the hot pebbles in her clogs, is coming back to her beach mat and friends. She looks as though she couldn't dress a doll without having a fit of sulks and throwing it down in a tantrum. It may not be the case, of course. She is on holiday, on this Greek island, which fact means both money and time. She is no doubt capable, well meaning, and by the standards and expectations of most of the world's people, well educated and very rich and very comfortable. She can undoubtedly read and write, most blond people can, and has, wherever she comes from, a vote, a voice, a degree of some kind, a job, a career perhaps, money certainly, opinions, friends, health, talents, habits, central heating, living relatives, personalized checks, a return ticket, a summer wardrobe, the usual bits and clamor we all, tourists, have. But presence, she has not. Nor authority, nor immediacy, nor joy for the eye, nor a look of adding to the world, not of strength nor humor nor excitement. Nearly naked, pretty, without discernible blemish, blond, tall, tan, firm, the product of red meat and whole milk, vitamins, orange juice, women's suffrage, freedom of religion, child labor laws, compulsory education, the anxious, dancing, lifelong attendance of uncounted numbers of furrow-browed adults, parents, teachers, pediatricians, orthodontists, counselors, hairdressers, diet and health and career and exercise and fashion consultants, still, she is not much to look at. She looks wonderful, but your eye, your heart, all in you that wants to look out on the substance of the people of the day, doesn't care, isn't interested long, is, in fact, diminished a little.

She could be anything—a professor of Romance languages at a major university, a clerk in a Jermyn Street shop, a flight attendant, a Stockholm lawyer, but nothing shows of that life or luck or work or history, not world, not pain or freedom or sufficiency. What you think of, what her person walking toward you in the fierce noon light forces you to think of, after the momentary, automatic envy of her perfections, is that she looks as though she's never had enough—goods or rights or attention or half-decent days. Whether she is or not, she looks unutterably dissatisfied and peevish. And yet, in order to be here on this blue-white beach on this July day, unless you are chasing your own stray goat across the rocks, requires a position of luxury, mobility, and privilege common to us but beyond any imagining of the Greek woman who walks here too with a basket of string and her hot, rusty clothes but who, however, and not at all paradoxically, exudes a deep, sustained bass note of slumbering, solid contentment.

Insofar as ignorance always makes a space, romance rushes in to people it. With so little fact at hand about either of these lives, fact that might make things plain and profound as only fact can do, there is little but romance, theories, guesswork, and yet, it seems, this accidental conjunction of women in the sun, considered, says it is not a matter of the one, the blonde, being discontent in spite of much and the other, the farm woman in black, being smugly, perhaps ignorantly content with little. That theory is too much the stuff of individual virtue, and of fairy tales: grateful peasant, happy with scraps and rags, and querulous, bitchy princess, untried, suffering every pea, pursued by frogs, awaiting a magic deliverance. Because in literal, daily fact, the Greek woman has more than the tourist, and the tourist, wherever she comes from and despite her list of equipment and privileges, is also, in literal daily fact, deprived. To see this as a possible deciphering of this scene

means to stop thinking of the good life strictly in terms of goods, services, and various rights, and think instead, insofar as we can, of other, almost muted because so nearly lost to us, needs of life.

Beyond seeing that she has two arms, two good legs, a tanned skin, blond hair, and friends, I know nothing about this particular tourist. Beyond knowing that she has two arms, two good legs, a face that could stop or move an army, a black dress, and can crochet lace, I know nothing about this particular peasant woman. I don't even know, it's only a clumsy guess, that "peasant" should be the qualifying adjective. I can only talk about these women as they appeared, almost a mirage in the shimmer of beach heat, almost icons, for a moment and walked past; and as they are on an island where I, too, have spent a notch of time. Whatever the Greek woman, and her kind, have enjoyed or missed, have suffered or lost in war, under dictatorship, under occupation, from men, in poverty or plenty, I don't know. The other woman, I won't further describe, won't guess at, for she is familiar to us; she is us.

A 'developed' country is seldom mysterious but always mystifying. Where do things come from and where do they go? Life can be looked at, but not often comprehended in its ordinary particulars

I don't know in what order of importance, should that order exist or be articulable, the Greek woman would place what occurs on the visible street of her life. For that is all I do see, all that we can see, and it wrings the heart, that visible street. For one thing, in most places, the street is not yet given over to the demands of the motor. The Greek is still a citizen and a large part of his day is given to whatever life goes on in public, and that life takes place on the street. Much of what we do in private, in isolation, in small personally chosen groups—eating, drinking, talking, staring into space—is, in Greece, done on the impersonal, random street. This habit of daily gathering, which is done for no particular reason, that is, there is no special occasion, lends to every day and night the feel of mild, but lively festival.

Second, among the other visible things that "underdeveloped" means, it means that—due either to a generous wisdom that has survived or else to funding that is not yet available—there is not enough money for the fit to invent shelters for the unfit. For whatever reasons, the Greek woman still lives in a culture where this has not yet happened. That is, not only are the streets used by and for people, but all sorts of people are on them, still privileged to their piece of the sun, the common bread, the work, the gossip, the ongoing parade. Our children are pitying and amazed. After several days on these streets they assume that in Greece there are more fat and slow and old, more crippled and maimed, more feeble of mind and body, more blind and begging, more, in general, outcast folks than we, Americans, have. They are especially amazed at how *old* people get to be in Greece. Being young and American, and not living in New York, the only city we have that approximates the fullness and variety of a village, they assume this is evidence of extreme longevity on the one hand, and evidence of extreme bad health on the other. It was as hard to explain about American nursing homes and other asylums and institutions as it was to explain about public nudity, how archeologists find hidden ruins, and other questions that came up on the trip.



A "developed" country is seldom mysterious but always mystifying. Where do things come from and where do they go? Life can be looked at, but not often comprehended in any of its ordinary particulars: food, shelter, work, money, producing and buying and selling. The Greek woman on the beach, again for many reasons, does still live in a world that, in those particulars—food, shelter, work, product, etc.—is comprehensible. Outside the few urban, industrial areas in Greece, it is still possible to build and conduct life without the benefit of technicians, specialists, explainers, bureaucrats, middlemen, and other modern experts. This means that there is possible an understanding of, a connection with, and a lack of technological mystification to many of the elements, objects, and products commonly lived with in any day. A typical Greek house is so simple and cunning that it could be built, or destroyed, by almost anyone. This may mean less conven-

There is a new world everywhere now that money will buy. It is an international accommodation, and wherever it exists—whether in London, Istanbul, Athens, Cleveland—it resembles an airport lounge

ience, but it also means more comprehension. For the ordinary person, there is relatively little of the multiform, continual, hardly-much-thought-about incomprehensibility of daily things—where does this lamb chop come from? where does this wash water go?—that most people in developed countries live with, or manage to ignore, every day. Therefore, for this Greek woman on the beach and her kind, there is another mind possible, one that sees, and understands, and in most instances can control many details; and a mind in which, therefore, many mysteries can grow a deeper root.

Food, to take another example, is eaten in season and most of it is locally grown, harvested or butchered, processed, sold, and consumed. There is no particular moral virtue in this fact, but this fact does signify the possibility of a sharper, more acute (it sees, it has to see and comprehend more details), and more satisfied intelligence. Having money means being able to buy the end product; therefore, money replaces the need for intricate knowledge of processes; therefore, money replaces knowledge. The understanding of a glass of water or wine, a melon, an onion, or a fried fish, from inception to end, does mean living with a different kind of mind than the one that results from having merely bought and consumed the wine or fish or onion at the end. In that sense, therefore, it is possible that the unhappy peevishness and dissatisfaction on the face of the pretty tourist comes in part from a life of being left out of knowledge of the intricate details of the complete cycle of any single thing she is able to consume.

Including the country of Greece.

There is a new world everywhere now that money will buy. It is a world without a nation, though it exists as an overlay of life, something on the order of the computer, in almost any country of the globe. It is an international accommodation, and wherever it exists—whether in Madrid, London, Istanbul, Athens, Cleveland—it resembles a large airport lounge. In this way, the new world specially constructed everywhere for tourists is something like the thousands of Greek churches, as alike as eggs, and no matter what their size all modeled on the single great discovered design of Constantine's Hagia Sophia.

Inside this international accommodation is allowed only so much of any specific country as lends itself as background, decor, and trinkets. In this sense, the travel posters are an accurate portrayal of exactly how little can happen on a well-engineered trip: scenery and "gifts." Because most of the world is still what would be termed "poor," the more money you can spend, nearly anyplace, the more you are removed from the rich, complex life of that place. It is possible to buy everything that puts an average American life—taps that mix hot and cold, flush toilets, heating and cooling systems, menus in English—on top of any other existing world. It is possible to pay for every familiar security and comfort and, as the posters show, still have been *there* having it. At the end of the trip, you can say that you were there.



However, the extent to which one buys familiarity, in most of the world today, is also the extent to which one will not see, smell, taste, feel, or in any way be subjected to, enlightened by, or entered by that piece of the world and its people. The world's people are not blind to this fear of the unfamiliar and uncomfortable, nor insensitive to the dollars that will be paid to ward it off. In the winter months, when life returns to normal, the friendly Greek "waiters" resume their lives as masons, carpenters, builders, mechanics, schoolteachers, and so forth, a fact unknown to or overlooked by many tourists who assume, for example, that many unfinished buildings, seen languishing in the summer season, are due to neglect, laziness, disinterest, or what have you.

We all assume, and usually safely, that the more money you have the more you can buy. In travel, however, the opposite is true. The less money you spend, the less money you have to spend, perhaps, the more your chances of getting a whiff, now and then, of what another place is like. There are the

ideals: walking a country, living there, learning its language. Short of that, those conditions which most of us cannot meet, one can try spending as little as possible: class-D hotels, public transportation, street meals. And then one must try to be as brave and patient and good-humored and healthy as possible because, without a doubt, the less money you spend the closer you come to partaking of very annoying, confusing, exhausting, foreign, debilitating, sometimes outrageous discomfort.

For instance, the two things one would most want to avoid in Greece in the summer are the intense heat and the unworldly, unimaginable, unforeseeable amount of din. Pandemonium is, after all, a Greek idea, but in actual life, it is hardly confined to the hour of noon. Silence is a vacuum into which, like proverbial nature, a single Greek will rush with a pure love of noise. Two Greeks together produce more noise than 200 of any other Western nation. Greeks love above all else the human voice, raised in any emotion; next to that they love their actions with objects. One Greek with any object—a string of beads, a two-cylinder engine, preferably one on the eternal blink, a rug to beat, a single child to mind, a chair to be moved—will fill all time and space with his operation; it will be the Platonic scrape of metal chair leg on stone street; it will be the one explanation to last for all eternity why the child should not torture the cat in the garden. A generalization: Greeks love horns, bells, animal cries, arguments, dented fenders, lengthy explanations, soccer games, small motors, pots and pans, cases of empty bottles, vehicles without mufflers, cups against saucers, fireworks, political songs, metal awnings, loudspeakers, musical instruments, grandmothers, the Orthodox liturgy, traffic jams, the sound of breaking glass, and Mercedes taxicabs that tootle "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

A further generalization: the above generalization is one that only *not* spending money will buy. That is, you have to be in a class-F room, in a hotel on the harbor, one flight above a taverna frequented by fishermen, 120 degrees in the room, no screens, mosquito coils burning in the unmoving air through the night, and through the night—a donkey in heat tethered in the walled garden below your shuttered, only shuttered, window. In other words, it's quiet, and cool, at the Hilton; and there are, God and international capitalism be thanked, no donkeys. ■

Silence is a vacuum into which, like proverbial nature, a single Greek will rush with a pure love of noise. Two Greeks together produce more noise than two hundred of any other Western nation



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BWANA VISTAS

The lost, lamented world of the travel writer

By Alexander Cockburn

Among the books discussed in this essay:

Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile in the Years 1768–73, by James Bruce. 7 vols., 3,178 pages. Longmans. (Out of print.)

The Blue Nile, by Alan Moorehead. 308 pages. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Tristes Tropiques, by Claude Lévi-Strauss. Translated by John and Doreen Weightman. 425 pages. Atheneum. $10.95.

Abroad, by Paul Fussell. 246 pages. Oxford University Press. $19.95.

Mythologies, by Roland Barthes. Translated by Annette Lavers. 159 pages. Hill & Wang. $4.25.

Castaway, by Lucy Irvine. 289 pages. Random House. $16.95.

Kon-Tiki, by Thor Heyerdahl. Translated by F.H. Lyon. 304 pages. Rand McNally. $16.95.

In Darkest Africa, by Henry M. Stanley. 635 pages. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. (Out of print.)

Blue Highways, by William Least Heat Moon. 448 pages. Fawcett. $3.95.

Atlas of Cancer Mortality for US Counties, 1950–1969. 103 pages. U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. (Out of print.)

Each age gets the travel writing it deserves, though almost all of it is a footnote to the mercantilist era and the consequences that flowed therefrom. Lately there has been some excited discussion of a "renaissance" in travel prose. This shows how little of a culturally uplifting nature is going on in these sad times, though it is certainly appropriate to the Age of Reagan that there is a fashion for books that take a quick look at the outside world, and get it wrong.

To the extent that it confronts the outside world at all—for most such writing in this century is an advertisement for the self—travel prose has a nostalgic tone, and this again is entirely appropriate to the Age of Reagan, though we can scarcely blame him for four centuries of world history on the downward slope.

The travel writer seeks the world we have lost—the lost valleys of the imagination. There is no joy more profound than that of the British explorer of old setting foot where no man trod before: that which has been hidden, except to the beasts of the field and perhaps a few savages, is found by him alone, gazing upon the uncompromised fruits of God's creation. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries rang with the exultant howl of the British explorer laying claim to virgin vista. Listen to James Bruce describe his emotions on November 4, 1770, when a guide pointed out to him the long-sought source of the Nile:

> I stood in rapture. . . . It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at the moment, standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry and inquiry of both ancients and moderns, for the course of near three thousand years. . . . Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here in my own mind, over kings and their armies.

The operative words here, as so often in travel literature, are "in my own mind." Alan Moorehead, describing this sadly comic scene in *The Blue Nile*, observed that Bruce, amid the mountains of central Ethiopia, was a thousand miles from the actual source of the Nile, which is Lake Victoria, and seventy miles south of the wellspring of the Blue Nile, which is an overflow from Lake Tana. Nor was Bruce even the first European to arrive at the spot that suffused him with such joy. The Portuguese priest Pedro Paez

Alexander Cockburn is a columnist for the Nation *and the* Wall Street Journal.

The travel writer voyages toward a past beyond his reach. His mode must be one of irony, but even that proves too exhausting. The mode shifts to dilettantism

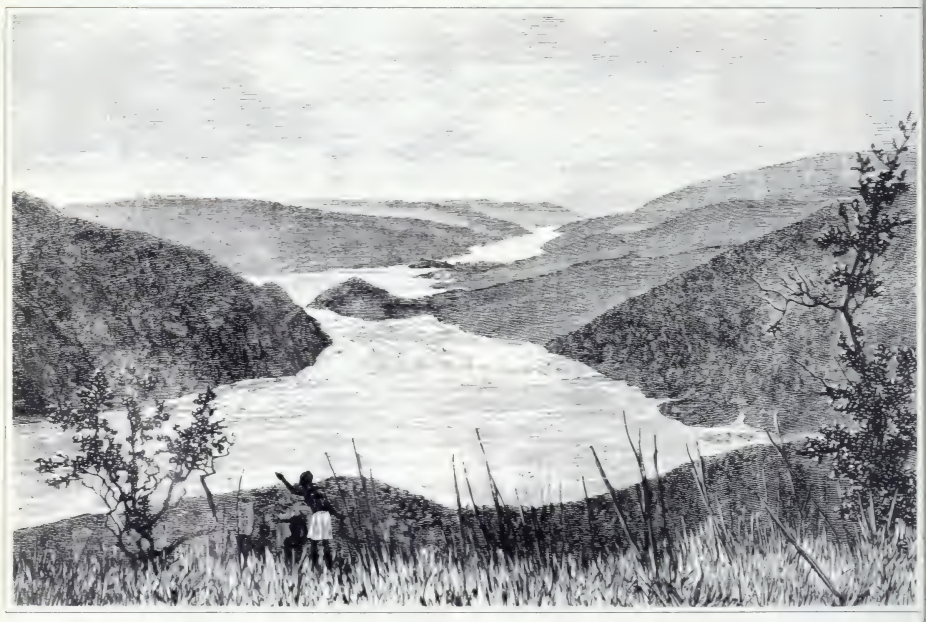
anticipated him by 142 years and came to the same erroneous conclusion, boasting that he "saw, with the greatest delight, what neither Cyrus, the king of the Persians, nor Cambyses, nor Alexander the Great, nor the famous Julius Caesar, could ever discover."

The joy of the pioneer encountering the primal scene quickly passes. The missionary, the soldier, the slaver, the anthropologist, the Orientalist, and kindred men of commerce soon go to work. Then we hear the lament of the returning traveler venting elegies to a world on the wane. The tone becomes one of desperate nostalgia, beautifully diagnosed by Claude Lévi-Strauss in *Tristes Tropiques*, one of the greatest travel books of the postwar period:

> Journeys, those magic caskets full of dreamlike promises, will never again yield up their treasures untarnished. A proliferating and overexcited civilization has broken the silence of the seas once and for all. The perfumes of the tropics and the pristine freshness of human beings have been corrupted. . . . Our great Western civilization, which has created the marvels we now enjoy, has only succeeded in producing them at the cost of corresponding ills. . . . The first thing we see as we travel round the world is our own filth, thrown into the face of mankind. So I can understand the mad passion for travel books and their deceptiveness. They create the illusion of something which no longer exists but still should exist, if we were to have any hope of avoiding the overwhelming conclusion that the history of the past twenty thousand years is irrevocable.

The travel writer voyages toward a past beyond his reach. Amid the wreckage of the twentieth-century world, his mode must be one of irony. Round the next bend may be Eden, but Eve will have endemic syphilis and live in a tar-paper shack, while Adam will work at a construction project downriver. But even irony is too exhausting, and so the mode shifts to dilettantism, variously self-deprecating or mock-heroic but always egocentric. History may be irrevocable, but there is always the self to be discovered.

This is the phase of travel writing discussed by Paul Fussell in *Abroad*: The Brideshead generation overseas—not just Evelyn Waugh but Graham Greene, Norman Douglas, T.E. Lawrence, Cyril Connolly, and (much overestimated by Fussell) Robert Byron. Fussell is a conservative chap, and he seems rather too easily impressed with the noise of the British upper-middle classes telling their travelers' tales. Class is important here, not just because the mythic pattern is, as



Fussell points out, a version of pastoral (so was a lot of the left-wing fellow-traveling prose of the time about visits to the Soviet Union, as is much of the right-wing fellow-traveling prose today about China), but because the classy traveler is conducting a whimsical mime of the old imperial appropriation of the world. And just as the mythic prince would explore his kingdom in disguise, so does the British traveler, with his love of fancy dress, emblem of anxieties and desires, come usefully into play as a way of confronting the world. The fancy dress could either be Maugham's dinner jackets in the jungle (a detail Englishmen adore precisely because it rubs them so firmly the right way) or the Arab vestments in which Sir Richard Burton—up there with Stanley as top traveler in the Victorian era—fancied he was slipping through the souk unperceived. The trouble came when one could no longer be exactly sure who was disguising what—which is why T.E. Lawrence, perhaps ravished by the filthy Turk, remains an object of suspicion to this day for "going native," or at the very least for having had a jolly good try. Something not quite right about Lawrence, you know.

Almost the only acceptable place to "go native"—or at least get near it, for syzygy was preferred to full mutation—was in the South Seas. Ever since the days of Captain Cook, Pierre Loti, and Paul Gauguin, the South Seas have spelled sex, and lots of it. Free. Sex in the Orient, as we have seen with Lawrence and in Flaubert's cavortings with the courtesan described in his *Voyages* (admirably situated in Edward Said's *Orientalism*), was always a nervy business. That bourgeois passion for thinking in essences, so well pilloried by Roland Barthes in his analysis in *Mythologies* of the Blue Guides, stipulates that sex in the Orient is mostly a matter of Bedouin lads and the stormy penetration of upper-class white women by brown sheiks. Essence of South Sea was compliant and delighted native women. The whole syndrome reaches ultimate farce in Lucy Irvine's recent *Castaway*, in which two whites try to mime the legend. A British writer advertises for a "wife" to share solitude with him for a year on a desert island in the Timor Sea. Irvine sets up camp with him, but he wants a companionship to ripen into romance; she doesn't, and finally he bellows, "If you had behaved the way you do in the days when I had my Jaguar I'd have kicked your arse out of the door. I sometimes wonder if what you need is a bloody good hiding." Thus do the suburbs meet the Blue Lagoon.

Whatever libels scientific anthropology may shower upon her head, Margaret Mead performed an indispensable mythic service by giving her First World clientele what it wanted. For me, coming of age in Ireland in the 1950s meant reading *Coming of Age in Samoa* and as much functional anthropology as I could lay my hands on. Aside from the first encounter with tourism enjoyed by boys and girls of my generation—that is, the bare-breasted Third World women in *National Geographic*—Margaret Mead, Bronislaw Malinowski, and the old gang provided my sole descriptions of sexual activity. At the height of my teenage interest in such scholarship I had an unrivaled knowledge of marriage ceremonies south of the equator.

Oddly enough, the first great travel book of the postwar period was entirely innocent. The joy of Thor Heyerdahl's *Kon-Tiki* was that it married two congenial essences, the Vikings and the South Pacific, in a daring enterprise that achieved precisely what it set out to do. The Boy Scout charm of Heyerdahl and his jolly Norwegian crew almost atones, in one's imagination, for Captain Cook, Captain Bligh, and the horror-stained reality of what the First World has done to that particular part of the globe, most notably, at the time, with the atom bomb tests at Bikini and Eniwetok—which virtually coincided with Heyerdahl's pastoral.

Heyerdahl "went native" in the relatively beneficent sense of going to the islanders to learn how to float a raft across the Pacific. It was probably the most trouble-free transaction between the First and Third Worlds in the modern era. Just over a decade later the First World went to the natives again—this time to obtain testimony from the Third World against itself. The *Schadenfreude* with which Britons and Americans read V.S. Naipaul's *An Area of Darkness* is hard to overestimate. Indians are dirty and shit in the streets. *See, here's Naipaul saying so, and he should know.* Naipaul has been a one-man cultural Rapid Deployment Force ever since, the Third World's answer to Joan Didion and with the same fastidious conservatism, so comforting to their admirers.

The Schadenfreude with which Britons and Americans read V. S. Naipaul's An Area of Darkness is hard to overestimate

Somewhat influenced by Naipaul, but spiritually descended from Fussell's group, are those now hailed as the new school of travel writers. Many of them are to be found in the tenth issue of the British literary magazine *Granta*, a number devoted to travel writing. Here are Jonathan Raban, Paul Theroux, Bruce Chatwin, James Fenton, Redmond O'Hanlon, and—slightly older—Jan Morris and Norman Lewis.

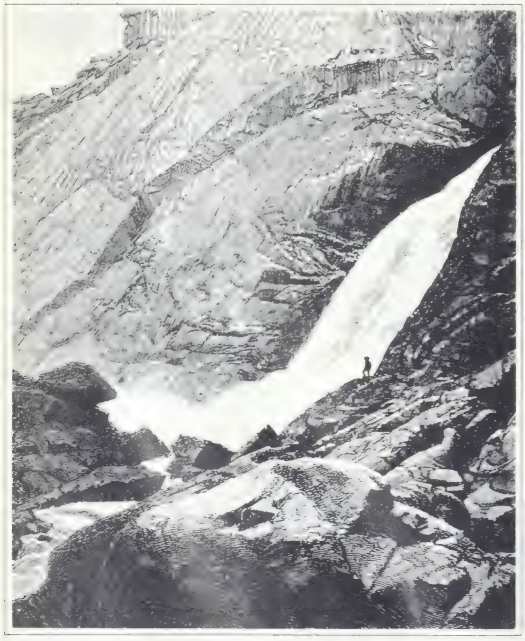
This is Thatcher's England: postmodern imperialism, no doubt about it. The cultural bloodlines are murky, and unappetizing. Here, for example, is Bruce Chatwin, in rhythms weirdly echoing John Buchan and Ernest Hemingway, describing a visit to Benin:

> I remember the morning, five years earlier, my first morning in Dahomey, under the tall trees in Para-

Americans never quite know who they are or where they are at, so much of their travel writing is a strenuous effort to find out

kou. I'd had a rough night, coming down from the desert in the back of a crowded truck, and at breakfast-time, at the cafe routier, I'd asked the waiter what there was to see in town. "Patrice." "Patrice?" "That's me," he grinned. "And, Monsiéur, there are hundreds of other beautiful young girls and boys who walk, all the time, up and down the streets of Parakou."

Sometimes the tranquil conservatism is hallucinatory. Redmond O'Hanlon plans to travel into the jungles of Borneo with his friend James Fenton. Why they want to travel into the jungles of Borneo is never disclosed, at least not by O'Hanlon in the travel-writing issue of *Granta*, but the better to be prepared they visit a British Special Air Services training camp near Hereford: "We were in the company of a soft-spoken major," recalls O'Hanlon. "A veteran of Special Forces campaigns in Occupied Europe in the Second World War, of the war in Malaya, of Jebel Akhdar, Aden, Borneo and Dhofar, he was huge. . . . And his office, hung with battle honors, SAS shields emblazoned with the regiment's motto, *Qui ose gagne* . . . was an impressive place." O'Hanlon, embarking on his Rousseauian project, seems to see no irony in getting some tips from this veteran of counterinsurgency and despoiler of Third World aspiration.



The silliness of the whole thing becomes apparent when O'Hanlon gives an admiring description of Fenton as they head up a Borneo river in a canoe:

> James, sitting opposite me on the duck-boards in the center of the canoe, facing upstream, our equipment lashed down under tarpaulins to front and rear of us, was reading his way through Pat Rogers's new edition of the complete poems of Swift. A straw boater on his bald head, his white shirt buttoned at the neck and at the wrists, his trousers no less and no more disgraceful than the ones he wore in Oxford (being the same pair), he would be, I thought, a formidable figure for the jungle to conquer.

This arch prose is the last self-regarding whimper of the once heroic rhythms of exploration. The English have always been keen on travel—and usually on the resulting travel book—as a sort of *rite de passage*. The lower classes ran away to sea and the upper ones went on the grand tour or a more recherché equivalent. With O'Hanlon, it's all reduced to farce. Better that Fenton had been reading aloud from *Gulliver's Travels*, notably the reflections of the King of the Brobdingnagians about the nature of imperial conquest.

To get O'Hanlon's dilettantish prose out of my head I took a quick dose of Henry M. Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*: the *Kon-Tiki* of its day, albeit a bitter chronicle of endurance and privation that reminds us how seriously travel and travel writing were taken in the high Victorian age of colonial expansion. Listen to Stanley brood as his party nears death from starvation on the Ituri River:

> Vain was it for me to seek for that sleep which is "the balm of hurt minds." Too many memories crowded about me; too many dying forms haunted me in the darkness . . . the stark forms lying in links along the path, which we had seen that afternoon in our tramp, were things too solemn for sudden oblivion. The stars could not be seen to seek comfort in their twinkling; the poor hearts around me were too heavy to utter naught but groans of despair; the fires were not lit, for there was no food to cook—my grief was great.

But then Stanley was an American, and the best American travel writing is, even today, a more serious affair, usually because it's engaged upon a mission of national inquiry. It's not that Americans are innocents abroad or at home. It's just that they never quite know who they are or where they are at; therefore much of their travel writing is a strenuous effort to find out. Potted essence of Englishman has been on sale for over a century and is part of the tourist industry, as declaimed by Robert Morley. It's hard to turn out good travel writing in such conditions. Of course American writers are fortunate in having

the road, as apt a formal device in this century as the river was for Twain in that best of all travel books, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. For our own times we have Kerouac's *On the Road* and Clancy Sigal's *Going Away*—both of them significant missions of inquiry, as are Edward Abbey's books about the Southwest. Today we have the immensely popular *Blue Highways*, by William Least Heat Moon. Moon's appeal is that he suggests that despite interstates, Howard Johnsons, and other appurtenances of the auto culture, America is still full of people worth talking to, and that driving across the country is still a satisfactory way of meeting them. Two-hundred-proof nostalgia.

People enjoy Moon, if only because the chief alternative is the Mobil series, whose volumes are useful enough if you want to know the address, telephone number, and price of every tolerable motel room in America, but not if you want to know much else. It is a fact of great interest that America has not produced a satisfactory guidebook since the WPA guides of the 1930s, some of which Pantheon has recently reissued.

Roland Barthes spoke to the problem of most guidebooks in his attack on the Blue Guides:

> Generally speaking, the Blue Guide testifies to the futility of all analytical descriptions, those which reject both explanations and phenomenology: it answers in fact none of the questions which a modern traveller can ask himself while crossing a countryside which is real *and which exists in time*. To select only monuments suppresses at one stroke the reality of the land and that of its people; it accounts for nothing of the present, that is, nothing historical, and as a consequence, the monuments themselves become undecipherable, therefore senseless.

The Blue Guides postulate Art (usually religious) as the fundamental value of culture and, piled up in museums, as a reassuring accumulation of goods. The Fodor series aims for a slightly more personal vision—perhaps harking back to the tradition of Baedeker or of the great Augustus Hare. The Fodor guide to Jordan and the Holy Land, written by Kay Showker, keeps politics delicately at bay—a virtually impossible feat—and falls into the familiar rhythms of elegy: "Here, you can witness the passing of traditional society almost before your eyes and in a panorama of paradox. The Bedouin life, free in the vastness of the desert and disciplined by its harshness, is juxtaposed against life where comfort is gained by freedom lost." A few pages later, Showker tactfully tells the whole story: "If you want to photograph local color, you should remember that what sometimes appears picturesque to strangers might be merely poverty to local inhabitants."

Back in the mid-1950s, Barthes noted that the myth of travel embodied in the Blue Guides was on the wane. "Notice," he wrote, "how already, in the *Michelin Guide*, the number of bathrooms and forks indicating good restaurants is vying with that of 'artistic curiosities'; even the bourgeois have their differential geology." Actually, poor Barthes fell victim to the very shift in geological emphasis that he had observed. He was hit and killed by a laundry truck after walking out of a festive lunch for leftish men of culture at Dodin-Bouffant, a restaurant to which the Michelin for 1984 gives one star, the address, the telephone number, and symbols indicating it has air conditioning, takes Diners Club, American Express, and Visa, is shut for August, on Christmas, and on weekends, has a price range for full meals, including service, between 135 and 190 francs, and boasts of specialties including a daube of oysters and pigs' feet, *timbale du pêcheur*, and a ragout of duck and sweetbreads (which sounds awfully good, I must say; I hope Barthes had that). All this information is conveyed in three lines of code. Thus is life reduced to the numbers by which lunatics, in the old story, refer to jokes. Half the crashes on French highways are caused by tourists quarreling with one another over whether to go to the Kleber red-pot-with-red-cock place or the old Michelin two star.

America has not got a satisfactory guide because no one knows what we should look at, beyond the hardy standbys of the picturesque, the heroic, or the artistically OK. Mobil makes a stab at it and has the resources to do better. But how could Mobil do a truthful guide to that great monument to oil-based, auto-carried civilization—the New Jersey Turnpike? If the left cannot do anything else in these hard times, it might try producing a national guide as a way of leaving its thumbprint on the national psyche. When I drive around America I carry the *American Guide*, which is a boiled-down version of the WPA guides; the Mobil guides; the Rand McNally *Road Atlas* and the Rand McNally *Guide to Campgrounds*; and the *Atlas of Cancer Mortality for US Counties: 1950–1969*, put out by the National Institutes of Health. This gives one a sense of real-life travel in the late twentieth century. Driving north from southern Florida I pass through Dade County, which the NIH atlas tells me has a high rate of cancer of the brain and of other parts of the nervous system, in women but not men. The men in Dade County have a high rate of bladder cancer, but not the women. So it goes. In southwest Wyoming there's a county that seems altogether unafflicted by cancer. I drove through it last year—a high plateau cut through by Interstate 80. There was no one there, which explains the map. ■

Moon's appeal is that he suggests that America is still full of people worth talking to, and that driving across the country is still a satisfactory way of meeting them

TOCQUEVILLE'S MISTAKE

A defense of strong central government

By Henry Steele Commager

Alexis de Tocqueville was a statesman, a historian, a political philosopher, and the first modern sociologist. Like his mentor Montesquieu—indeed, like all judicious political philosophers, from Plato to Croce—he was first and last a moral philosopher. *Democracy in America*, the first volume of which was published 150 years ago, was far more than an interpretation of the American mind and character, or even of the institutions of democracy. It was a nineteenth-century *Spirit of the Laws*, designed to make clear to the people of all Western nations the kind of government, society, economy, and morality they must cultivate if they wished to be saved. Ostensibly, Tocqueville visited America in 1831 to study its prisons, then the model for the Western world; but his true goal was to study the form of government and of society that he took for granted represented the wave of the future.

"In America," he would later write, "I saw more than America; I sought the image of democracy itself, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, and its passions." America was the laboratory—the only one on the globe at that time—that might provide some insight into the fate that awaited those nations of the Old World that would move irresistibly toward democracy. What was happening in America, Tocqueville believed, was "interesting not only to the United States, but to the whole world. It concerns not a nation, but mankind."

Democracy in America, eight years in the writing, is a comprehensive analysis of American life and character, and of American institutions. It is the most profound book that has ever been written about America or democracy, and its unique quality is its interplay of shrewdness, sagacity, and moral earnestness. It was thought through by what is now acknowledged to be the most affluent mind ever to reflect on either the American character or the character of democracy. What still excites our interest is its clairvoyance. For in his study of American democracy Tocqueville submitted questions, sounded warnings, and made prophecies that have to do with the threats to any democracy: the tyranny of the majority, the vulgarization of culture, the centralization of power, the rise of a "manufacturing aristocracy, potentially the harshest that ever existed," racial injustice, an unwieldy military, and the corruption of individualism by ambition and greed.

The so-called neoconservatives of our own time have seized upon certain of the entries in this catalogue of dangers with uncritical enthusiasm; no wonder Tocqueville is the cow from which they draw their milk. To consider all the threats that Tocqueville submitted would require a volume; I confine myself here to what is the King Charles's head of neoconservatism: the threat of centralization.

Tocqueville had an almost congenital distrust of central authority, the roots of which extended deep into the soil of Normandy. His family had suffered impoverishment and violence during the French Revolution and under Napoleon. Centralization was the theme of his masterly *The Old Regime and the French Revolution*; here, he traced its disastrous history from the days of Louis XIV through the Revolution and the Restoration.

America, and especially New England, did not so much confirm Tocqueville in his fears as in his hopes. For, with the help of the most distinguished body of teachers any young man has

Henry Steele Commager, Simpson Lecturer at Amherst College, has edited an edition of Democracy in America *and is finishing a study of Alexis de Tocqueville.*

ever enjoyed—three past or future presidents of Harvard (Josiah Quincy, Jared Sparks, and Edward Everett); the most learned justice of the Supreme Court, Joseph Story; and Story's disciple, the philosopher-scholar Francis Lieber—he was able to appreciate to the full the virtues of town government, the local militia, jury trials, and that remarkable institution he was the first to celebrate, the voluntary association. He was able to see local government in action, and nowhere did he see centralization as either dangerous or effective. His view here was so determined by his *point* of view that he regarded Andrew Jackson as a weak executive and predicted that the American president would never pose a threat!

But what about the future of centralization: "Who shall bridle Behemoth, who shall curb Leviathan?" That, Tocqueville knew, was the oldest question in the history of government. Could democracy come up with an answer, or would democracy itself be transformed into a Behemoth and thus justify Alexander Hamilton's alleged taunt: "Your people, sir, is a great beast"?

It is against this background that we read Tocqueville's seemingly paradoxical maxim: "While liberty is the product of Art and can be achieved therefore only by the most scrupulous calculations, centralization is the product of *Nature,* and as such enlists the passions of all men." In the Old World, he argued, Nature had triumphed over Art. But in America, Art—by which Tocqueville meant intelligence, inventiveness, ingenuity, skill—might still contain or reverse the dictates of Nature. For America, which had come late onto the stage of history, was not the slave of history and might even be its master. That is what Jefferson meant when he asserted that in America, history might be prospective rather than merely retrospective. "I like dreams of the future," he said, "better than the history of the past."

America was then the only place in which the elusive secret of the reconciliation of liberty and order might be discovered. A risky experiment, this. As Tocqueville wrote, "Political liberty is a difficult food to digest. It is only extremely robust constitutions that can take it."

True enough. Even in Tocqueville's day Americans had enjoyed a longer experience in the *art* of government than any other people. Could they be counted on to employ that art to enlarge liberty? They had indeed done this for almost all of America's white males; but how did it happen that a people committed to liberty had so eagerly imposed slavery on others? After all, even countries with centralized governments like France and Britain had abolished slavery by the time *Democracy* was published.

Yet, historically, Tocqueville's assumption that liberty had a closer connection with local than with centralized governments had much to be said for it. France, Prussia, Russia, Spain, and most of the Italian states confessed governments that were tyrannical. Where the central government was comparatively weak—in the Low Countries, the Swiss cantons, and, above all, England, which was Tocqueville's spiritual home—the people enjoyed a large measure of liberty. So, too, there had been a larger measure of freedom in the American colonies (in the realm of religion, for example) than in the Mother Country.

Here, however, Tocqueville's propensity for deductive rather than inductive reasoning misled him, as it has misled so many of his present-day mockingbirds. In 1789, Americans had created a "more perfect union" by giving essential authority to a central government. That historic shift toward centralization had not made for a diminution but for an enhancement of liberty. The framers of the Constitution had been mindful of John Dickinson's admonition:

> For who are a free people? Not those over whom government is reasonably and equitably exercised, but those who live under a government so constitutionally checked and controlled that provision is made against it being otherwise exercised.

There was no perceptible threat to liberty from centralization in the America that Tocqueville observed. There was an ardent nationalist in the White House, but he had distributed a federal tax surplus to the states to spend as they pleased, vetoed a bill for an extension of the National Road, and declared war on the "Monster" Bank of the United States, thus putting an end to a promising national bank system.

What Tocqueville failed to take in as he looked over the jumble of American governmental bodies was that in a federal system like the American, where many states were larger than some nations of the Old World, the problem of the role of local and central governments had taken on a new character.

Once again it was John Dickinson who warned his colleagues at the Constitutional Convention of 1787 that "Reason may mislead us; experience must be our guide." Experience must be *our* guide, too, as we reflect on the drawbacks and advantages of centralization and on the extent to which centralization threatens or enhances liberty. It is easy enough to sound the tocsin of alarm—that is one of the noisiest of our bells—but we cannot avoid the conclusion that those who today declaim against Big Government as the enemy of liberty are ignorant of America's history. The most elementary

What Tocqueville failed to see was that in a federal system like the American, the problem of the role of local and central governments had taken on a new character

From the beginning, it has not been the states that have been the chief instruments of democracy but the central government in Washington.

and overshadowing fact of that history is that there has been a causal connection between the enlargement and the deepening of liberty in America and the growth of a strong national government.

What is meant by "strong national government?" Perhaps the most astonishing feature of the current attack on centralization—an attack that President Reagan has turned into a crusade—is the argument that the United States today has not a strong national government but a Big Government. This notion has been so bolstered by repetition that it is unthinkingly accepted by most Americans. Yet what is most interesting to the foreign observers who have followed in Tocqueville's tracks is how meager outside of what is involved in "national security," are the responsibilities and activities of the American national government compared with those assumed by most other national governments. In almost every country of Europe and Asia, the national government owns and controls all forms of transportation. It owns or controls the banks, the utilities, most radio and television stations, and most natural resources. All institutions of higher learning are government administered, as are opera companies and orchestras. The national government provides or finances medical services, a far broader range of social services than in our country, and much of the housing. This is not a phenomenon of communist nations; it is a matter of course in Britain, France, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Australia, Irish Eire, and scores of other nations. In short, Americans do not have a Big Government.

It is an interesting paradox that the passionate adversaries of centralization today are generally not ardent champions, as was Tocqueville, of the town meeting, the county court, the local militia. Most of those who are in public life appear to prefer life in Washington to life in their state capitals. Their devotion to states' rights has taken the form of devotion to white supremacy (Alabama) or to revenues from coal (Montana) and Texas) or tobacco (North Carolina). Many of them seem to be successors to those distinguished senators of the 1890's who were known as the senator from Standard Oil, the senator from the Sugar Trust, and the senator from the Pennsylvania Railroad. But today's "conservatives" have made some progress; popular hostility toward economic centralization has been deflected in the direction of political centralization.

Now that these "conservatives" are critical of all forms of centralization. They lend their support almost automatically to what has been the most centralizing force in American history: the military. It was the veterans of the American Revolution, who were the most ardent champions of a strong national government. It was the Civil War that dramatized the need for centralization and that led to the passage of legislation nationalizing transportation, finance and industry.

This experience, of course, was duplicated in World War I and World War II. President Eisenhower, who viewed the problem from both a military and a civilian vantage point, warned in his farewell address against the "military-industrial complex." It is almost superfluous to add that this "complex" is celebrated with unrestrained enthusiasm by precisely those whose energies are otherwise devoted to deploring centralization and celebrating states' rights and localism.

But let us turn again to the growth of liberty that has resulted from the growth of the national government. From the beginning, it has not been the states that have been the chief instruments of democracy but the central government in Washington. It was the states that maintained slavery, the national government that abolished it. It was the states that fought for slavery and tried to reinstate it through "black codes" even after Appomattox. It was the national government that intervened with the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments and a succession of civil rights acts designed to emancipate and free. It would be asking a great deal to expect blacks to look to the states or to their communities for the protection of their rights.

It would also be asking a great deal to expect women, so long denied not only their political and property rights but even access to the professions and control over their children, to look to the states for their equality. From Muller v. Oregon in 1908 to Roe v. Wade in 1973, it was the federal not the state courts that vindicated the rights of women. Suffrage, too, though first granted by the federal territory of Wyoming in 1869, required in the end a federal amendment, which was bitterly fought by those states that, half a century later, defeated the Equal Rights Amendment.

Further, it would be asking a great deal to expect labor to take its chances with state rather than national legislation. It is Congress that, over more than half a century, has enacted various charters of freedom for labor. It should be sufficient to note here the Clayton Anti-trust Act of 1914, the La Follette Seamen's Act of 1915, the Civilian Conservation Corps Act of 1933, the National Labor Relations Act of 1935, the revolutionary Social Security Act of 1935, and the Fair Labor Stan-

dards Act of 1938. These laws did more to establish social justice than the whole corpus of state labor legislation since the Civil War. Nor should we forget that it was Congress and the Supreme Court that, over the vociferous opposition of state economic interests, put an end to the disgrace of child labor.

This record of the role of the national government in promoting justice and the general welfare is mirrored in federal efforts to encourage the conservation of natural resources. It was President Jefferson who launched the Lewis and Clark expedition and several others, whose mission it was to explore and chart the whole of America. And it was Jefferson who celebrated the providential blessing of "land enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation." Alas, the people nullified that prediction, often with the connivance of the states. Theodore Roosevelt launched a conservation movement early in this century, and Franklin Roosevelt reinvigorated it. FDR did more to save and restore America's natural resources—through the Civilian Conservation Corps, the hundred-mile tree belt on the border of the Great Plains, and the Tennessee Valley Authority—than had been achieved in a hundred years. As every natural resource is continental, if not global, local governments cannot control any one of them. By neglect or exploitation, however, they can damage all of them.

In the arena of education the story is much the same. Ever since Massachusetts Bay enacted the first education laws in modern history, education has been the responsibility of local communities. But not all communities have fulfilled that responsibility. Our greatest educator, Thomas Jefferson, drafted ordinances making land grants to help support public schools and universities. That policy was expanded by the Morrill Act of 1862, which provided federal contributions to state universities throughout the nation, and by the Hatch Act of 1887, which set up scores of agricultural experiment stations. Those who now assert that education is a purely local matter are as wanting in logic as in a familiarity with history. The nation has an interest in the education of all children, each of whom, when an adult, can vote for congressmen and for president, and each of whom, therefore, can legislate for the whole of the nation, and for posterity.

Montesquieu had formulated what came to be widely accepted as a law of History. He held that the supreme principle of a monarchy was power, of an aristocracy, honor, and of a republic, virtue. Tocqueville was sagacious enough to give an American rather than a classical application to this law. "What Montesquieu meant by virtue," he wrote, "is the moral power which each individual exercises upon himself and which prevents him from violating another's right . . . those turbulent virtues which sometimes bring glory but more often trouble to society rank low in [American] public opinion."

Americans readily embraced this tribute while reserving judgment on its qualification. It appeared to most of them to be the common sense of the matter. The Founding Fathers themselves were all but obsessed with the idea of virtue; no public address, scarcely a private letter, failed to invoke it. A single sample must suffice, and that from the most exalted source. "There is no truth more thoroughly established," Washington said in his first inaugural address, "than that there exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity. . . . The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained."

Why was the ideal of virtue so essential to the American experiment? The answer to that was elementary. America was, after all, the only democratic nation in the world. It was, therefore, as Jefferson put it in his first inaugural address, "the world's best hope." Its success, its very survival, depended on the ascendance of virtue in its people. If they were not prepared to cherish and practice virtue, the audacious enterprise of democracy was foredoomed to failure.

The Founding Fathers were realists—even, with John Adams and Alexander Hamilton, somewhat cynical realists. They knew human nature and did not think highly of it. Most of them were closer to Edmund Burke than to Tom Paine. History had taught them that all men were creatures of ambition, passion, pride, envy, intemperance, greed, and inconsistency. How then could they be expected to conduct themselves collectively with prudence, dignity, honor, virtue, and magnanimity?

Tocqueville confronted that problem at its most troublesome. Only a virtuous people could make democracy work, and the American people were no more virtuous than any other people. How could America succeed where so many had failed?

Tocqueville put the question another way: What was the distinguishing characteristic of American democracy? It was, he concluded, individualism. Quite right, too, for never before had circumstances been so propitious for the ex-

As every natural resource is continental, if not global, local governments cannot control any one of them

A host of new dangers confronts America. We can no longer count on those immunities that we enjoyed when Tocqueville contemplated our destiny

ercise of (or the indulgence of) individualism by the common people, and never before had a people been so eager to indulge themselves in that exercise. To the average white American, individualism was a simple matter. It meant that he could live where he would, marry whom he would, worship as he would, have children as he wished—confident that they would not want—and associate with whom he would. He could work on a farm, follow the sea, keep a shop, or embrace a profession, and if one of these ceased to suit him, he could shift easily to another. He could sit on juries, elect his own magistrates, and himself aspire to any office in the town, the county, the state, or the nation. Where else on the face of the earth did individualism have such scope?

But was an individualism so extreme compatible with an orderly society? Tocqueville thought not. Yet he acknowledged that the system had worked for half a century: in the early years of the Republic, Americans had resisted the temptations of ambition, self-indulgence, and corruption.

Was there any reason to suppose that the good fortune that had attended America would continue? Yes, Tocqueville believed, but only if Americans could overcome the seductions of majority tyranny, the menace of militarism, the threat of an industrial oligarchy, and the dangers of centralization. Only if Americans were ready to embrace what he called "enlightened self-interest."

What might enable American democracy to escape the fate of other democracies?

First of all, a religious toleration more profound than was to be found in any other country. Then education that would promote enlightenment—an education more widespread than elsewhere on the globe. Add to these boundless territory; resources bountiful enough to meet the needs of all and thus discourage selfish competition; a prosperity that might be expected to satisfy all ambitions, or at least to moderate them; immunity from wars; a government in which all could participate and which was encumbered with so many and intricate checks and balances that it was all but incapable of exercising tyranny. And then there is Tocqueville's homely observation that "in America it is not virtue that is great, but temptation that is small. . . . It is not disinterestedness that is great, it is interest that is taken for granted."

It is not only the same formidable threats that Tocqueville saw in the 1830s that now confront America, but a host of new dangers. Alas, we can no longer count on those dispensations and immunities that we enjoyed when Tocqueville contemplated our destiny. We no longer have limitless resources or immunity from attack; we are no longer confident that our democratic system works or that our system is indeed democratic. Nor, no matter how audaciously our leaders declaim it, is there any reason to believe that we are "God's chosen people."

Do we have the ingenuity to adapt to the realities of a global economy? Do we have the common sense to adjust our nationalism to a world of technology and science that is totally indifferent to national frontiers? Do we have the wisdom to realize that our fate is inextricably bound up with the fate of all the peoples of the globe? Can we practice a self-interest that is enlightened? ■

LETTERS

Continued from page 6

see philosophy arising in some arenas.

Say that Mildred and Fred are married, more or less gladly. Also, say that Fred is jealous of one of Mildred's colleagues, and that Mildred is not above encouraging this.

Mildred likes to insist, as a way of defining herself, that she finds bald men deeply unattractive.

One morning, over breakfast, Mildred says about Joe, the colleague Fred is jealous of, that in addition to being a fine scholar he is a very attractive man. Fred says immediately that Mildred can't possibly find Joe attractive: "Joe is bald, and you find bald men unattractive."

If Joe is judged to be bald, then Mildred is committed to a paradox, so she has to refute the thesis that he is bald. She starts doing this, and it may even reach the point where she attends philosophy seminars on vague predicates and other matters of deep logic, and begins annoying Fred with logical puzzles he would rather ignore.

Fred, meanwhile, in order to establish certainty about Mildred's faithfulness (always a doomed attempt), is also studying various paradoxes. As it happens, the morning the original conversation took place he had spent time in the bathroom with a hand mirror, studying what he perceived to be a hideous pink spot that threatened to spread until it covered his entire body.

Is this merely a mildly witty example? Perhaps. But consider the following two sentences by Lewis Lapham, as they appeared in his Notebook in the April *Harper's*:

Each country requires a hideous portrait of the other in order to justify the expense of amassing a collection of invincible armor. The other side of the world needs to be seen as a sinister place because it forms a dark background against which each audience can recognize the shape of its own happiness.

This seems to me to be an unassailably insightful bit of philosophy of politics, and Lapham's language makes it clear that attempts on the part of the United States and the Soviet Union



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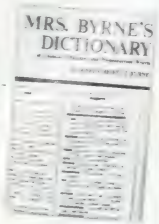
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to establish certainty about each other's fidelity, to an arms agreement, say, are as doomed as Othello's attempts to establish certainty about Desdemona's fidelity. So, here is a way to rewrite Lapham's sentences:

Each of the divorcing parties requires a hideous portrait of the other in order to justify the emotional expense of amassing a collection of invincible armor. The old relationship needs to be seen as sinister because it forms a dark background against which each new couple can recognize the shape of its own happiness.

Love is dangerous, and the relationship between a reader and a writer, or at least between a reader and a text, is a love relationship; the text wants to marry the reader. Hence the lurking logic of murder, and the way that the logic in the letters contributes to international tension.

At last I feel ready to deal with the sentences in my piece that inspired the most animated of the hostilities. I write:

Dogs who "turn on their masters" have had relationships with humans that are in many ways like the relationships some of the mentally ill have had with parents who are overtly appalled and secretly delighted by hostile behavior. Such a parent, like the alternately silly and homicidal parent of the schizophrenic, can't teach anyone to talk.

These sentences were accused of being themselves mean and silly, so I have spent a lot of time brooding about rewording them. I mean, I have spent time trying to decide if I was fear-biting when I wrote them. And after reflecting on the experiences in clinical and training as well as intellectual situations that led me to write them in the first place, I have decided to let them stand. I don't have room to begin to detail those experiences, and can only deliver a promissory note on that one.

So, after all of this, the only reply I have to anyone who feels that I have bitten them out of meanness, or by mistake, or whatever, is that they ought to do with my piece what I failed to do with their letters. Give it another chance, and if it still won't go down, give it to your dog to tear.

Vicki Hearne
Riverside, Calif.

The State, the Unstated

Robert Nisbet's essay "Besieged by the State" [*Harper's*, June] is an ingenious, but also ingenuous, attempt to amalgamate anarchists with apologists for the status quo. His method of enlisting two decidedly different Bertrands—Russell and de Jouvenel—is intriguing, but in the last analysis, if you will pardon the pun, juvenile.

Before I show as much sympathy for the executives of AT&T as for the parents of Baby Doe, I want a better analysis of history, one that raises the question: *cui bono*? I think you will find, on close inspection, that every advance in the power of the modern nation-state has benefited the *haute bourgeoisie*—at the expense of church, *noblesse*, slavocracy, petite bourgeoisie, independent farmers, or proletarians.

The crucial distinction is that the bourgeoisie, in the course of capturing the state, fulfilled an important historical function by wresting control from the first three of these classes or institutions, which had controlled the apparatus of the pre-capitalist state. When the bourgeoisie battens on the other three groups, through the force of the state, it should be resisted.

Thomas C. Fiddick
Department of History
University of Evansville
Evansville, Ind.

Ronald Reagan's Last Days

"The Day Before" [*Harper's*, July] is an excerpt from a radio documentary I produced at WBAI-FM in New York. The documentary examines the possibility that Ronald Reagan believes in a biblically prophesied, imminent end to the world. The title of the program was cited incorrectly; the correct title is "Ronald Reagan and the Prophecy of Armageddon." It will be aired on public radio stations throughout the country during the last week of August and the first week of September.

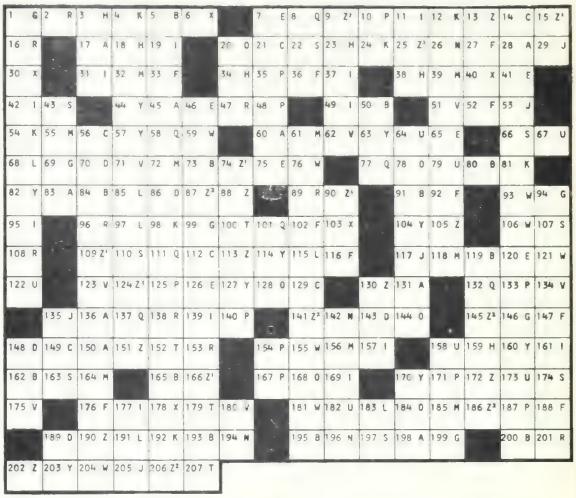
Joe Cuomo
New York, N.Y.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 20

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.



CLUES

WORDS

A. "I'll have them wall all Germany—" (2 wds.; Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus*) 198 136 150 45 28 83 17 60 131

B. 1933 song from the film *Palooka*; identified with Jimmy Durante (3 wds.) 5 50 119 200 73 80 91 195 162 193 84 165

C. "A stately speech; / Such as grave—do in Scotland use" (Wordsworth, "Resolution and Independence") 56 112 14 21 149 129

D. Large, web-footed, fish-eating, diving birds 86 70 148 189 143

E. Make angry 120 75 126 7 65 41 46

F. Alcmene's husband, killed in a war against Erginus 36 176 147 52 27 102 33 188 92 126

G. Name of two celebrated seers of classical mythology 146 94 69 1 99 149

H. Matured (2 wds.) 38 18 159 34 3 23

I. Suddenly and unexpectedly (4 wds.) 177 11 37 49 31 157 161 19 95 139 42 169

J. Whitewashes 29 205 117 53 135

K. Repairs, mends; tampers with, falsifies 4 24 98 12 192 82 34

L. Crowded around noisily; attacked violently 68 115 85 191 97 153

M. Something added; consent 118 61 156 39 185 164 55 32 72

N. Snoopy, prying 196 142 26 194

O. Warbler, songstress, canary, chanteuse 144 78 20 184 128 168

P. In future; from now on 35 140 171 10 48 154 125 187 167 133

Q. Gone; vanished; out 35 5 27 121 137 111 142

R. Most valiant, persuasive, sharp, etc. 16 153 47 89 201 138 108 96 2

S. Cleavers; eggbeaters; ivories 66 107 197 163 43 110 174 22

T. "Bright is the—of words" (Stevenson, *Songs of Travel*, XIV) 100 179 152 207

U. Undistinguished follower of an important writer, painter, etc. 79 158 173 122 67 182 64

V. Muse of music and lyric poetry 175 71 51 180 62 123 134

W. Old World goatsucker 121 181 76 204 106 93 155 59

X. Eng. pianist and musicologist (1875–1940; *Essays in Musical Analysis*) 40 6 178 30 103

Y. Habitual; echoing 160 127 82 63 203 114 44 104 57 170

Z. Unfriendliness; antagonism 151 105 13 88 190 113 130 172 202

Z1. Be at variance 109 74 90 166 15 124

Z2. Distinguished 9 141 145 25 57 206 186

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SOLUTION TO THE JULY PUZZLE

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CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 20, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by August 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the September issue. Winners' names will be printed in the October issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 18 (June) are F. H. Metz, Santa Rosa, California; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Prentiss, Fairport, New York; and Barbara W. Yedlin, Newcastle, Maine.

SOLUTION TO JULY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 19): A *proper pushing lad* is a *real go-getter*. Less complimentary is an expression such as a *proper fool*, where the adjective emphasizes the degree of folly. *Good and proper* is an adverbial phrase heard mainly among countryfolk.

—[Norman W. Schur]: *English English*

PUZZLE

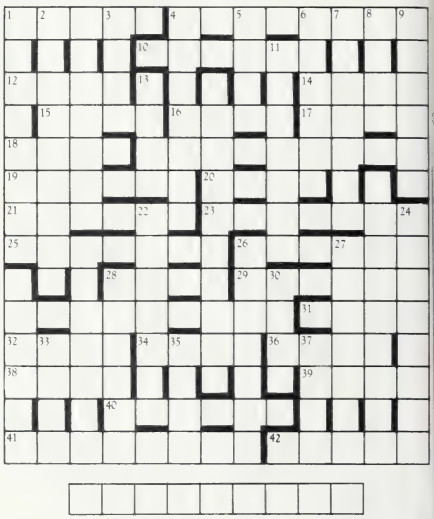
Current Events

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

The unclued entries in the diagram are all related. The nine-letter word that represents their unifying theme is to be entered by the solver in the spaces provided at the bottom of the diagram. Three unclued and two clued entries are not literally entered.

Clue answers include two proper nouns. Answers to 1A, 17A, and 37D are more common to crossword puzzles than elsewhere. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



Clues

Across

1. Just for beginners, he always judges Jedda inferior . . . he's been to Mecca (5)
10. Bad smell upset old Spanish shop (6)
12. Galley slave, losing heart, collapsed (4)
14. Lunatic, ignoring spasm, breaks bone (4)
15. Deodorizer often hides nothing (4)
16. One bottle of booze for the Ides, sometimes (4)
17. Places where bacteria breed in hiding the wrong way (4)
18. Note left inside jar (4)
19. A bit of sex in marriage creates harmony (6)
20. Admits nothing (three points) (4)
21. Youngsters in love embraced by married woman (6)
23. Check in back, inside engine (7)
25. Way in which fool is turned by wise man (7)
26. Smell finally penetrates as she stewed rhubarb (6)
28. Magazine's back issue (4)
29. Maintenance completed. Look quickly around (6)
31. Yes, German swallows a victory drink (4)
32. Heard spy's plot (4)
34. Mideastern tribesman sounds sour (4)
36. "I Love Washington State" (4)
38. Egyptian rests quietly in bed (4)
39. Rock leader not in beat (4)
40. Flames: unmarried individuals losing head (6)
41. Luggage convert steals around church (8)
42. Shaken up? Not me. I'm game (5)

Down

2. Man, a Nazi, goofy about love, is very belligerent for a woman (9)
3. Mock fool, no saint at heart (4)
4. Liquid cosmetics: creams, not oils (7)
5. Inverse of 10 ÷ 10 following (4)
6. Crash as nut first jay-walks (6)
7. Bedbug lies throughout beds—most unpleasant (7)
8. Reform Democrat supports the working force (4)
9. To get commendation, put upright piano in the van (6)
11. Age without a hair dye is hell (7)
13. How cops sign off circuit, taxing form (4)
22. Cooks remain around front of kitchen baking dish (7)
24. Transplanted pear tree shows comeback (8)
27. Sore, wan, battered, and tired of sailing (7)
28. Excitement at heart is uplifting—it empties you (6)
30. Letters from Greek read like mass (4)
33. "Up yours" in French (just a bit) (4)
35. Egg portion of sturgeon (4)
37. Church list's gold suit (4)

Contest rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Current Events," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by August 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the September issue. Winners' names will be printed in the October issue. Winners of the June puzzle, "RighTangles," are Judy K. Diforte, Pontiac, Michigan; Mrs. Arthur Gundlach, Snyder, New York; and Harriet Yellin, Brookline, Massachusetts.

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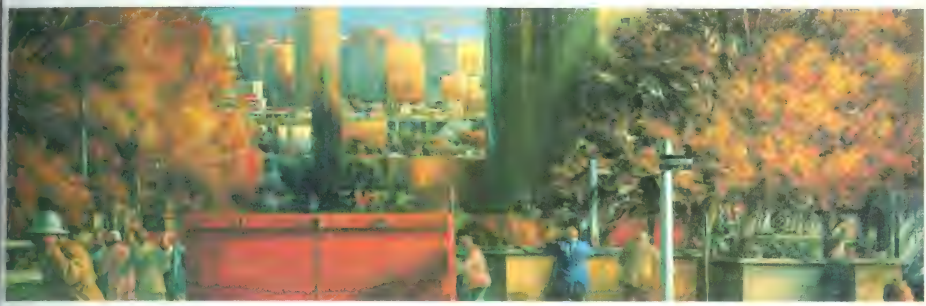
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HOW TO WEAR A SEAT BELT

YOU CAN BE BOTH SECURE AND COMFORTABLE IN YOUR CAR.

It's been proved over and over that seat belts at least double your chances of escaping death or serious injury in a severe accident.

But the freedom of movement allowed by the newer front seat belts has bothered some people. How can the seat belt hold you securely if it appears to have almost no tension?

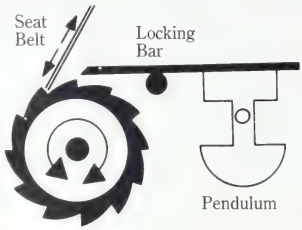
The fact is, the shoulder belt is designed to restrict your movement only in an emergency. In normal situations, you can lean forward or to the side with little pressure from the shoulder belt.

In an emergency, the belts lock up to hold you in place. The inertial reel makes this possible. That's a mechanism as simple and reliable as gravity (as you can see in the accompanying diagram). Inertial reels have been used since the 1974 model year for the shoulder belt in many GM cars. They allow you complete freedom of movement in normal driving. You can turn easily to check traffic or reach to the glove compartment.

Adjusting your shoulder and lap belt. Even the slight tension you feel from the inertial reel is adjustable so there is almost no pressure. Pull the shoulder belt far enough away from you so that, when you let it go, it comes back flat against your chest. Then pull down slightly on the shoulder portion, about one inch, and let it go again.

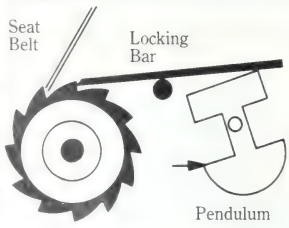
Safety experts suggest allowing no more slack on the shoulder belt than absolutely necessary for comfort. Lap belts should be adjusted snugly as low on your hipbones as possible—not higher where they might damage internal organs in a crash.

How the inertial reel works. *Your shoulder belt is designed to allow freedom under normal conditions, but to lock automatically and restrain you in a collision.*



Ratchet Mechanism

Under normal conditions, *the pendulum and locking bar are in their rest positions. The reel which holds the seat belt is free to rotate. As you lean against it, the belt unreels.*



Ratchet Mechanism

In emergencies, *such as a collision from any direction, the pendulum tilts, forcing the locking bar to engage the ratchet. The reel locks and the seat belt restrains you.*

In a collision, lap/shoulder belts, worn properly, distribute the force across the large, strong bones of your hips and torso. Perhaps most important, belts help keep you from being thrown out of the vehicle in an accident.

What if you are pregnant? The American Association for Automotive Medicine says the dangers of being unbelted in a collision during pregnancy are far greater than the slight chance of injury caused by wearing the belts.

Other advantages of belts. By holding you in a proper driving position, the lap belt provides a feeling of control, keeping you in place on rough or curved roads or in an emergency maneuver. Some people even find that the added support makes driving easier on their backs.

Next time you drive, please take a moment to buckle up. Remember, the seat belt is an effective system to help protect you, and it's already part of your car. Why not think of it as your "Life Belt" and use it.

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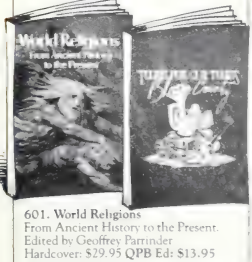
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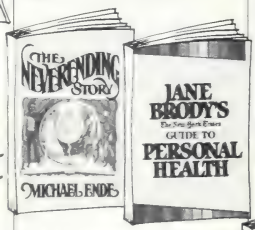


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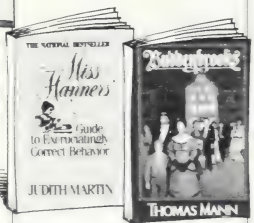
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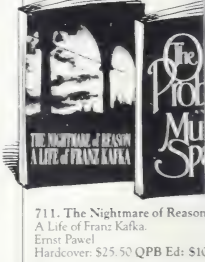
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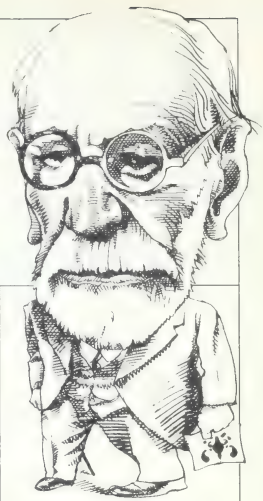
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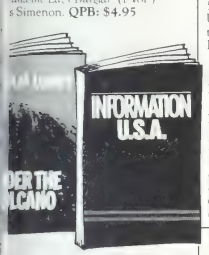
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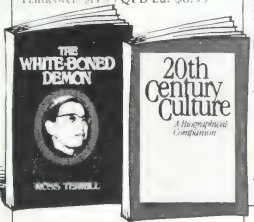
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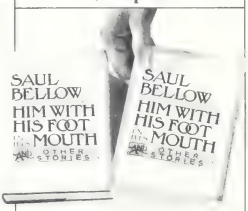
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LETTERS

Who Makes Our Candidates?

The opportunity for voters to choose the candidates they want has been reduced and corrupted not only by individuals within the political parties ["Playing Politics," *Harper's*, July] but also by the technology and the bureaucracy that now govern so much of our national life. In many states, the voter's right to write in a candidate has been virtually eliminated.

I have lived in Schuylkill Township, Pennsylvania, for the last thirty years. It is a small township, the kind of place where the opportunity to write in candidates is especially important. In such townships, it is possible to know candidates personally—to know, say, if the candidates for the school board endorsed by the ruling party (in our case, the Republican Party) are good ones—and to know as well individuals who might be better qualified. Moreover, elections involve few enough voters to make the write-in effective—who wins and who loses may come down to a few dozen votes.

Until eleven years ago we had paper ballots in Schuylkill Township, and the writing in of names other than those printed was an easy and accepted thing. It was in 1973 that somebody decided we ought to vote by machine. I remember when the first voting machines were wheeled in. I looked at them with distaste. With their funereal curtains, opened and closed by an ugly, clanking lever, there was something impersonal, mechanically ordained, deadening about them. I was told that the machines would make the counting of the votes and the business of the election judges easier. It was true that the men and women who served as election judges often did not finish with their job of counting the paper ballots until midnight. Yet there was something not only old-fashioned but honestly democratic about those scenes on November or May evenings—the people counting the ballots and drinking coffee, the talking, and the waiting. The voting machines did away with all this. And then came the computer card and the stainless steel stylus.

The writing in of candidates had already become difficult with the advent of the voting machines—write-in candidates had to procure stickers for themselves and instruct voters arriving at the polls where and how to affix these on the ballot. With the new computerized procedure this has become either insanely complicated or actually impossible. The voter receives a computer card and a kind of injection needle, called a "voting stylus"; he must use this awl to stab a hole at numbers at certain points on the card.

Neither the people of Schuylkill Township nor their supervisors had been asked to approve the computer card or the steel stylus. As in so many other fields of life, the middlemen had made the decision: the promoters and salesmen of these newfangled computers and the county commissioners, who get paid a hefty salary for administrative and promotion "work," often of doubtful value. Their argument is efficiency, and

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

yes, this process reduces the work of the tally. But it is efficiency at the cost of responsible human effort. It is the triumph of the trust in mechanical accuracy over human concern, and of the organization man over the individual. It also involves a grave violation of a fundamental constitutional right.

The time has come for someone to challenge the effective elimination of the American right of the write-in vote. I hope the courts will decide that this restriction is unconstitutional. But I hope that something else will happen, too: the revival of the write-in vote as more than a solitary, eccentric, and ineffectual protest.

There are millions of Americans in 1984 whose political quandary is not entirely different from that experienced by Soviet citizens. I can imagine the conversations in Moscow apartments: Will Chernenko be better than Andropov? A hell of a choice.

Will Mondale be better than Reagan? Not much of a choice either.

And yet I believe in Burke's truth: "The people should never be regarded as incurable." So I imagine a scenario for the future. A respectable and honorable candidate grows in reputation because of what he says and the fact that he speaks of conditions and alternatives that other candidates are unable or unwilling to confront. He is then put on the ballot not by a party but by a wide popular movement, and where he is not on the ballot, hundreds of thousands of voters write in his name.

I can imagine a time when writing in the name of a candidate will be a patriotic duty and not at all impractical. I can even imagine bumper stickers: WRITE HIM IN.

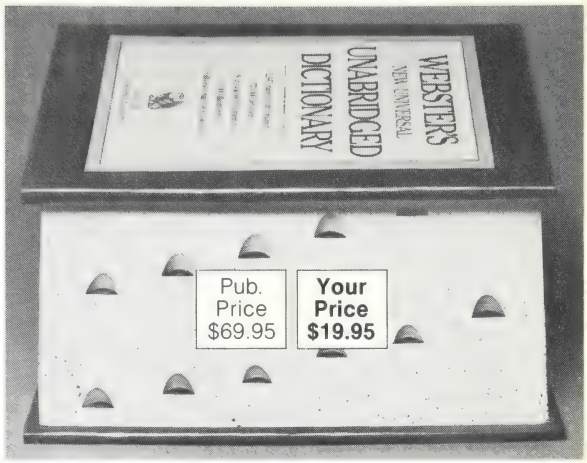
John Lukacs
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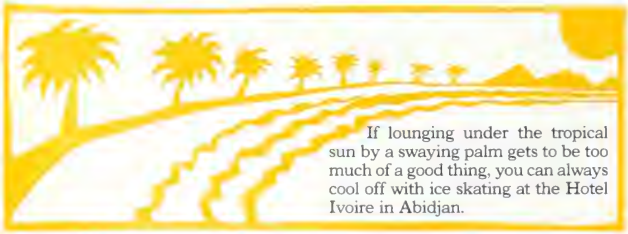
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[Index, *Harper's*, July] misleads rather than enlightens the public as to the nature of military medals.

Anyone who has served in the military knows that there are medals and, then again, there are medals. Of the thirteen U.S. military decorations, only four are awarded exclusively for heroism: the Medal of Honor; the Distinguished Service Cross; the Silver Star, which is awarded for bravery on the battlefield; and the Army's Soldier's Medal and its equivalent in the other services, which is awarded in both peacetime and wartime for heroism involving the risk of life but not involving armed combat. There are four decorations awarded for battlefield heroism: the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Bronze Star, the Air Medal, and service commendation medals. These medals, except for the Distinguished Flying Cross, have a metallic "V" on the ribbon when awarded for valor. The remaining decorations (with the exception of the Purple Heart) are awarded in both peacetime and wartime for varying degrees of meritorious service. The Purple Heart is awarded exclusively for wounds inflicted by enemy action.

With these distinctions in mind, let us look again at the Army's "medal mania" with regard to Grenada. Of the 9,754 medals awarded, there are three Distinguished Flying Crosses, one Silver Star, forty Bronze Stars for valor, four Soldier's Medals, fifty-one Air Medals for valor, and 101 Army Commendations for valor—in all, 200 awards for heroism or for bravery on the battlefield. The remainder of the awards are for meritorious service. The overwhelming majority of the medals—the 301 Joint Service Commendation Medals, the 4,581 Army Commendation Medals, and the 2,495 Army Achievement Medals—are the Army's lowest-level awards for meritorious service. Such service was once recognized by letters of commendation. These letters, which tended to get buried in files, have now been replaced by strips of ribbon. Measured against the tens of thousands of soldiers who contribut-

Continued on page 76

Some readers expect their magazine) clothe them in opinions the way Halston or Bloomingdale's dresses them)r the opera.

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The new Harper's Magazine asks you to do something that isn't terribly fashionable these days: think for yourself.

The Harper's Index, for example, presents a not-so-random collection of statistics both current and relevant—the number of wars waged in 1983 (41), the percentage of nericans who believe that heaven exists (77), the number of movie theaters in the nited States (16,901) as opposed to the number of movie theaters in the Soviet Union 44,100). Read as a sequence the Index provides a kind of sounding of the spirit of the nes. For those willing to listen.

Each issue also contains writing from people as various in their perceptions as aniel Patrick Moynihan, Kurt Vonnegut, Leo Steinberg and Tom Stoppard. As well readings from publications as miscellaneous as Pravda, the Bulletin of the Atomic ientists, Variety and Le Monde. We do this to give you an indication of what's being d and done in places you don't have access to. What you do with it is up to you.

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NOTEBOOK

The armed teddy bear

By Lewis H. Lapham

In the early spring of 1961 several million Hindus in northern India knew that the world was coming to a sudden end. Their astrologers noticed an impending conjunction of planets (principally Mars and Saturn, as I remember the diagrams), and from this observation they calculated a precise date and time for the long-awaited catastrophe. Immense crowds gathered on the shores of the Ganges, scattering flowers on the sacred water.

For reasons that seemed to me as obscure then as they do now, the New York newspapers delighted in this prophecy of alien doom. About a week before the fatal alignment, all the papers in town began to publish front-page stories that resembled the counting down of the last ten seconds of a football game by 35,000 triumphant fans. The city editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* appointed me to what he called the Doomsday Desk, and for seven days and seven nights I revised the dispatches from Srinagar and points south, studied star maps, and stayed closely in touch with the movements of obscure sects in California.

After three days of headlines the Doomsday Desk began to receive inquiries from citizens who wished to know if they should sell their property and move to Florida. An eight-year-old girl on West Seventy-fifth Street, frightened and crying, wondered what would happen to the dog she had been given on her birthday. Earlier that morning she had called the *New York Times* to ask if it was true that the world was coming to an end. Presumably under the impression that he was making a joke, the editor assigned to answer the question had said, "Yes, little girl, at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon, on the rowboat pond in Central Park."

Fortunately the girl had a friend, age twelve and more sophisticated, who understood that different newspapers provide different answers to the same question. The friend persuaded her to call the *Tribune*, and I explained to the younger girl that no, the world wasn't coming to an end, that her dog was safe, and that the man at the *Times* probably thought he was talking to his sister, who pulled his hair and wrecked his toys.

Having had roughly twenty-three years to reflect on the two answers to the little girl's question, it occurs to me that between them they all but exhaust the emotional repertoire of both journalism and pulp fiction. The gentleman at the *Times* succinctly enunciated the apocalyptic theme repeated with so much effect in the commercial literature of the last two decades. Were it set to music and scored for woodwinds, it could serve as the opening motif in the symphonies of despair composed by the preachers of nuclear war, environmental ruin, and whatever other phenomenon, natural or unnatural, can be made into a synthetic conjunction of Saturn and Mars.

The comforting answer belongs within the optimistic tradition of self-help; it is the stock in trade of Walt Disney and the editorial page, of the professional bearers of good news who assure their clients that yes, Virginia, there is both a Santa Claus and a Democratic Party.

Surprisingly enough, it is this sunnier realm of progressive well-being, a place fit for Pollyanna or Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, that gives rise to the espionage novel, or, as it is known in the trade, the thriller. The principals traffic in cynicism and betrayal, but the lesson to be drawn from their exemplary efforts is meant to assure the reader that the apparent irrationality of events yields to comfortable explanation. Excepting only the historical romances, no genre of popular writing over the course of the last generation has enjoyed so constant a success. As given form by Ian Fleming, Eric Ambler, John le Carré, Frederick Forsyth, Trevanian, and Robert Ludlum, the thriller probably has become the principal source of popular instruction in the otherwise impenetrable mystery of foreign affairs. The success of the genre has coincided with a period in which the public discussion of guerrilla war has been all but unanimous in its censure of political murder. The paradox implies at least the semblance of a division in the mind of the reader, who apparently derives as much pleasure from signing peace petitions as he does from taking vicarious part in the exploits of James Bond. By day he denounces the cruelty of *Realpolitik*; by night he consorts with it as if with a demon lover.

Like their grand progenitors in nineteenth-century England, Russia, and France (and unlike the contemporary authors of art novels, who work only in the precious enamel of metaphor), the writers of pulp fiction depict their characters on the canvas of the real world.

Their stories can begin anywhere—with a killing on the deck of a Russian steamer in the Black Sea; with a deal in a London art gallery; with the sale of a Radcliffe girl to an agent of the Saudi Arabian slave trade. Over the next few hundred pages other scenes, equally baffling at first sight, rely for their effect on descriptions of a Czechoslovakian airliner or a Bulgarian passport office. All the characters eventually meet at an appointed time and place (a ren-

dezvous no less unlikely than the conjunction of Saturn and Mars), and with any luck our side triumphs over their side, and once again Western civilization is saved from death by communism or bubonic plague. By offering to explain how the world really and truly works, the espionage novel, no matter how frequent the killing or how urbane the moral relativism of its leading lady, retains the character of a bedtime story.

Every year the lullaby becomes more implausible. Twenty years ago it was still possible to present a hero flawed with the marks of self-doubt or middle age. Even if the writers drew their figures with the nursery school crayons of fourth-grade cliché, it was still conceivable that moral virtue or intellectual courage might have some bearing on the story.

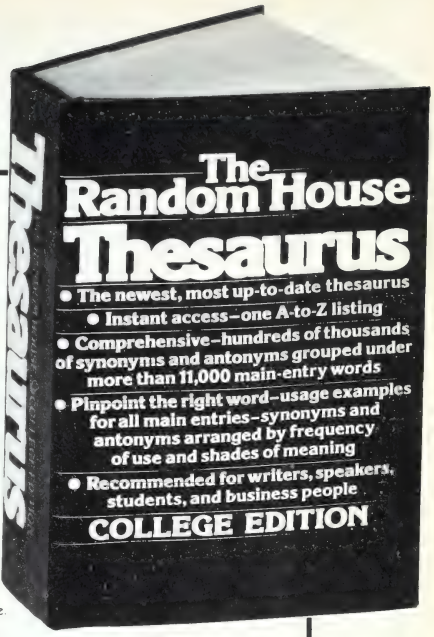
The human likeness is no longer expected or sufficient. As the media magnify the perceived threat on the frontiers, so also it comes to be believed that maybe the world is a more savage place than previously had been imagined in suburban Michigan. The restless children find it hard to go to sleep unless they have been told that chrome-plated gargoyles stand watch on the lawn behind the tennis court. Le Carré in his most recent entertainment, *The Little Drummer Girl*, invents at least five characters who might as well have been manufactured by McDonnell Douglas or Boeing. Ludlum and Trevanian imagine similarly mechanical beings, enlarging their godlike powers to encompass the sexual as well as the martial arts.

Addressing what they correctly discern as their readers' desperate wish, the writers of thrillers supply the supreme illusion of absolute control. Yes, they say, the world can be made to come to heel, to obey the commands of the enraged or frightened self. The fantasy conveniently assumes the absence of conscience and presents the modern hero as the embodiment of instinct regained. The truly fortunate man achieves the status of a nation-state or a wolf, to which, as both the Afghans and the Nicaraguans know (and as Little Red Riding Hood also knew), all things are permitted. ■

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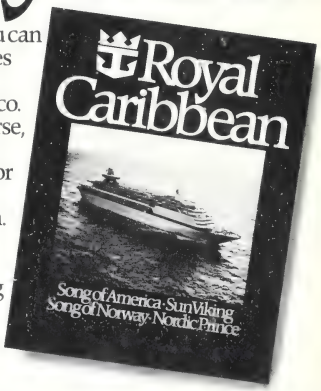
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HARPER'S INDEX

Percentage of labor negotiations in the U.S. that resulted in union "givebacks" last year : 15
In Britain : 0
Cost to consumers of "protecting" one job in the automobile industry via import restrictions : $85,400
Average yearly wages of an American auto worker : $23,566
Price of an Exocet missile on the world market before the 1982 Falklands war : $200,000
Today : $1,000,000
Number of American objects currently in space (operational/defunct) : 2,800/2,500
Soviet objects : 2,286/7,090
Number of Soviet Embassy personnel expelled by host governments in 1981 : 27
In 1983 : 135
Hours that Japanese teenagers spend each week in class or studying : 59
Soviet teenagers : 51.5
American teenagers : 38
Amount spent by the University of Alabama on athletics in the last academic year : $7,069,000
Budget of the University of Alabama physics department : $762,700
Percentage increase in the number of blacks registered to vote in the South since 1982 : 13.1
Number of women who have served on the board of the AFL-CIO : 2
Estimated amount of money sent home each year by Mexicans working in the U.S. : $500,000,000
By Vietnamese : $216,000,000
Estimated value of Israeli arms sales to Latin American nations in 1982 : $200,000,000
Infantry platoon leaders in the Marine Corps : 243
Lawyers : 394
Portion of on-the-job fatalities among retail workers that are homicides : ⅓
Percentage of Americans who say they would not accept a job if a lie-detector test was required : 55
Percentage increase in wiretaps authorized by federal judges since 1980 : 155
Estimated percentage of American homes that will have videocassette recorders by year's end : 20
Percentage of all TV programs taped by Americans that are episodes of *All My Children* : 6
Percentage of American parents who say they never read to their children : 40
Who never help them with their homework : 27
Percentage of black American children who do not live with either parent : 8
Number of U.S. residents five years old or older who do not speak English : 1,218,000
Butlers in Britain before World War II : 30,000
Butlers in Britain today : 70
Number of European monarchs to whom the Murdoch press says Ronald Reagan is related : 9 (see page 58)
Ronald Reagan's blood pressure : 120/80
Walter Mondale's : 128/78
Percentage of elementary-school children characterized as hyperactive by their teachers : 85
Number of Americans hit by lightning each year : 350
Percentage of American fifth-graders who report being in love : 39

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of July 1984.

Saving Grace

If your pulse rate is 72, the U.S. government spends $31,400 every time your heart beats.

If your heart isn't beating any faster after reading that statement, consider this: The government owns 436,000 motor vehicles and has 2.8 million civilian employees. That means every civilian employee can be riding in a government vehicle at the same time, six to a vehicle.

As these statistics demonstrate, the federal government spends a lot of money. Not all of it is spent wisely.

To what extent can government spending be reduced through better management of existing programs? How much of the taxpayers' money is wasted through inefficiency, duplication and operational flaws in government programs?

The answer is $424,400,000,000.

That's $424.4 billion. That's how much the government could save over three years if it adopted nearly 2,500 recommendations to eliminate waste, reform federal retirement, health, and subsidized program benefits, and in general operate more efficiently.

The recommendations, together with the dollar figure, come from the President's Private Sector Survey on Cost Control, commonly called the Grace Commission after its chairman, J. Peter Grace, chairman and chief executive officer of W.R. Grace & Co.

Some of the recommendations involve waste and abuse. Some are relatively minor. Others are very controversial. All are worth examining.

Major recommendations of the Commission include more effective tracking and enforcement of the maximum permissible earnings of social security beneficiaries to eliminate erroneous benefits (potential savings over three years: $4 billion); increasing delinquent tax collections (potential savings over three years: $3.9 billion); and upgrading federal computer systems (potential savings over three years: $4 billion).

According to the Grace Commission, the savings it has pinpointed "can be achieved without raising taxes, without weakening America's needed defense build-up, and without in any way harming necessary social welfare programs."

Gaining control over the federal budget is necessary for the nation's economic health. The price of ignoring the Grace recommendations is staggering. The fiscal 1983 federal deficit was $195 billion — the highest in our history. Equally massive deficits loom in the years ahead. If fundamental changes are not made in the federal budget, the Grace Commission projects a deficit of $2 trillion by the year 2000, only 16 years from now. In that year, the federal debt would be $13 trillion.

A lot has to be done to prevent those projections from becoming reality. The Grace recommendations are a good place to start.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

READINGS

[Lecture]

AMERICA'S RELUCTANT REALISM

From "Reflections on a Partnership: British and American Attitudes to Post-War Foreign Policy," a lecture delivered by Henry Kissinger at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, in London, on the occasion of the bicentennial of the office of foreign secretary. The full text of the lecture will appear in a volume of Kissinger's essays to be published next spring by Little, Brown.

American foreign policy is the product of a very different tradition from Great Britain's. Where America always imagined itself isolated from world affairs, Britain for centuries was keenly alert to the potential danger that any country's domination of the European continent would place British survival at risk. Where Americans have tended to believe that wars are caused by the moral failure of leaders, the British view is that aggression has thrived on opportunity as much as on moral propensity, and must be restrained by some balance of power. Where Americans have treated diplomacy as episodic—a series of isolated problems to be solved on their merits—the British have always understood it as an organic historical process requiring constant manipulation to keep it moving in the right direction.

The Founding Fathers, to be sure, were sophisticated men who understood the European balance of power and skillfully manipulated it to win independence. But for a century and more after that, America, comfortably protected by two oceans—which in turn were secured by the Royal Navy—developed the idiosyncratic notion that a fortunate accident was a natural state of affairs, that America's involvement in world politics was purely a matter of choice. Americans imagined the entire Western Hemisphere to be a special case, safely insulated from the rest of the world. We had created a nation consciously dedicated to "self-evident" truths, and it was taken for granted in most American public discourse that our participation (or nonparticipation) in the world could be guided exclusively by moral precepts. That geography gave us this luxury was only evidence of God's blessing; we owed him that *quid pro quo*. The competitive, sometimes cynical, and always relativistic style of European power politics was viewed in America as an unsavory example of what to avoid and as further evidence of our moral superiority.

Until very recently, in discussions of foreign policy in America, the phrase "balance of power" was hardly ever written or spoken without a pejorative adjective preceding it—the "outmoded" balance of power, the "discredited" balance of power. When Woodrow Wilson took America into World War I it was in the expectation that, under American influence, the postwar settlement would be governed by a "new and more wholesome diplomacy" transcending the wheeling and dealing, secrecy, and undemocratic practices that were thought to have produced the Great War. Franklin Roosevelt, on his return from the Crimean conference in 1945, told Congress of his hope that the postwar era would "spell the end of the system of unilateral action, the exclusive alliances, the spheres of influence, the balances of power, and all the other expedients that have been tried for centuries—and have always failed." Both Wilson and Roosevelt put their faith in a universal organization for collective security in which the peace-loving nations

would combine to deter, or combat, the aggressors. It was assumed that all nations would come to the same conclusions regarding what constituted aggression and be equally willing to resist it, no matter where it occurred and irrespective of the national interests involved.

In the American view, nations were either inherently peaceful or inherently warlike. Hence, after World War II, the "peace-loving" United States, Britain, and the Soviet Union had together to police the world against Germany and Japan, even though the former enemies had been rendered impotent by unconditional surrender. If there were doubts about the peace-loving virtues of our wartime allies, they seemed to many American leaders to apply as much to Britain as to the Soviet Union: Roosevelt toyed with the idea of nonalignment between a balance-of-power-oriented, colonialist Britain and an ideologically obstreperous Soviet Union. The secret dream of American leaders, if great-power conflict proved unavoidable, was to arrogate to themselves the role to which the nonaligned nations later aspired: that of moral arbiter, hurling condescending judgments down on all those engaged in the dirty game of international diplomacy.

Until the last decade, American attitudes have embodied a faith that historical experience can be transcended, that problems can be solved permanently, that harmony can be the natural state of mankind. Our diplomacy has often stressed the concepts of international law, as if all political disputes were legal issues, on the premise that reasonable men and women could always find agreement on some equitable basis. There is also the perennial American assumption that economic well-being automatically ensures political stability, a belief that has animated our policies from Herbert Hoover's relief efforts after World War I to the Marshall Plan to the Caribbean Basin initiative—never mind that in many parts of the world, the time frames for economic progress and the achievement of political stability may be seriously out of phase. In our participation in the two world wars of this century, and afterward, our bursts of energy were coupled with the conviction that our exertions had a terminal date after which the natural harmony among nations would be either restored or instituted.

Disillusionment was inevitable. America fluctuated between moral crusading and isolationism, between overextension and escapism, between extremes of intransigence and conciliation. But history was kind to us. For a long time it spared us from the need to face up to fundamental choices.

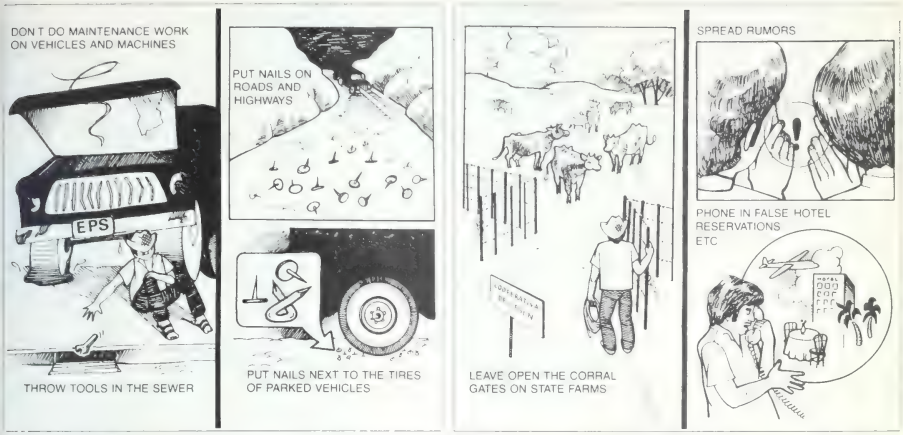
Even when the United States finally entered the world stage of permanent peacetime diplomacy after 1945, it did so under conditions that seemed to confirm our historical expectations. For several decades we had the overwhelming resources to give effect to our prescriptions and conducted foreign policy by analogy to the great formative experiences of the 1930s and 1940s: the New Deal translated into the Marshall Plan; resistance to Nazi aggression translated into the Korean "police action" and the policy of "containment." We tended to attribute our dominance in the Western alliance to the virtue of our motives rather than to the preponderance of our power. In fact, the United States enjoyed nearly half of the world's gross national product and an atomic monopoly; our NATO allies, given their dependence, conducted themselves less as sovereign nations than as lobbyists in Washington's decision-making.

It was therefore a rude awakening when, in the 1960s and 1970s, the United States became conscious of the limits of even *its* resources. With a little over a fifth of the world's GNP, America was powerful but no longer dominant. Vietnam was the trauma and the catharsis, but the recognition was bound to come. Starting in the 1970s, the United States for the first time has had to conduct a foreign policy in the sense with which Europeans have always been familiar: as one country among many, unable either to dominate the world or to escape from it, with a need for accommodation and maneuver, a sensitivity to marginal shifts in the balance of power, an awareness of continuity and of the interconnections between events. (Ironically, today it is the United States that is accused of being obsessed with the balance of power, and it is our European allies that are charged by us with moralistic escapism.)

Our domestic debates reflect the pain, and incompleteness, of that adjustment. The American right still yearns for ideological victory without geopolitical effort; the American left still dreams of reforming the world through the exercise of goodwill unsullied by power. We are edging toward a synthesis, but it will be a slow, painful, perhaps bitter process.

[Comic Book]

A CIA FREEDOM FIGHTER'S MANUAL



From "Freedom Fighter's Manual," a sixteen-page booklet prepared by the CIA and distributed recently in Nicaragua. The manual's preface describes it as a "practical guide to liberate Nicaragua from oppression and misery by paralyzing the military-industrial complex of the traitorous Marxist state without having to use special tools and with minimal risk for the combatant."

[Q & A]

THE MYTH OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA

From an interview with Alexander Zinoviev conducted by George Urban and broadcast recently by Radio Free Europe. Zinoviev, a leading Soviet philosopher, was a member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. In 1978, after publication in the West of Zinoviev's satire The Yawning Heights, *President Brezhnev signed a decree revoking his Soviet citizenship for "behavior damaging to Soviet prestige." Zinoviev now lives in Munich. George Urban is director of Radio Free Europe. The interview was reprinted in the May issue of* Encounter, *the British monthly.*

GEORGE URBAN: In the most popularly held Western view, we are ill equipped and ill prepared for any serious confrontation with the Soviet Union. Is that your view, too?

ALEXANDER ZINOVIEV: Yes and no. Every system has its characteristic strengths and weaknesses. The Western world consists of individual states, each with its own interests and traditions. They are to some extent held together by NATO, but their military cooperation is clearly not comparable to the highly centralized, totalitarian structure of the Soviet Union.

At the same time the West is more flexible, more adaptable, and more inventive. My years in Western Europe have convinced me that the Western nations have so much resilience and such colossal reserves of creative thinking, in the military as well as in the economic and cultural spheres, that the Western way of life will survive anything that may befall it—even a Soviet occupation. When I lived in Russia I was convinced that we were better prepared for war than our opponents. I am no longer certain that that is true. Western European civilization is a living organism. It can recover from illnesses, and develop in a great number of new directions. Even communism would assume civilized forms if it ever reached Western Europe.

URBAN: Are you implying that "the Western way of life" would survive a lost war but our Western European social order might not?

ZINOVIEV: I believe the Western type of liberal democracy will not survive for very much longer with or without war, but I think that the Western forms of socialism and communism will be different from what we have in the Soviet Union. You cannot force Frenchmen or Italians or Americans to live like Russians: to tolerate the camps, forced labor, censorship,

miserably low living standards, ideological conditioning, and the rest. They just won't have it.

URBAN: What about the Soviet Union? You have repeatedly said that it is a menace to the Western world.

ZINOVIEV: There again we must weigh the system's strengths and weaknesses. The Soviet Union is strong because it is in a state of permanent mobilization; it is a military camp. Every able-bodied Soviet man and woman has a warlike role as a reservist in the armed forces. Upon mobilization, he need not be told where to go and what to do: he *knows* because he has had years of discipline and training.

URBAN: I have just been reading General Ogarkov's booklet calling on the Soviet people to prepare themselves physically and psychologically for total war—

ZINOVIEV: Yes, but you don't even have to do that, because everyday life in the Soviet Union is a life of regimentation, ideological conditioning, paramilitary training, and the like. The Soviet regime is, and always has been, at war with the non-Soviet world. That is its defining characteristic.

URBAN: All of which testifies to the great military strength of the Soviet system.

ZINOVIEV: Yes, but this strength is not durable, and it does not translate into successful expansionism.

When Western Sovietologists examine the military potential of the Soviet Union they do not take into account one all-important factor: the character of the Russian people. A country set upon world conquest needs people who have it in them to be world conquerors. It needs people who feel superior to the rest of mankind and have the will and the organizational ability to run their imperial dependencies. The British and (in their different ways) the Germans and the French have all had these qualities.

The Russian people haven't got them. Their history has turned them into underdogs. They are not fired by an imperial mission; nor do they feel that they have a right to impress their culture on less fortunate races. But your Western students of Soviet affairs do not understand this decisive characteristic of Russian history and the Russian psyche. The fact to remember is that the Russians are not a master race.

The Russian people are generally indolent, ill organized, and lacking in any sense of discipline. Their will to control other nations and lead the world is conspicuous by its absence. They may be strong enough to prevent the Americans from subjugating the entire world, but they haven't the power to do that themselves.

[Vignettes]

REPORT ON MARTIAL LAW

From Report on Martial Law, *by Marek Nowakowski. Nowakowski is a leading dissident writer in Poland, and this chronicle of life under martial law has become an underground best seller. Nowakowski was arrested in March, soon after the book was published by the Institut Littéraire in Paris, and charged with cooperating with Western organizations in "activities detrimental to the Polish state." Report on Martial Law was later published in England by Harvill Press and in the United States by Dial Press, under the title* The Canary and Other Tales of Martial Law. *The first and last excerpts were translated by Margot Terentiew, the second by Krystyna Bronkowska.*

The Printer—Changes apartments. Often listens fearfully to the knocking at the door. Where will he hide that pile of newspapers smelling of fresh ink? And the mimeograph? An underground printer.

Tomorrow or the day after they may get him. Put him in jail.

Another one will replace him.

The hunger for truth will not be satisfied with lies.

People need him.

Think about him sometimes.

On the Bus—Bus No. 122 was going down Belvederska Street. The passengers sat in silence. Of late, people tend to sit in silence on buses. None of the arguments, none of the jokes you used to get. The bus braked sharply at a crossing, but even that failed to provoke a comment. A ribbon of army transporters and lorries unwound while the bus waited. Guns wobbled under tarpaulins. A Gazik brought up the rear. As soon as the convoy had passed, the bus moved forward cautiously over the icy asphalt. It passed the "colony," a row of buildings of differing heights surrounded by a wall, which housed Russian diplomats and advisers.

"Walled themselves in, the Russkis!" said a nondescript young man in a fur hat that had seen better days. "Must be afraid of an attack."

His voice was surprisingly loud and penetrating. He ended with a crazy sort of giggle.

A few passengers looked at the walled quarters. Nobody spoke.

"What was that you said?" Another voice, from the front of the bus. A fat, squat man. Good fur hat, face shiny, clean-shaven. He elbowed his way toward the young man, who

[Cartoon]

TURNING UP THE HEAT



From "Russia's anti-Reagan Campaign," in the Economist, *June 23. This cartoon, which ran recently in the Soviet newspaper* Izvestia, *is one of a series in which the United States, and President Reagan, are associated with the Nazis. Here, Gestapo head Heinrich Himmler holds up a list of concentration camps for Uncle Sam; the caption claims that the White House has issued an order for camps to be built. According to the* Economist, *"These cartoons are new for the Soviet Union. The Russians have rarely heaped abuse on Western leaders by name. And by portraying the Americans to ordinary Russians as the 'new Nazis,' the Soviet government is deliberately playing on fears of war and whipping up mistrust of foreigners in general."*

was standing by the middle door.

The young man looked put out. He glanced instinctively at the door.

The driver was watching the incident in his mirror. Suddenly he jammed on his brakes, then accelerated just as abruptly. The standing passengers were precipitated to the front, taking the fat man in the fur hat with them. He resisted, but was swept along by an avalanche of bodies and pinned to the glass partition separating the driver's cab from the passengers.

A smile appeared on the driver's tired, unshaven face. It vanished at once. He drove on, concentrating on the icy surface.

The fat man in the fur hat struggled to get free, but to no avail. He gripped the back of a seat with both hands and tried to push himself forward. Managed to move a bit but got stuck at a seat for the disabled. The cripple sitting there held his stiff leg fully extended across the aisle.

A request for a stop. The forward thrust of bodies immobilized the fat man in the fur hat. The driver pressed a button. The doors opened with a hiss. The middle door first. The nondescript young man, who was standing right by the steps, jumped out nimbly.

The fat man in the fur hat laboriously fought his way toward the door at the front. He was at some disadvantage. A raging, red-faced bulldog. The driver watched him coolly, waited politely. The fat man made it in the end. Once outside he peered helplessly in every direction. The young man was nowhere to be seen. He took down the number of the departing bus.

The Avalanche—Humiliated, gray faces. The people have begun to bend their backs, as of old. Without enough calcium, bones crack. Loudspeakers blare with words of devotion, readiness, and will. The brass of loudspeakers has again become the people's voice. The people are silent. Behind them stand their guards. Pride and arrogance are in the guards' hard glances. Watchful shepherds of their flocks.

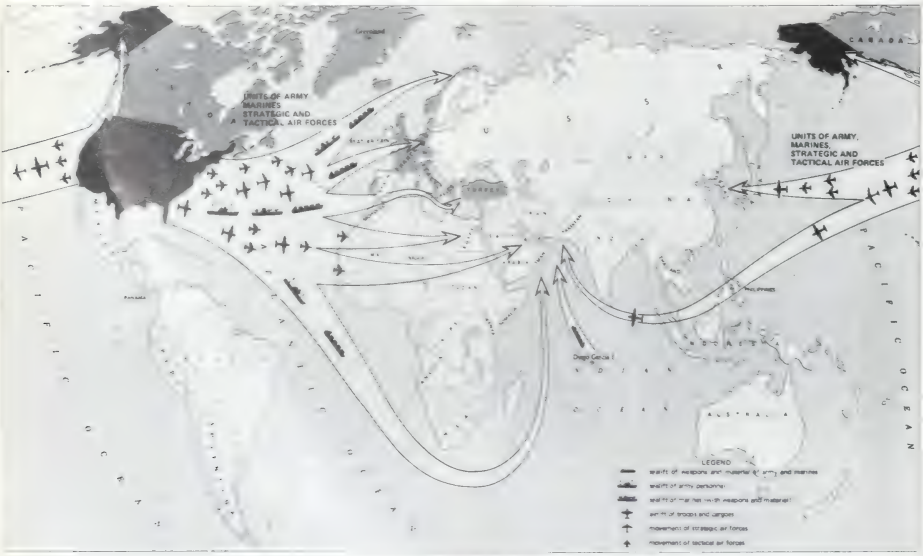
And yet, the moment will come! The broken backs will straighten up. Superhuman energy will spread through the downtrodden masses. An avalanche will begin. Not even the most watchful guard can predict it. The sun will rip out of the leaden skies. The people will be hanging their guards.

THE SOVIET THREAT



From Soviet Military Power, *a publication of the U.S. Defense Department.*

THE AMERICAN THREAT



From Whence the Threat to Peace, *a publication of the Soviet Ministry of Defense.*

[Vignettes]

WITH THE CHINESE AT DISNEYLAND

From Encounters with Chinese Writers, *by Annie Dillard, published by Wesleyan University Press. Dillard is a contributing editor of* Harper's.

It is a sunny September morning in Disneyland. Bands are playing; people are walking with their children and pushing empty strollers; couples are taking pictures. There is a good proportion of people, buildings, and trees.

The Chinese writers, the UCLA conference hosts, Allen Ginsberg, and I have all just seen a movie, *America the Beautiful*, put out by Bell Laboratories in the 1950s. On seven big screens the movie showed highlights of U.S. tourism: the Liberty Bell, the Lincoln Memorial, the Rocky Mountains, Savannah, Big Sur. It also included long, cheerfully filmed segments on U.S. militarism: tanks rolling on parade, soldiers firing salutes, cadets training with weapons at Annapolis and West Point—all to swelling music and rising choruses.

We have emerged, blinking, from this movie and entered the bright Disneyland streets. The Chinese writers seem content to be here. They are familiar with Disney paraphernalia. In China you can buy Donald Duck on pink thermos bottles, Mickey Mouse and Goofy on yellow cotton handkerchiefs. Filmed Disney cartoons are widely known.

A sophisticated and cosmopolitan Chinese writer named Liu Binyan is strolling down the street with Allen Ginsberg. At home in Beijing, Liu Binyan is a muckraking journalist. The target of his muckraking is corruption in high places; it is astonishing that he's free to travel. He is in the United States on a six-month visit. He speaks English, as well as Russian, Japanese, and Chinese.

Liu Binyan's upright, forceful carriage enhances the grandeur of his leonine head with its curved forehead, wide cheekbones, and strong jaw. He is young; he is at home in the world; his dark suit, remarkably, fits him. For twenty-two years in China he was not permitted to write; he worked at forced labor. Now he is in Disneyland.

Allen Ginsberg, beside Liu Binyan, is walking with his head down. He is sensibly dressed for a hot September day—in a short-sleeved white shirt and green chinos. The spectacle of the movie we have just seen has made him gloomy. He says he considers all that military emphasis in the film to be Mickey Mouse.

Liu Binyan, walking so erectly in his fine suit, cocks an ear and says, "Mickey Mouse?"

"You know," Ginsberg says. He is preoccupied. "Mickey Mouse. With the ears?" He wags his fingers desolately over his head. "A little mouse?"

Liu Binyan stands on his dignity. "Yes," he says slowly, in his careful English, "I know Mickey Mouse. Yes. But the film?"

Ginsberg is emphatic. "That was a Mickey Mouse film."

It is all breaking down for Liu Binyan. He has probably seen dozens of Mickey Mouse films. Incredulity raises his voice: "The film we just saw was a Mickey Mouse film?"

Ginsberg, still shaking his head over the film, chooses another tack. "You know," he explains. "Hallucinatory. Delusional."

Liu Binyan slowly lights a cigarette and lets the subject go.

We all come around a corner and a band is playing. We are alone on a broad intersection under blue eucalyptus trees that cast pale and wobbling lines of shadow on the street. Two of us Americans begin to dance.

One of the Chinese men, with debonair smoothness, as if this were what one does every lunch hour on the streets of Beijing, lightly taps one of the women, and they dance. The band is playing Glenn Miller—"Mood Indigo." They dance lightly, formally, grandly, seriously, until the song is over; we all continue on, without comment.

Feng Mu, the head of the delegation, a literary critic, is a rather shy, formal bachelor of sixty-four. He has an impressive gift for making beautifully structured complimentary speeches off the cuff. Like the other writers, who are perhaps taking their cue from him, he seems game for any strange thing the United States may throw at him.

Feng Mu is so formal in his bearing that he manages, at all times, to stand with his spine perfectly aligned but canted backward, away from the world, like a raked mast. Because of this posture, Feng Mu, who is not tall, nevertheless looks down his nose at things, and seems somewhat taken aback. Among his own delegation he is a favorite, not only for his personal qualities but for the relative liberality of his politico-literary criticism and the honor it has brought him. Among us Americans he is a favorite also, especially for a quality in his formality that I can only call sweetness.

Feng Mu and some others try the wildest ride at Disneyland: "Space Mountain." It is like a roller coaster, but its cars, instead of dropping, jerk and veer through hairpin turns in the dark. When it is all over, Feng Mu and the

others climb from their cars breathless, and compose themselves on terra firma. Feng Mu pats a hand over his hair and restores it to order. He stands absolutely straight and tilted backward; his legs are formally together; his expression is at once serene and exalted. "I think," he says severely, as if addressing the press, "that unless one has ridden 'Space Mountain,' one cannot truly claim to have been in Disneyland."

The day is almost over. I am in a Disneyland souvenir shop with my friend Zhang Jie. She has been searching every souvenir shop in Disneyland for a little Mickey Mouse statue to take home to her daughter. Her daughter is a nineteen-year-old university student studying Spanish. Zhang Jie has already bought her a plastic Goofy dish and cup.

Now here is a whole table full of Mickey Mouse statues, in just the size she has been searching for. She chooses one and hands it to me. Idiotically, I turn the thing over and read to her from the bottom, "Made in Taiwan." This will not do.

"No," she says, and takes it from my hand and puts it back. She picks up another one, a fuzzy one; she turns it upside down and reads, "Made in Taiwan." She puts it back, finds another model, turns it over, reads, "Made in Japan." "No!" she cries, and drops it on the table.

On this table, in this shop, and in all of Disneyland, there is only one other Mickey Mouse statue in the size Zhang Jie wants. She has to have it no matter where it was made; therefore, she must not learn where it was made. She picks up this last Mickey Mouse gingerly by the head, carries it upright to the cashier, buys it, turns away as the cashier bags it, and drops the bag in her purse. We leave the souvenir shop, triumphant.

[Legend]

THE DOGS HOLD AN ELECTION

From American Indian Myths and Legends, *edited by Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz, forthcoming from Pantheon. "The Dogs Hold an Election" is a legend of the Brule Sioux.*

We have a little story about elections. Once, a long time ago, the dogs were trying to elect a president. One of them got up in the big dog convention and said: "I nominate the bulldog for president. He's strong. He can fight."

"But he can't run," said another dog. "What good is a fighter who can't run? He won't catch anybody."

Then another dog got up and said: "I nominate the greyhound, because he sure can run."

But the other dogs cried: "Naw, he can run all right, but he can't fight. When he catches up with somebody, what happens then? He gets the hell beaten out of him, that's what! So all he's good for is running away."

Then an ugly little mutt jumped up and said: "I nominate that dog for president who smells good underneath his tail."

Immediately, an equally ugly mutt jumped up and yelled: "I second the motion."

At once all the dogs started sniffing underneath each other's tails. A big chorus went up:

"Phew, he doesn't smell good under his tail."

"No, neither does this one."

"He's not presidential timber!"

"No, he's no good, either."

"This one sure isn't the people's choice."

"Wow, this ain't my candidate!"

When you go out for a walk, just watch the dogs. They're still sniffing underneath each other's tails. They're looking for a good leader, and they still haven't found him.

[Poem]

THE LIVES OF PENGUINS

By Amy Clampitt, in the Summer 1984 issue of the American Scholar, *a quarterly published by Phi Beta Kappa. Clampitt is the author of a book of poems entitled* The Kingfisher. *Her second collection,* What the Light Was Like, *will be published next year by Knopf.*

How is it these quilled milk-bottle
doorstops, straitjacketed in blubber,
without either knees or elbows, that
have to sleep standing, still seem
so hilarious a reflection of *us*, the
spoiled rich kids of natural history,
that notwithstanding our scant fondness
for others of our kind, we do love penguins?
They make us feel good about something,
and whatever it is, we've got to
look into it, we've got to have it.

So off go our spies into the daylong
dark of the Antarctic winter
to eavesdrop on what they do there—



"He looks ridiculous—unless, of course, he's making a great deal of money."

From Punch, *the English weekly.*

foodless, fretful, shuffling to balance
an egg between foot and paunch until it
hatches.
Shrug off that adventure as lunatic
or condemn it as invasion of privacy,
you'll find us at the penguinarium
staring rapt as they take their heartwarming
pratfalls on the ice, give vent to
gusts of head-shaking enmity, or stand
caricaturing the pathos of crowds
in wait for something or other
that never arrives—but that clearly,
whatever it is, is not us.

About us they know nothing. If, in
their innocence, they even see us,
it's as part of the general impediment
that curves round them, or at best
as a sort of hall tree with buckets
signifying fish. Harmless to anything
other than the fish they dine on,
knowing harm in the shape of a cave-mawed
whale, or a seal with spots like the leopard
they never heard of, it's doubtful
they know us enough to have discerned
the harm we secrete like a hormone,
or as whales do ambergris.

What the penguin intends as we watch it
toboggan and plunge into that fishless
tank, we can't think. Once our reckless
predilections have taken over, transforming
clown-mannikin into torpedo, endowing
blubber with the bliss of bombs
en route, we're too busy applauding
the speed, we're too busy feeling
good, in spite of ourselves, about multiple
independently targeted projectiles.

[Oral Histories]

MY LIFE, IN CLOTHES

From What We Wore: An Offbeat Social History of Women's Clothing, 1950 to 1980, *by Ellen Melinkoff. The book consists of the personal reminiscences of a dozen American women.* What We Wore *was published by Quill, a division of William Morrow & Company.*

In junior high, one of my favorite outfits was a full-skirted, scoop-necked black jumper and a white, round-collared, puffy-sleeved blouse, which I accessorized with white knee socks and black flats. I thought it was "dreamy." One morning, when I was waiting for the school bus dressed in my dynamite outfit, somebody called me "Alice." I said that my name wasn't Alice. The boy replied, "Well, you look like Alice in Wonderland." It was the last time I ever wore that outfit. I was furious that some dumb boy had ruined it for me. What did he know? Nothing about Fashion (as I saw it) and too much about Lewis Carroll.

My mother sent away for a gadget guaranteed to keep your blouse neatly tucked inside your skirt. It turned out to be a piece of elastic with a hook to close it, but it worked well. Sometimes it rose up a little when you bent over, and you could see it in the back. It looked like some piece of elastic from your underwear had gotten loose. One time, the leftover bit of elastic in the front, about three inches of it, got loose and flopped over the front of my skirt without my knowing it. Some boy pointed to it and said, "What's

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Obviously, these heat recuperators can save companies countless dollars in energy. But, perhaps even more important, by doing that, they can save countless energy for the rest of us.

GTE

that?" I was mortified. How could I explain? A boy would never understand.

In Alabama there were secret dress rituals that, as a new student in school, I stumbled across only when I made some egregious mistake. Like wearing red on Friday. That meant you had "gone all the way." Imagine getting on the school bus in the morning wearing a red sweater and having someone tell you what sin you had committed. I was stuck for the whole day. No way I could go home and explain *that* to my mother. Wearing green on another day meant you were gay (or "homo" as it was called then, and there).

Even when I was in high school, my mother would periodically throw open my closet door and scrutinize my wardrobe. She felt I was always wearing the same few outfits. True. She'd spy something I hadn't worn in months, probably because I hated it. She'd grab it and say in her best Captain Queeg imitation, "You haven't worn *this* in a long time. You'll wear it tomorrow." It meant you'll-do-what-I-say-as-long-as-I'm-paying-the-bills-around-here. I would wear whatever it was, but it usually ruined my day.

—ELLEN ECKMAN



From the 1966 Mademoiselle *college issue. The photograph appears in* What We Wore.

"Stand-out" petticoats are what I called them. Those horribly stiff, scratchy net things my mother thought were so necessary were the epitome of discomfort. I had to wear them to church under my Sunday dresses. Before I would sit down in the pew, I would reach behind me and under the petticoats and lift them up almost to the height of my head. Only then would I sit down—bare legs against cold pew. I'm sure it looked pretty odd, but there was no way I was going to sit on three or more layers of scratchy netting for an hour.

I thought I was the greatest when I dressed up for a Beatles concert in my white half-boots, black stretch pants, black turtleneck sweater, white vinyl vest, and pebbled vinyl cloche hat. I wore this outfit everywhere—even to the Royal Ballet. When you're seventeen and think you've found the definitive outfit, even the mink coats at the Hollywood Bowl can't dampen your spirits.

Having worn minis all through the sixties and into the seventies, I developed a mode of sitting, standing, and kneeling—an entire way of life unique to the miniskirt. For instance, you never bent over to pick something up off the ground. A special technique had to be used to get your hand down far enough to grasp the desired item without revealing all to everyone. I would press my knees tightly together and place my feet five or six inches apart. In this position I would lean to one side, slowly swaying my knees in the opposite direction. My shoulder would lower and my hand would swoop down and snatch the object off the ground. Of course, this took great dexterity and muscular control, not to mention how embarrassing it was when I failed.

—PAMELA J. BAERGEN

[News Item]

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

From Reason *magazine, June/July.*

A gunman entered a Florida prison dormitory and robbed an inmate serving an armed-robbery sentence of a stereo, a radio, a TV set, and $30 in cash. "The whole inmate population is still in shock," said the superintendent of the minimum-security Pompano Beach Community Correctional Center. "If you're not safe from armed robbery in prison, where are you safe?"

[Textual Analysis]

THE L. L. BEAN SUBLIME

From "Heavy Breathing in Beanland," by Benjamin DeMott, in the April issue of the New England Monthly. *DeMott teaches English at Amherst.*

The L. L. Bean catalogue out of Freeport, Maine, has character, action, and atmosphere, tells one sunny tale after another for seventy-plus pages, offers a unique imaginative experience—yet never gets a tumble from reviewers or Pulitzer juries. Is there no literary justice?

Yes, yes, I grant that in some sense the Bean catalogue is a catalogue. But I am not fooled thereby. I may leaf through the catalogue on a utilitarian errand. I may tell myself I'm looking for wool undies or a fly rod. I may send off for a hunting knife or a flannel sheet. But what I actually locate is Something Else. I locate a special identity, a special vision of the relation between me, manufactured stuff, and the nature of life. I live for a golden moment in a remarkably coherent, lost, imaginative world.

Structurally speaking, the Bean catalogue is an intricate assemblage of subtly interlocking themes, and the purpose of the present monograph is to name and celebrate those themes and to lay bare their interdependencies.

Let's start, shall we, with the theme of history. Past and present are beautifully continuous in Beanland. I read of fine old human-scale companies, none of which—contrary to talk in business journals—faces pressure from marauding conglomerates or Taiwan. "Bean's Child's Pull Sled . . . [is] made for us by Paris Manufacturing Co. of South Paris, Maine, sled makers since 1861." Bean's Hudson's Bay point blankets "are identical to those traded nearly two centuries ago."

My sense of comfortable continuity, my feeling for the attractive accessibility of the past, is strengthened in a variety of ways. The history that the catalogue remembers is invariably familiar history—nothing recondite or Third Worldish. The period in favor is World War II: Who can forget WWII? Mitts, leather jackets, and crew-neck sweaters are linked with, respectively, Austrian ski troops, U.S. Navy aviators, and "the British S.A.S. Commando Regiment." Scattered about in the Beanland dream dust is the unfaded amaranth of intimate reminiscence: "Bean's Chamois Cloth shirt . . . is the shirt Mr. Bean used on his hunting and fishing trips. It has been in our line since 1927." Who can forget old Mr. Bean? The word *traditional* tolls two, three, four times a page.

Equally crucial to the catalogue's thematics is the readiness of Beanland's upholders of tradition to stand on the side of discipline and authority. The voice of Beanland does not shirk, speaks of holiday things in sternly proscriptive tones, and condemns those inclined to dogging it. The catalogue tells me, firmly, precisely, *how* each item should be used or worn. This "sturdy, well-made sled [is] for pulling one or two small children, supplies, or ice fishing gear." This parka is "designed for ski touring, bicycling, hiking or backpacking." The terry-cloth back of this ski glove is "for wiping cold noses." This hunting shoe is "for use in hard hilly terrain where wet and cold conditions are . . . encountered."

And I am meant to *like* hard hilly terrain—hard anything, in fact. I'm meant to subject my gear to rough use. No flummery here. The "River Driver's Shirt" is for "strenuous activity." The Northwoods parka is "rugged and durable," as my case demands.

Tradition, strenuousness, the demanding way—those are the major themes of the catalogue. But shaping and controlling their interaction is a master theme, Ventilation, which I find yet more moving. The authors of the Bean catalogue place me as a person *obsessed with breathing*, and everywhere they commend my obsession. The leitmotif, *air*, surfaces on page 1 of the winter catalogue ("goose down breathes for comfort"), and ceaselessly returns thereafter. I read of "breathable" anoraks and "breathable" windpants and "breathable" ski touring pullovers and "breathable" cross-country ski gloves and "breathable" Thinsulate Gore-Tex parkas and "breathable" Gore-Tex pack jackets and "breathable" Gore-Tex overalls and "breathable" women's "Larkspur" jackets and "breathable" women's polo shirts and "breathable" 50/50 Channel comforters. The women's Eskimo parka "breathes," the men's "Rainier" boot is "lined for breathability," Bean's auto seat cover of Merino sheepskin "allows free air movement around your body."

What's more, I'm presented time and again with chances to seize grander air, to breathe yet more freely. These buttons can be *opened*, this zipper can be *unzipped*: "4-inch rib-knit collar . . . opens for ventilation"; "12-inch nylon coil zipper at neck for ventilation"; "convertible turtleneck . . . can be . . . opened for ventilation"; "double-thick shawl collar . . . can be worn open for ventilation." At the core of my nature is a kind of Lear-like lust to unbutton, a profound hunger for oneness with each stirring of the common wind. Other themes in Beanland carry practicalities; this one is purest poetry. You love best your freshness, it tells me; Spontaneity is your god.

[Essay]

ONLY THE FEARFUL KNOW TELEVISION

By Walter Karp, in the May/June issue of Channels of Communications. *Karp is a contributing editor of* Channels *and* Harper's.

Abysmally inane though it often is, prime-time television holds some 100 million Americans in its grip every night. This is almost half the entire population. Yet the reason for TV's strong and enduring appeal has never puzzled anybody very much. The inanity seems to account for the appeal quite adequately. Between a tasteless, boorish mass audience and its nightly dose of witless jokes, Punch-and-Judy antics, comic-strip drama, and mind-numbing ads there seems to be an obvious and powerful affinity. So, at any rate, I had assumed until recently, when the true secret of television's appeal came to me in a surprising revelation.

It flashed upon me while I was suffering from a spell of middle-age panic. The fleetness of time, a precarious income, and a generally snuffed-out feeling had combined to produce a powerful inclination to go to bed early and switch on the TV. What met my first anxious glance was an ad about "Miller Time." The spectacle by now is doubtless familiar. A band of hearty oil-riggers, stockmen, or construction workers barrel into a bar at the end of the workday and order their favorite beer. Hitherto mildly irksome, the ad this time displayed an astonishing power to please. The honest outdoor labor, the joyous good fellowship, the well-earned refreshment—how extraordinarily enviable they had become! I had been through "Miller Time" a score of times before, yet never had I felt its vivid charms. It was as though a black-and-white movie had suddenly turned into Technicolor. Was it possible that I had been seeing television for thirty-five years the way the colorblind see the world, missing the whole rich spectrum of hues?

That, as it turned out during the next few days, was exactly the case. Failure and fear, like a special set of lenses, brought out powers and charms and colors I never knew television possessed. The stalest clichés of advertising brimmed with moral vitality. Repellent Rosie, who sops up spilt coffee with "the quicker picker-upper," became a figure of strength, oddly reassuring. An endless stream of smiling faces, grinning jackasses I had always thought them, now peopled a neighborly world of kindly store managers and happy young families with nice front lawns.

The most banal prime-time shows shared in the transformation wrought by an anxious spirit. The unblemished bliss of the rich, loving Harts brought surprisingly intense delight, undiminished by a tenth-rate mystery plot. Smashing through shrubbery in a souped-up jalopy, the *Dukes of Hazzard* and their moronic activity brought the joy of reckless abandon. I was in prime time's grip for sure. When the sleek white *Love Boat* sailed off on a sun-dappled sea, I actually felt a surge of excitement. In television's kindly little havens, where everyone knows one another and decency always triumphs—a diner, a bar, a slack police station—I found heart's ease by the hour, at least for a while.

But the keen delights and sweet consolations that made television so richly alive lasted only as long as my panic did. When the spell passed, the vitality of television vanished. All that was left behind was the old gray succession of deadly clichés and half-witted jokes. These, I now realize, form the outer shell of television, a mere container for potent charms not visible to everyone. Perhaps only the lost and the fearful know television truly. For them, I suspect, it is chiefly designed. The affinity between television and its nightly mass audience is no trifling matter after all. It is a powerful bond fashioned by television's profound understanding of America's careworn, lonely, and failure-ridden people and of their surprisingly innocent yearnings.

[Lyrics]

THE BRAIN OF KOPPEL

From "You Feel With Your Mind and Think With Your Heart," by Larry Brendler, a Washington-area songwriter and singer.

"Nightline" on ABC
Right on your TV screen
That's where you'll find Ted Koppel
The brilliant mind of Koppel

With sheer integrity
And his honesty
He gets the answers for you
And all the world

Ted Koppel we all know how humble you are
But everybody knows you're more than a star!

Cause you feel with your mind
And think with your heart
You want to be kind but
You've got to be smart
You seek out the truth with
A balance that's hard to find

[List]

EMBATTLED BOOKS

From a list of books currently or recently involved in censorship litigation, compiled by the National Coalition Against Censorship. September 8–15 is Banned Books Week.

Alexander, Rae Pace, and Julius Lester, eds. *Young and Black in America* (Elk River, Minnesota).

Allen, Donald, ed. *The New American Poetry* (Aurora, Colorado).

Anonymous. *Go Ask Alice* (Warsaw, Indiana; Island Trees, New York).

Archer, Jerome W., and A. Schwartz, eds. *A Reader for Writers* (Island Trees, New York).

Blatty, William P. *The Exorcist* (Aurora, Colorado).

Blume, Judy. *Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret; Deenie; Then Again, Maybe I Won't* (Elk River, Minnesota).

Boston Women's Health Book Collective. *Our Bodies, Ourselves* (Helena, Montana).

Brautigan, Richard. *The Abortion: An Historical Romance; The Pill Versus the Springhill Mine Disaster; A Confederate General from Big Sur; Rommel Drives On Deep into Egypt; Trout Fishing in America* (Anderson, California).

Burgess, Anthony. *A Clockwork Orange* (Aurora, Colorado).

Burroughs, William, and Allen Ginsberg. *The Yage Letters* (Aurora, Colorado).

Childress, Alice. *A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich* (Island Trees, New York).

Cleaver, Eldridge. *Soul on Ice* (Island Trees, New York).

Ferlinghetti, Lawrence. *Coney Island of the Mind; Starting from San Francisco* (Aurora, Colorado).

Ginsberg, Allen. *Kaddish and Other Poems* (Aurora, Colorado).

Heller, Joseph. *Catch-22* (Strongsville, Ohio).

Hughes, Langston, ed. *The Best Short Stories by Negro Writers* (Island Trees, New York).

Kesey, Ken. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* (St. Anthony, Idaho).

Larrick, Nancy, and Eve Merriam, eds. *Male & Female Under 18* (Chelsea, Massachusetts).

Levin, Ira. *Rosemary's Baby* (Aurora, Colorado); *The Stepford Wives* (Warsaw, Indiana).

Malamud, Bernard. *The Fixer* (Island Trees, New York).

Mann, Patrick. *Dog Day Afternoon* (Vergennes, Vermont).

Morris, Desmond. *The Naked Ape* (Island Trees, New York).

O'Hara, Frank. *Lunch Poems* (Aurora, Colorado).

Plath, Sylvia. *The Bell Jar* (Warsaw, Indiana).

Price, Richard. *The Wanderers* (Vergennes, Vermont).

Simon, Sidney. *Values Clarification* (Warsaw, Indiana).

Thomas, Piri. *Down These Mean Streets* (Queens, New York; Island Trees, New York).

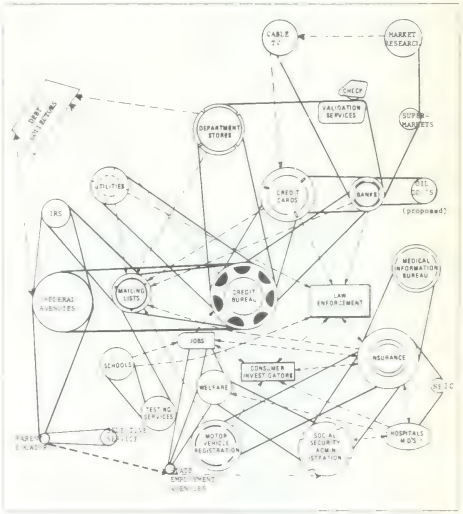
Vonnegut, Kurt. *Cat's Cradle; God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* (Strongsville, Ohio); *Slaughterhouse-Five* (Island Trees, New York).

Waxman, Stephanie. *What Is a Girl? What Is a Boy?* (Elk River, Minnesota).

Wright, Richard. *Black Boy* (Island Trees, New York).

[Chart]

THE INFORMATION COMPLEX



From testimony before the House Judiciary Committee in April by Robert Ellis Smith, publisher of Privacy Journal. *The chart depicts the flow of information about Americans between the government and the private sector, with solid lines indicating automated exchanges and dotted lines indicating manual ones. Smith testified that "government agencies are more and more relying on the private sector to provide sensitive personal information about American citizens." The IRS, for example, rents computerized lists of "demographic profiles" to determine whether a taxpayer's tax bill is in keeping with his lifestyle. The problem, according to Smith, is that many of the private firms the government turns to are "notoriously sloppy." "The crucial demarcation between governmental action, in which there is constitutional protection for citizens, and commercial activity, where there are no such protections, has become irretrievably blurred."*

VARIETIES OF LITERARY EXPERIENCE

Higher Brow—From the table of contents of The Incredulous Reader: Literature and the Function of Disbelief, *by Clayton Koelb, published by Cornell University Press.*

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Lower Brow—From a memo sent by Lawrence Hughes, president of William Morrow & Company, on June 18.

TO: AM, SWA, SDB, TPC, LN, JM, LR, CKR
FROM: LH

Attached is a list of titles for the Sidney Sheldon novel (he sent them). Please check off two titles which you like from this list. Thanks.

A TIME BEYOND REMEMBERING
IF WE LIVE AGAIN
A TOSS OF THE COIN
COSMIC LAUGHTER, COSMIC TEARS
A MATTER OF INNOCENCE, A MATTER OF GUILT
IF TOMORROW COMES
THE LAST CHANCE
THRILLS
THE THRILL SEEKERS
THE NIGHT WORKERS
NIGHT GAMES
LADY OF THE NIGHT
TO KILL A WINDMILL
LISTEN TO THE MOCKINGBIRD
RAINBOWS IN THE NIGHT
NIGHT TRICKS
MAGIC LADY
THE NIGHT HUNTER
HUNTRESS
THE WINDMILLS OF TIME
THE MILLS OF THE GODS
THE WINDS OF DANGER
THE COLOR OF DANGER
THE BLUE UNICORN
CAPER
THE BEST REVENGE
IF NIGHT SHOULD FALL
THE LAST CAPER
DRAGON'S TEETH
GOD, ARE YOU LISTENING?
THE COLORS OF THE WIND
DOUBLE TWIST
NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN
LAUGHTER OF THE GODS
SEE-SAW
THE WINDMILLS OF THE GODS
THE WOMAN IN THE WHITE HAT
THE ADVENTURES OF A CON ARTIST
THE GREATEST SCAM OF THEM ALL
TRUST ME!
THE GIRL WHO SOLD THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE
A PRISONER OF THE GODS
NEVER FORGET ME
TEARS AND LAUGHTER
BEYOND THE TIDE
A SPINNING TIDE
THE WORLD'S A SPINNING STONE
ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE
THE CUTTING EDGE
LADY IN DANGER
DANGEROUS HOLIDAY
PAYMENT IN FULL
LADY WITH SCALES AND SWORD
THE TASTE OF DANGER
ADVENTURESS
LADY IN THE MASK
DANGEROUS GAMES
A DEADLY GAME
THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED
SING A SONG OF DANGER
WIND SOUNDS
THE WINDS OF TIME
TO CATCH A LADY
HUNT FOR A LADY
THE GODS KEEP SCORE
THE CHAMELEON
SCORE ONE FOR THE LADY

[Short Story]

POST-MODERNISM

By Max Apple. From Free Agents, *a new collection of his writing, published by Harper & Row.*

It's always safe to mention Aristotle in literate company. I have known this since my freshman year in college. Furthermore, that esteemed philosopher, by praising Homer for showing rather than telling, gave all storytellers forever after the right to stop being philosophers whenever it suits us, which is most of the time.

So, invoking sacred Aristotle and having no theory to tell, I will show you a little post-modernism. Alas, I have to do this with words, a medium so slow that it took 200 years to clean up Chaucer enough to make Shakespeare, and has taken 300 years since then to produce the clarity of Gertrude Stein. Anyway, I confess that we writers are as bored as any other artists. We get sick of imitating the old masters, the recent masters, and the best sellers. We are openly jealous of composers who can use atonal sounds, painters who experiment with xerography and sculptors with Silly Putty and polyester. Other makers of artistic objects have all this new technology, not to speak of color, and here we are stuck with the rules of grammar, bogged down with the beginnings, middles, and ends, and constantly praying that the muse will send us a well-rounded, lifelike character.

As an exercise, let's imagine a character who is a contemporary writer. He has read Eliot and Proust and Yeats and even had a stab at *Finnegans Wake*. He is well acquainted with the *Oxford English Dictionary* and Roget's *Thesaurus*. There he is sitting before his word processor thinking, What will it be today, some of the same old modernist stuff, a little stream-of-consciousness perhaps with a smattering of French and German? Or maybe he looks out the window, notices the menacing weather, and thinks, This will be a day of stark realism. Lots of he saids and she saids punctuated by brutal silences.

As he considers epiphanies, those commonplace events that Joyce put at the heart of his aesthetic, our writer scans the morning paper. This is a research activity. In the trivial he will find the significant; isn't that what art is all about?

So the writer looks, and it is astonishingly easy. There it is, the first gift of the muse. One column quotes Colonel Muammar Qaddafi of Libya stating that his nation is ready to go to war against the United States. Directly across the page an ad for Target Stores pictures a Texas Instruments pocket calculator, regularly $9.97: "today only" $6.97, battery *included*.

The writer is stunned. He has followed this particular calculator since its days as a $49.95 luxury. He has seen it bandied about by Woolco and K-Mart and, under various aliases, by Sears, Penney's, and Ward's. Never has it been offered with the battery included. This is something altogether new. He remembers Ezra Pound's dictum, "Make it new." Still there is the possibility of an error, a misprint, a lazy proofreader, a goof by the advertising agency—plenty of room for paranoia and ambiguity, always among the top ten in literary circles. And the sad thing is, this particular ad will never appear again. Qaddafi will be quoted endlessly, but the sale was "today only." This is one of the ambiguities the writer has to live with.

Of course our writer doesn't equate Target and the battery to war and peace, not even to the United States and Libya. He hardly considers the nuance of the language that uses the same terms for commerce and war: "Target," "battery," "calculate"—he can't help it if the

[Photo]

ASPHALT JUNGLE



From Parabola, *Vol. IX, No. 2. The caption to this photo reads, "Shevante Indian in Brasilia painted and prepared for war with the bureaucracy."*

language is a kind of garbage collector of meanings. All he wants to do is know for sure if that nine-volt battery is really included. He can, if he has to, imagine a host of happy Libyans clutching their $6.97 calculators and engaged in a gigantic calculating bee against the United States, a contest that we might consider the moral equivalent of war and save everyone a lot of trouble.

His imagination roams the Mediterranean, but the writer will suppress all his political and moral feelings. He will focus absolutely on that calculator and its quizzical battery. He will scarcely notice the webbed beach chair peeking out of the next box or the sheer pantyhose or any of the other targeted bargains.

Let's leave our writer for a moment with apologies to Aristotle and begin to do a bit of analysis. Of course you have known all along that I have been trying to demonstrate a "postmodern" attitude. Maybe you would characterize this attitude as a mixture of world-weariness and cleverness, an attempt to make you think that I'm half kidding, though you're not quite sure about what.

But even in this insignificant example nothing quite fits. It should be easy. We have only one character, the writer. He was sitting before his word processor and reading the paper. He was not described, so you assumed, no doubt, that it was me.

You were wrong. I don't even know how to type and am allergic to word processors. Furthermore, I have never read a thesaurus and I do my work standing at a Formica counter.

The writer I was talking about was Joyce Carol, a young widow supporting quintuplets by reviewing books for regional little magazines. Her husband died in a weight-lifting accident. Her quints were, you have already guessed, the chemical outcome of what for years had seemed a God-given infertility. Joyce Carol struggles to understand all the books she reviews though she could earn a better wage as a receptionist for Exxon or even by selling industrial cleaners and have a company car to boot; but then who would stay home with the quints?

Poor Joyce Carol is stuck with being a book reviewer as women have been stuck at home with books and children for at least 200 years.

She is also about to begin composing her thirty-ninth gothic romance. Ladies in fifteenth-century costume will waste away for love while men in iron garments carry fragrant mementos of their ladies and worry about the blade of their enemy penetrating the few uncovered spots of flesh.

Joyce Carol's quints lie in a huge brass carriage. They are attended by five Vietnamese wet nurses and a group therapist.

There is a photographer from the *National Enquirer* doing an in-depth story on the drug that gave Joyce Carol her quints. He is blacking out fingers and toes on the babes and asking the wet nurses to look forlorn.

Joyce Carol used to write exquisite stories of girls who couldn't decide whether they truly loved their lovers enough to love them. Her stories ended in wistfulness with the characters almost holding hands. Two were sold to the movies but never produced.

It occurs to me that you're probably not very interested in Miss Carol. No doubt I've made some mistakes. In my descriptions I forgot to tell you how she looked, the color of her hair or skin or eyes. I neglected to mention her bearing and/or carriage and said nothing at all about her interpersonal relations.

Wallace Stevens once said, "Description is revelation," and you know, I fell for it. If you want to know any of the nonrevelations you'll have to help me out; after all, readers and listeners are always friends.

I can only tell you that Joyce Carol is modest and desperate. She has a peasant's cunning, and you would not want to be her sister or roommate. She spends a lot of time missing her weight-lifter husband. The five offspring and the thirty-nine novels do not make her miss him any less. She sits at the word processor and imagines his strained biceps. When he pushed the bar over his head he grunted like an earthquake and won her heart.

In her own life Joyce Carol is undeluded by romantic conventions. Her stories may be formulaic, but she knows that the shortness of life, the quirks of fate, the vagaries of love are always the subjects of literature.

Sometimes her word processor seems less useful than a nineteen-cent pen. Sometimes she feels like drowning herself in a mud puddle.

Still she is neither depressed nor morose. She is sitting there before you virtually undescribed, a schematic past, a vague future, possibly a bad credit risk as well.

Lots of time the strings of words she composes make all the difference to her. In the paragraph she has just written, a knight has survived the plague though everyone with him has perished. He carries a bag of infidel teeth as a souvenir for his lady. His horse slouches away from Bethlehem.

Joyce Carol looks up from her labor. The wet nurses are cuddling the babes. She is glad that she did not choose to bottle-feed. The *Enquirer* photographer snaps his pictures. In the photographs the fingers of the infants almost touch. Everything is the way it is. ■

SHOULD THE U.S. FIGHT SECRET WARS?

Almost from the moment the first "contra" was issued his American-made combat boots, the Reagan Administration's secret war against Nicaragua has been embroiled in a vociferous if somewhat bizarre public debate: Congressmen proclaim their outrage, editorialists confess their misgivings, while officials in Washington—who are running the war—blandly "decline to comment on intelligence matters."

Secret, or covert, wars are an honored tradition in postwar U.S. foreign policy, having enjoyed something of a golden age in the 1950s, when the CIA discreetly shuffled governments in Iran, Guatemala, and the Philippines. But the "controversial secret war" is a paradox peculiar to our post-Vietnam, post-Watergate democracy. At the root of the furor over Nicaragua lies a conflict that has obsessed America's public life for the last fifteen-odd years: the people's right to know versus the stated demands of national security.

Can any democracy effectively fight secret wars? Should the United States fight such wars? If so, by what moral right and in what circumstances? To consider these dilemmas, *Harper's* recently brought together intelligence officers, politicians, and diplomats who have confronted them firsthand and found them no less easy to resolve.

The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the Russell Senate Office Building. A number of interested journalists and former intelligence officers were invited to ask questions of the panel. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan served as moderator.

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN
is vice chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence. He served as permanent representative to the United Nations from 1975 to 1976.

WILLIAM COLBY
was director of central intelligence from 1973 to 1976. He served fourteen years in the CIA and was chief of the Far East Division from 1962 to 1968. He is the author of Honorable Men: My Life in the CIA.

RALPH W. McGEHEE
served twenty-five years in the CIA, stationed in Japan, Taiwan, Thailand, the Philippines, and Vietnam. He worked as a case officer on covert operations, as a liaison officer with foreign police and intelligence agencies, and as an intelligence analyst. He is the author of Deadly Deceits: My 25 Years in the CIA.

JOHN STOCKWELL
served as a CIA case officer in the Ivory Coast, Zaire, Burundi, and Vietnam. He was chief of the task force that directed the CIA covert action in Angola in 1975. After twelve years in the agency, he resigned in 1977. Stockwell published In Search of Enemies, *his account of the Angola operation, two years later.*

ANGELO CODEVILLA
has been a professional staff member of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence since 1977. He is a contributor to Intelligence Requirements for the 1980's, *a six-volume study produced by the Consortium for the Study of Intelligence.*

GEORGE W. BALL
was under secretary of state during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations and served as permanent representative to the United Nations in 1968. His most recent book is The Past Has Another Pattern.

MORTON HALPERIN
is director of the Center for National Security Studies. He served in the Defense Department from 1966 to 1969 and was a senior staff member of the National Security Council in the Nixon Administration. He is the author of Freedom vs. National Security.

LESLIE GELB
is the national security correspondent of the New York Times. *He was director of the Bureau of Political and Military Affairs in the State Department from 1977 to 1979 and director of policy planning in the Pentagon from 1967 to 1969.*

RAY S. CLINE
was the CIA's deputy director for intelligence from 1962 to 1966 and director of the Bureau of Intelligence and Research at the State Department from 1969 to 1973. He is now a senior associate at the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University. Cline is the author of The CIA: Reality vs. Myth.

In the late part of the twentieth century we are going to face in many countries, not only in Central America, a determined effort by the Soviet Union to subvert friendly governments. Now when they do that, using great violence, do the American people really want their president, faced with the question of whether a friend like Salvador or Korea or Israel is being attacked, to have no other options than to go to war or to do nothing? I don't think so.

Now . . . should we or should we not have some intermediate option of policy, covert action? . . . I think the American people have to wrestle with that question.

—Robert McFarlane, national security adviser, *Meet the Press*, May 13, 1984

SENATOR DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN: We are here, gentlemen, to take up Mr. McFarlane's challenge and "wrestle with the question" of whether the United States needs an "intermediate option of policy"—covert action. Of course, this question brings with it other, equally difficult issues: If we agree that the United States sometimes needs to intervene secretly, when should it do so? What are the advantages and disadvantages inherent in covert action? And finally, how can covert interventions be controlled and supervised within the United States government?

My first comment about so-called secret wars must be that there is no such thing. The preparations for war can be kept secret, but once a war commences, whatever its avowed nature, it becomes a public event, and very much a public event. Now, how frequently has the United States resorted to covert wars—wars in which we deny our involvement—as an instrument of foreign policy? I count several such wars in our recent history.

In 1954, the Central Intelligence Agency planned and carried out the overthrow of the left-leaning Arbenz government in Guatemala. The CIA trained and equipped an army in Honduras and sent this army into Guatemala. The fighting was very brief, but Arbenz was overthrown.

In 1961, the CIA organized and trained an army of Cuban exiles who wanted to overthrow the Castro government. The army was routed on Cuban beaches by Castro's troops, to the great embarrassment of President Kennedy and the U.S. government. This abortive secret war came to be known as the Bay of Pigs.

During the Vietnam War, the CIA organized and armed Meo tribesmen in Laos in order, among other things, to interdict the flow of arms and supplies moving along the Ho Chi Minh Trail to the Vietcong.

Finally, in perhaps the most controversial and most publicized of these "secret wars," the Reagan Administration has been giving money and arms to the "contras," Nicaraguan soldiers based in Honduras who are fighting the Sandinista government. This war has been going on for at least two and a half years with the active support of the CIA and has been the subject of a good deal of debate in Congress. In fact, it now seems that Congress will deny the Administration funds to continue supporting the contras.

Some of our panelists may want to lengthen this list. Some may disagree with my describing these operations as covert wars. Mr. Colby, you are a former director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Might we not make a distinction between a secret war and a covert operation?

WILLIAM COLBY: Yes. A secret war is normally referred to as a paramilitary operation. As you said, Mr. Chairman, the wars themselves cannot be secret, but sometimes American participation in them can be. In that sense a secret war—a covert paramilitary operation—is indeed possible. But many kinds of covert operations—in the political field, the psychological field, and other areas—do not involve paramilitary action at all.

RALPH W. McGEHEE: Mr. Chairman, I believe that CIA covert operations, whether paramilitary or not, have helped destroy democracy around the world. By means of these operations, the CIA has replaced popular governments with brutal, murderous, U.S.-controlled military dictatorships that torture and kill their own citizens. Whether they involve paramilitary actions, political interventions, propaganda campaigns, or other kinds of deception, covert operations are all designed to benefit U.S.-based multinational corporations that expropriate the national resources of so-called target countries. These operations hurt the indigenous peoples and eventually Americans themselves.

The disastrous Vietnam War began as a CIA covert operation. You mentioned the Bay of Pigs invasion, which set the stage for the Cuban missile crisis. Another, less well-known CIA intervention was the overthrow of the Sukarno government in Indonesia in 1966, which was preceded by the murder of more than half a million Indonesians. At this moment the United States is supporting paramilitary operations in Central America in which Nicaraguan citizens are being murdered every day.

The United States cannot continue to destroy freedom throughout the world by means of covert operations without ultimately destroying it at home. Covert operations violate the rights of all Americans: they allow the president to

take actions abroad that the American people would never support. By imposing strict rules of secrecy, the president threatens the constitutionally guaranteed freedoms of the American people. CIA covert operations are an immediate threat both to the peoples of other nations and to our own way of life.

MOYNIHAN: Mr. McGehee has given us a very emphatic statement. Mr. Colby?

COLBY: I have quite a different view, Mr. Chairman. Covert action is nothing new in American life. During the American Revolution, for example, the French, through covert action, were able to help the colonists fight the British without revealing their involvement. Americans were the beneficiaries of that particular covert action.

We have used covert actions ourselves at various times in our history. It is true that in the 1950s, with the organization and expansion of the CIA, there was a considerable upsurge in them. Of the covert operations undertaken since then, I would say some have been very successful and some have been disasters, some have been the wrong thing to do and some have been the wise thing to do. This applies both to covert political interventions and to paramilitary actions.

The Bay of Pigs was certainly a disaster. But consider our program in the Congo in the early 1960s. The question we faced in the Congo was whether that country, which had just gained its independence from Belgium, would be run by some toadies of the old Belgian mining companies or by men aided by Che Guevara and supported by the Soviet Union. The CIA found a midpoint between those extremes—it helped Joseph Mobuto, then a nationalist member of the Congolese forces, become the third alternative. Now, I concede that the Congo—or Zaire, as it is now called—is no garden spot and that Mr. Mobuto is not the most perfect man in the world. But I think he has considerable advantages over the alternatives.

JOHN STOCKWELL: Mr. Chairman, I grew up in the Congo and served there in the Marine Corps and as a CIA officer. I know the country very well, and I can say that the CIA intervention there was an unmitigated disaster. The United States subverted democracy in the Congo. We participated in the assassination of a prime minister who was democratically elected, Patrice Lumumba. Then we installed in power Joseph Mobuto, who is still the dictator. We have run the country into a debt of $6.2 billion—money that was spent on the multinational corporations, not on the people. In the Congo today, 25 percent of the people are starving, while Joe Mobutu has a personal fortune of about $4.5 billion. That is the result of what the CIA considers a successful covert action.

ANGELO CODEVILLA: The issue, it seems to me, is not whether the United States should try to do the impossible—that is, fight secret wars—but whether we ought to fight wars secretly. Now, the answer to that depends on another question: Should we fight wars at all?

Three wars are now being waged in the world. All are being fought by indigenous forces—what might be called popular forces—against the Soviet Union or Soviet surrogates. One of these wars is in Afghanistan, another is in Angola, and another in Nicaragua. In these three countries, guerrillas—people who would otherwise be living ordinary lives—have taken up arms and, accepting help from wherever they can get it, are fighting either the Soviet Union itself (as in Afghanistan) or Soviet surrogates (the Cubans in Angola, the Sandinistas in Nicaragua). I don't believe many Americans would suggest that the United States would be better off if the pro-Soviet forces defeated the anti-Soviet guerrillas in these wars. So the real question for the United States is, Shall we help the Afghans, the Angolans, the Nicaraguans defeat the Soviet Union in their countries?

What is the role of covert action in these wars, if any? I strongly disagree with Robert McFarlane's statement, which has long been the standard view in this country, that covert action is an intermediate means between lodging a diplomatic protest and sending in the marines. If covert action is seen that way, it becomes not part of a foreign policy but rather a substitute for a policy. As Mr. Colby mentioned, the United States has succeeded in the past with the help of covert operations. But in those cases it has succeeded not because it had a brilliant covert-action program but because it had a policy. That is, the United States had a clear objective and a strong commitment to achieving that objective, and used covert action along with other means to achieve it. Covert action, then, is not the "hard option" between diplomacy and war but simply a neutral tool that may or may not be useful in a particular situation.

But in Washington, initiating covert action is often a substitute for formulating a real policy. These covert actions and the controversy surrounding them often obfuscate what are in fact the central issues in discussions of U.S. foreign policy. We believe that we have fulfilled our obligations with regard to Nicaragua or Afghanistan if we have initiated a covert-action program. Thus, we avoid asking ourselves the

hard questions: In such wars, who shall win? And how should the United States promote its interests in the outcome?

MOYNIHAN: I take it, then, your proposition is that covert operations are frequently designed to conceal indecision within the American government itself?

CODEVILLA: Exactly.

MOYNIHAN: Decision-making in government is a subject about which George Ball knows a thing or two. Mr. Secretary?

GEORGE W. BALL: In principle I think we ought to discourage the idea of fighting secret wars or even initiating most covert operations. We throw away our considerable advantage over the Russians when we indulge in such things. At the moment, the Soviet Union has very limited assets to use in extending and maintaining its authority around the world. The Soviet assets consist almost entirely of military power. The United States, on the other hand, has assets that transcend that, the greatest of which is our reputation for upholding certain principles—noninterference in the affairs of other nations, respect for their sovereignty and self-determination, and so on. This is particularly true in the Third World, which is where most covert actions take place. When the United States violates those principles—when we mine harbors in Nicaragua—we fuzz the difference between ourselves and the Soviet Union. We act out of character, which no great power can do without diminishing itself.

I think this is a very foolish thing to do. Polls are taken in Europe today asking, What is the difference between the Soviet Union and the United States? and many people answer, Well, they are both great imperialists and they are both indulging in the same kinds of behavior. I think our covert war in Nicaragua has done us considerable harm in Europe and contributed to the problems we had there last fall with the deployment of NATO missiles. When we yield to what is, in my judgment, a childish temptation to fight the Russians on their own terms and in their own gutter, we make a major mistake and throw away one of our great assets. And we have been doing this more and more frequently in recent years. Vietnam contributed greatly to the process, but covert operations have contributed also.

Of course, part of the problem lies with our policy itself. We seem to have a Brezhnev doctrine of our own, which we apply to areas close to the United States. According to the Brezhnev doctrine, the Soviet Union will not accept the overthrow of any of the satellite regimes on its borders, even by popular revolution. I think we're applying a similar doctrine to Latin America, and I think that is the way it appears to the world. There's an old French proverb that says a man tends to acquire the visage of his adversary. What we are doing by indulging in operations of this kind is acquiring the visage of our adversary.

MORTON HALPERIN: I believe that the United States ought not to engage in covert wars or in covert operations designed to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries. The constitutional grounds for this position are clear. Covert operations commit the United States to major foreign policy initiatives—to wage war—without public debate, without congressional debate, and without giving citizens the opportunity to express their views either by petitioning the government or by voting against a president because they don't approve of his policies. In a democratic society, it is unacceptable for the president to engage in operations that cannot be tested in the marketplace—in Congress or at the ballot box.

But there is also a practical argument. In order to succeed in overthrowing a foreign government by a paramilitary operation, there must be a consensus at home that we should undertake such an operation. But to produce that consensus, we need to debate the program openly. If in fact there is a civil war in Nicaragua (which I don't believe for a minute), if in fact there is a civil war in Angola, if in fact Afghanistan has been illegally invaded (which I think it has), then we have a right to interfere openly in support of the people we believe to be in the right. If there is a case to be made for intervening in those countries, the President ought to present it openly and Congress ought to debate it openly. If there is a consensus among Americans that we should intervene, we could go ahead openly and more effectively.

The consequences of intervening secretly are not only that in so doing we corrupt our own society, not only that we violate international law, but also that we are often unsuccessful because the President cannot generate the public support that is necessary to see it through.

MOYNIHAN: I see agreement here between Mr. Halperin and Mr. Codevilla. You probably have different views about the specifics, but you agree that a policy must be made and debated openly if that policy is to be sustained.

CODEVILLA: I would merely add that if the arguments *were* made openly, I believe Mr. Halperin might not like the results very much.

HALPERIN: I'm willing to run that risk.

COLBY: But an open debate on aid to the Afghan rebels, for instance, might move the United States from a position of covertly aiding the Afghans to a position of openly defying the Soviet Union. Do we really want to do that? Do we want to cause a major crisis with the Soviet Union?

LESLIE GELB: I disagree with Mort Halperin's proposition that we ought not to interfere in the internal politics of other societies. I believe that is exactly what foreign policy is. All foreign policy is the extension of one's internal policies into the internal politics of another nation.

I think the question is not, Should you have covert operations? The question is, What is your policy? If you have a policy that makes sense, it seems to me that in principle you could conduct covert operations supporting that policy that would make sense. In fact, it seems rather hypocritical to use the word "covert" nowadays, when we are openly discussing co-

Guatemala, 1954: The Overthrow of Arbenz

The CIA's overthrow of the left-leaning Arbenz government in Guatemala was an artful campaign combining psychological warfare, propaganda, and paramilitary operations that resulted in a virtually bloodless coup. Acting on orders from President Eisenhower, the agency succeeded in convincing Guatemalans that a "popular rebellion" was taking place in support of Carlos Castillo Armas, a strongly anticommunist colonel then in exile. The CIA's "Voice of Liberation," supposedly the rebels' radio station, was central to the operation. David Atlee Phillips, the CIA officer in charge of the station, gives the following account in his memoirs, The Night Watch.

Castillo Armas would have three old B-26 bombers and several cargo and fighter planes, a few to be flown by Guatemalans, but most by foreign mercenaries. A staging area for the military effort had been arranged with the leader of a country bordering Guatemala. Another neighboring country would harbor a rebel clandestine radio station, which would pretend to be broadcasting from within Guatemala. . . .

D-Day. On June 18 the radio station announced that Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas and his troops had invaded. It was true: several trucks had crossed the border without opposition, Castillo Armas out front in a battered station wagon, to bivouac six miles inside Guatemala. Mario and Pepe [the Guatemalan broadcasters] used indirection to make their propaganda points: "At our command post here in the jungle we are unable to confirm or deny the report that Castillo Armas has an army of five thousand men." In fact the army was a hundred fifty ragtag recruits. "There are reports of a battle at Esquipulas, but we do not yet have a tally of the dead." There were no casualties; there had been no battle. Rumors buffeted the country. . . .

Seven weeks had passed since the inaugural broadcast of the Voice of Liberation. It was clear there would be no military solution, with one side or the other winning a decisive battlefield victory. Castillo Armas had neither the men nor the matériel to do so, and the government, confused and lacking faith in the military, lacked the will to engage the enemy. . . .

It was decided to drop a single bomb on the capital. On the twenty-fifth of June a rebel pilot let one fall in the middle of the parade ground of the largest military encampment. No one was hurt, but the inhabitants of Guatemala City prepared for the worst.

The Voice of Liberation broadcast that two columns of rebel soldiers were converging on Guatemala City. In fact, Castillo Armas and his makeshift army were still encamped six miles inside the border, far from the capital. The radio skillfully created the illusion that the capital would soon be under attack: "To Commander X, to Commander X. Sorry, we cannot provide the five hundred additional soldiers you want. No more than three hundred are available." In fact there was no Commander X, and not even three men available. There was only the hope that Arbenz and his loyalists would give up hope.

The bomb was dropped on a Friday night and the radio announcement of two imaginary columns of soldiers was broadcast on Sunday morning. Arbenz resigned in a nationwide radio speech that night. He drove to the Mexican embassy to seek asylum, and six hundred of his supporters followed. . . .

Castillo Armas and his men were flown to a landing field outside Guatemala City, then marched triumphantly into the capital. Mario and Pepe were in the vanguard, wearing battle fatigues and hand-stitched shoulder patches.

The revolution was over.

vert operations all the time. Which puts us in an ironical situation—discussing what is, by definition, not to be discussed.

MOYNIHAN: I suggest that in the United States we openly discuss a very limited number of such operations, that the far greater portion are not discussed, but are hermetically sealed.

GELB: Well, that's right, we do openly discuss a decided minority of the covert operations under way, but I think we generally discuss those that involve military force. They get discussed publicly in one way or another, and thus have to meet a public test.

As for specific operations, I agree with what Bill Colby said. Sometimes they have been used wisely and sometimes not, but in most cases the real problem has not been with the covert action as such or with the paramilitary operation as such. It has been with the policy itself.

RAY S. CLINE: Well, I thought I was going to be the only one here to wear the black hat and argue that covert wars are a necessary option. But Les Gelb has bailed me out there.

The first problem here is one of definition. If we are talking about military operations—wars, in common parlance—it simply is not possible to fight them secretly, as Senator Moynihan said. What we are really discussing, then, is whether we can officially admit our responsibility and involvement. For I completely agree with Mr. Gelb that the United States intervenes all the time. For a country of our size not to intervene in the affairs of other countries, it would have to be living in a state of isolation that the United States never achieved, not even in the 1930s. The question to be considered is how we intervene.

Thus we are actually dealing with a rather technical problem: Is a given paramilitary intervention in a given foreign country useful to the foreign policy of the United States? As Bill Colby said, there have been times and places where such interventions have been useful, and there is no reason to suspect that they will not be useful again.

When you become as puristic as George Ball and some of the others here, and argue that the United States should never intervene in other people's affairs, that we should maintain a standard that sets us apart from the Russians and other nasty people—this attitude, I believe, is the counsel to surrender. This attitude would have us surrender in a battle that is being fought right now. My own view, after studying the records of past covert actions and after serving in the CIA and in the State Department, is that the covert war, the secret war, is the instrument that has been chosen by the leaders and theoreticians of the Soviet Union for their struggle with the noncommunist world. This struggle is often carried out by surrogates, sometimes even by unwitting or not very loyal surrogates; but its goal nevertheless is to destabilize nations that may be critical to American foreign policy. The Syrian paramilitary operations in Lebanon provide a recent example. I believe we must face up to the fact that we are already engaged in a protracted secret war against the Soviet Union.

BALL: First, "puristic" is a fighting word where I come from. I suggested that the United States would do itself harm if it appeared to adopt the tactics and the methods of its adversary, and I hold to that position. There may well be some situations in which the United States should provide arms to an insurgent group. But I can think of very few cases where we could not provide these arms openly. Why we need the CIA for that, I'm not quite sure.

Afghanistan is a special situation. The United States is paying lip service to the idea of freedom for the Afghan people, but we know that at the end of the road they are probably not going to have that freedom. We are primarily aiding the Afghan rebels in order to impose very high costs on the Soviet Union. I see big differences between the Bay of Pigs operation—where we hired an army, trained it, and then sent it off to fight in some secondhand airplanes—and a situation where we send some arms to a country that has asked us for help. If it is an insurgent group that asks us for help, so be it. But the United States is not in the Soviet Union's position; it does not serve our objectives to exploit every sign of instability in the world in order to advance our own interests.

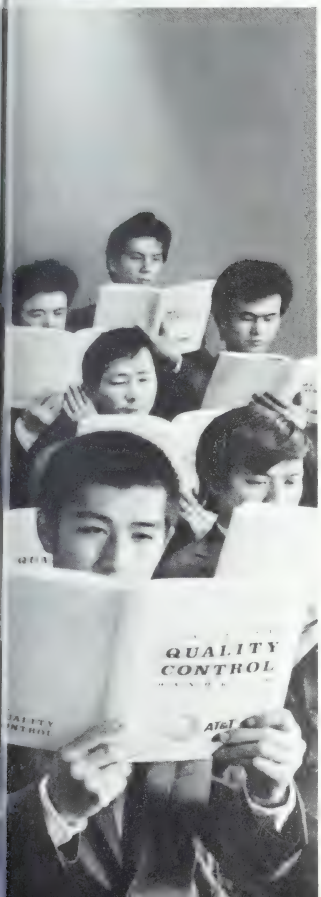
In helping the insurgents in Nicaragua, I think we are being dishonest with ourselves, or else we are deceiving the contras. If the United States is really only trying to stop the movement of arms and supplies from the Sandinistas to the Salvadoran guerrillas, as we officially claim, then our purpose is very different from that of these poor devils fighting in the jungle. If the supplies are eventually stopped, does the United States then say to the contras, "Sorry, chaps, we know you have been getting yourselves killed to establish a new government in Nicaragua, but now we are no longer going to help you"? This is what I mean when I say we get ourselves into positions that are contradictory and basically dishonest.

STOCKWELL: Many statements made here today have been superficial; many have been inaccurate. Finally, there has been a tendency to focus on matters so small that they are insignificant. I

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have already described the disastrous results of the CIA's intervention in the Congo, which Mr. Colby cited as an example of a highly successful covert action. Now let's consider Mr. Codevilla's statement that few Americans would argue that the United States should support the so-called Soviet-backed forces in Angola—the MPLA, which we fought during the CIA covert action in 1975—or the Sandinistas in Nicaragua. But many people did argue publicly at the time that we should support and recognize the MPLA, including Assistant Secretary of State Nathaniel Davis and our consul in Luanda, Tom Killoran. Gulf Oil also lobbied for recognition, as did David Rockefeller. In the same way, many, many people, including myself, are arguing vigorously today that the Sandinistas pose no threat whatsoever to the national security of the United States and that we could just as easily support them as attack them and kill them.

The suggestion was made earlier that our subject is a small number of semisecret wars. I came here today to talk about covert action. According to the Senate's own studies—the investigations of your own committee, Senator—the CIA has carried out several thousand covert actions since 1961, and several thousand before then. Many of these things are bloody. If you add up the toll of victims of these operations, the number of people killed, you arrive at a minimum figure of 1 million people.

Now, what kind of people have we been killing? They are not Russians, not KGB; very few of them are even communists. In fact, we have gone into Third World countries and arranged, in one way or another, for more than a million people to be killed. I am talking now about direct victims—for example, when the United States gives arms to the contras in Honduras, and the contras go into northern Nicaragua and kill people there. The United States is trying to modify the policies of a government it doesn't like by destabilizing the country, that is, by making the Nicaraguan people miserable—not the Sandinistas, but the people—so miserable that their country falls apart. We have given people arms, stirred things up, started wars, and killed millions of people in a kind of five-year-old's make-believe game. These operations are so superficially planned, yet so murderous, that it boggles the mind. Consider the CIA's operation in Indonesia in 1965. The CIA's own reports estimate that 800,000 Indonesians died as a result of that operation. When you add up the victims of all the other, smaller covert operations—5,000 dead here, 10,000 dead there, 50,000 dead here—you come up with an awesome figure. We have probably killed close to 3 million people in these so-called secret wars—people of the Third World, not Russians.

The issue now in Central America is not Russian subversion. The United States is playing a child's game in Central America. The game is: let's make believe the Russians are taking over Central America and let's go down there and destabilize governments and kill a lot of people. That is wrong. It has discredited the United States. It has made the United States responsible for genocide in the Third World.

COLBY: I would like to state clearly for the record that I consider Mr. Stockwell's statements, and those of Mr. McGehee earlier, just plain inaccurate. For example, the allegation that the CIA somehow caused the revolution in Indonesia is flatly wrong. The allegation that the CIA caused the revolutions in some of these other countries is flatly wrong. The characterization of the CIA as operating totally on its own is flatly wrong.

As you know, Senator Moynihan, the CIA today operates under your control—that is, under the active supervision of the United States Congress. What may have happened before 1975 is another problem, but in the last ten years, thanks to the work of your fine committee and that of its counterpart in the House, Congress has had control over what the CIA does. You also know, Senator, that there are strict rules about what the CIA is authorized to do and what it is not. Again, in the last ten years, I know of no violations of those rules.

The Senate voted to support the contras in Nicaragua. The House of Representatives voted not to support them. A very clear difference of opinion about the wisdom of a particular covert action is being debated in Congress—in the democratic way of our country. These committees were established in order to debate these matters quietly, but nonetheless to debate them.

What is different about covert actions today is that if they turn out to be mistakes, they will be American mistakes. They will not be CIA mistakes, but mistakes of the administration and the Congress in power.

MOYNIHAN: Mr. Colby is referring to a series of executive orders implemented during the last ten years that define the operations the CIA might properly undertake. Establishing these two oversight committees has helped ensure that Congress is kept informed of CIA activities.

I would like to make clear that the oversight committees of Congress must, by statute, be informed of CIA activities. But they do not have the right to approve or disapprove. Congress may of course deny funds for particular CIA programs—which is what the current debate

over funding the contras is about—but that comes later. The president retains the power to initiate CIA activities, but he must inform Congress, and Congress has its say through the annual appropriation and authorization process.

STOCKWELL: If this is such a democratic process, why does it have to be so secret from the American people? Why must we lie to the American people about CIA covert activities? Why can't the American people share in the truth about them?

As for the assertion that this oversight process has not been violated, or that no violation has occurred during the last ten years, I would point out that in 1975, Mr. Colby gave thirty-six briefings to the Senate in which he offered false information. I myself gave the Senate cable numbers and details that prove those statements were absolutely not true, not correct, not accurate. Those statements were false.

MOYNIHAN: Mr. Stockwell, do you really want to use the word "false" about a man of Mr. Colby's reputation?

STOCKWELL: Sir, a man who has spent his life in the CIA lives in secrecy. That means cover stories, false identities, false information, lies. Everything I did during twelve years in the CIA, everything Mr. McGehee did during twenty-five years in the CIA—virtually everything we did we had to lie about.

COLBY: Mr. Chairman, I have been accused of all sorts of things. It doesn't bother me because I know these matters have been investigated by the committees of Congress, and the committees have not accepted the allegation that I made false statements to them.

MOYNIHAN: I was not in the Senate at that time, but it is my understanding that what Mr. Colby says is correct. I myself can certainly not accept the charges being made here today against Mr. Colby.

McGEHEE: I want to remind Mr. Colby that the CIA prepared a study of the 1965 Indonesian operation that described what the agency did there. I happened to have been custodian of that study for a time, and I know the specific steps the agency took to create the conditions that led to the massacre of at least half a million Indonesians.

While I was in the CIA I also helped prepare briefings for Congress for Mr. Colby, and it is a fact that those briefings had nothing to do with reality. The briefings were designed to present a certain picture that would allow the CIA to sell covert programs to Congress. Very few of the facts in these briefings were true. They were complete whitewash jobs.

In the CIA you learn to do things by deceiving. When you want to undertake a covert operation, you first justify your policy, and then you implement that policy. Some attempts to justify future covert-action programs are being reported in the press right now. A prime example is the yellow rain—the chemical warfare—that the Russians and their allies are supposedly using in Afghanistan, Laos, and Cambodia.

MOYNIHAN: Are you suggesting, sir, that the yellow rain is somehow American-instigated?

McGEHEE: The claim that yellow rain has been used in these countries originates with sources in the American intelligence community, and is simply a justification to heat up the cold war and to expand our arsenal of chemical weapons.

CODEVILLA: Mr. Chairman, I believe Mr. McGehee is describing accurately only his own state of mind—that is to say, he is first reaching conclusions and then stretching reality to fit them.

To accept his statement that yellow rain is a figment of our imagination, we must suppose that some 20,000 Laotians and Cambodians willingly suffered rather nasty deaths. As for his allegation that the CIA invented yellow rain, in the late 1970s we on the Senate Select Committee had a very difficult time convincing the CIA to pay attention to what was happening. There were reports of massive deaths from yellow rain, not from one or two sources but from hundreds. There were corpses of people who had died in the most gruesome ways. And the agency, because of all sorts of prejudices, refused to accept this evidence.

McGEHEE: Jacqui Chagnon and Roger Rumpf of the American Friends Service Committee, who have lived in Cambodia and Laos, recently visited numerous villages that were supposedly attacked with yellow rain, and they found no evidence whatsoever of such attacks.

Another example is the Libyan hit teams in 1981. A deputy director of operations in the CIA planned to overthrow the government of Libya. Of course, you need some justification to sell such a program to the American people. All of a sudden the press was filled with reports of Libyan hit teams sent to the United States to assassinate President Reagan. The agency was simply creating a justification to overthrow the Libyan government. But because the House Intelligence Committee protested, this particular CIA program was never carried out, and the

Libyan hit teams disappeared as suddenly as they came.

Now we have the Sandinistas' alleged support of the Salvadoran leftists as the justification for the covert war in Nicaragua, a war supposedly intended to halt the flow of arms. We happen to have in the audience the CIA intelligence analyst who has said publicly that there has been no such flow of Nicaraguan arms into El Salvador for three years, at least. This supposed flow of arms merely serves as the excuse for our covert program. I know: I have prepared such excuses myself.

MOYNIHAN: Mr. David MacMichael, the CIA analyst Mr. McGehee alluded to, is in the audience. Would Mr. MacMichael like to comment about the situation in Nicaragua?

DAVID MacMICHAEL:* I can testify that in the business of producing evidence to justify the need for covert programs there is a strong tendency within the Administration and within the CIA to hang an awful lot of wash on a very weak and very frayed line that simply will not support it. As I know from my own experience, this is certainly the case in Nicaragua. The Administration has exaggerated the amount of arms supposedly flowing from the Sandinistas to the Salvadorans to justify our covert aid to the contras. There is a point where such official exaggeration becomes plain prevarication.

COLBY: I would like to comment on Mr. McGehee's allegations about the CIA's role in Indonesia in 1965. I was chief of the Far West Division at that time, and we have in the audience today the man who was then chief of station in Jakarta, Mr. Hugh Tovar. I would like to ask Mr. Tovar whether we had anything to do with that revolution.

MOYNIHAN: Mr. Tovar, would you care to make a statement? We welcome you to this forum.

HUGH TOVAR:** Thank you, Mr. Chairman. I am rather shattered by these allegations. I endorse entirely what Mr. Colby said. I was in charge of CIA operations in Jakarta at the time, so I would have been the primary instigator of the massacres that allegedly took place. In fact, the CIA served primarily as an intelligence-collecting operation in Indonesia, and did not indulge heavily in covert action. We certainly did not instigate the 1965 revolt. We had nothing to do with it. We watched it. We reported on it—I think we did a very good job reporting on it. But we were not involved in instigating the revolt.

McGEHEE: I believe Mr. Tovar's career in the CIA has focused on covert action. The covert action staff uses all the techniques of deceit: false propaganda, doctored photographs, forged documents. What I've described in Indonesia actually happened. I have seen the CIA's own document. If I could produce it, I would be able to prove the statements I have made today.

CLINE: Mr. Chairman, I do not recognize the CIA operations that Mr. McGehee and Mr. Stockwell are talking about. I do not believe that the calculated policy of barbarity and cruelty that they have described ever existed or ever would have been approved by any of the senior officials of the agency I knew.

But to return to the more serious problem: The United States is faced with a situation in which the major world power opposing our system of government is trying to expand its power by using covert methods of warfare. Must the United States respond like a man in a barroom brawl who will fight only according to Marquis of Queensberry rules?

If we are not going to engage in covert action, then we should have the courage to do what a few people here have suggested: declare war on countries that are using secret war methods. But I don't see any stomach in the United States Congress, or on the part of the American people, for declaring war on Syria or Cuba or Vietnam or Nicaragua or any of the other countries that, with Soviet support, are exporting terrorist techniques, along with the money and the guns to employ them.

MOYNIHAN: Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Cline, no country has officially declared war since 1945.

CLINE: It seems to have gone out of fashion.

HALPERIN: This brings us back to the question of what exactly is covert about covert operations, since, as Les Gelb said, we talk about them openly all the time. What is in fact covert about these interventions—and to me this is the vital point—is that they are kept secret from the

*David MacMichael left the CIA, where he analyzed political and military developments in Central America, in July 1983. MacMichael recently denounced the Administration's covert aid to the Nicaraguan contras, stating that "the Administration and the CIA have systematically misrepresented Nicaraguan involvement in the supply of arms to Salvadoran guerrillas to justify its efforts to overthrow the Nicaraguan government. There has not been a successful interdiction, or a verified report, of arms moving from Nicaragua to El Salvador since April 1981." (New York Times, June 11, 1984.)

**Former chief of the covert action staff, Central Intelligence Agency, and former chief of station, Jakarta.

American people and the political process, sometimes for a very long time.

Let's consider Nicaragua. The Reagan Administration would have fought the whole war there secretly had the political process in the United States allowed it. Without any public debate, the Administration made the decision to use military force against a country whose government we recognize, to arm and equip people to invade that country. And it continues to pursue this war without any full public explanation of what our goal is.

You were present, Senator Moynihan, when the Nicaraguan war was debated in the Senate. A number of senators suggested very different motivations behind it. Some talked as if its purpose was to overthrow an illegal, dangerous government. Others talked as if we were trying to halt the flow of supplies. But when the President and the secretary of state are asked why the United States is fighting in Nicaragua, they say they can't discuss covert operations.

GELB: But the question remains: Does the overall policy make sense and does the particular covert operation under way really support that policy? If it does not, you find yourself with the diplomatic troubles George Ball suggests, or you eventually have to abandon the people you have been covertly supporting.

Take the case of Afghanistan. The United States certainly has the option of providing aid openly to the Afghan guerrillas, but I think we are not doing that for two compelling reasons. First, such overt aid would make relations even more difficult with the Soviet Union: I don't think the Russians mind the current fiction as much as they would overt aid to the Mujaheddin. Second, covert aid was the preferred course of the Pakistanis. I don't think the Pakistani government would even consider playing a role if it had to admit its involvement openly.

The question you come back to is, Should we support the Mujaheddin in Afghanistan? If the United States says as a matter of principle that it will not support any insurgent group against any government, we deny ourselves reasonable choices. And if we say we have to aid these groups openly if at all, we also deny ourselves reasonable choices. I don't want to see our government do that.

HALPERIN: No one suggested the United States stop helping people who are fighting for causes we believe are just. The question remains: What are the conditions for debating and approving that support within the United States? I believe there is overwhelming support in the United States for resisting the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan. But there must be public debate and consensus before we make a policy decision to help the Afghans.

After such a decision is reached, the operation itself can be kept secret. In the case of Afghanistan, the absence of a public debate means that we appear to be helping the Mujaheddin just enough to keep the Russians bleeding, which may satisfy those people who think that is a way to annoy them. But we haven't faced the fundamental question: Will the United States do enough to really annoy the Russians?

If the United States is going to make a difference in Afghanistan, the Russians will be annoyed with us for it. We simply must decide whether we are willing to have that kind of dispute with the Russians. We seem to believe that by providing our aid secretly we keep the Russians from being annoyed; what makes more sense is that we are providing such a small amount that it doesn't really affect the Russians.

GELB: Well, what would be your alternative policy in Afghanistan?

HALPERIN: I would have an open debate in the United States about what our goals really are. If it was decided that we should do whatever is most effective to end the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan, which would require substantially



"Listen, you don't have to go into details. I've already read about it in the newspapers."

From Barricada, *the Sandinista newspaper.*

more money and substantially more effort, I would divert resources from other CIA operations to Afghanistan. But first we need to come to a decision to make Afghanistan a point of confrontation with the Russians.

GELB: And if the Pakistanis objected to an increased level of arms and supplies moving through Pakistan, then what would you do?

HALPERIN: Then I would try to find alternative ways to get the arms and supplies to the Mujaheddin. If we can't do it, we can't do it; but the notion that we should not do it because it would antagonize the Russians seems to me internally inconsistent.

MOYNIHAN: Morton Halperin said there is overwhelming public support for assistance to the Mujaheddin. I would say, rather, there is not overwhelming opposition. A very small group of knowledgeable people feel strongly about aiding the Afghan rebels, but in most of the country the mood is simply one of acquiescence. Is it not the case, gentlemen, that the number of things the American people can know about and care about at a given moment is limited, whereas the number of things that the U.S. government might have to be concerned with is a lot greater? That is one reason why we have governments. Are there not areas in which the government must act on the basis of a general mandate, rather than specific public approbation?

HALPERIN: What is important is that those who do care are able to find out what their government is doing.

MOYNIHAN: It seems to me that Mr. Halperin's proposal to provide American support to the Mujaheddin in Afghanistan openly and assertively would in the end result in our doing nothing whatsoever. I believe there would be no American support for this kind of overt program.

CLINE: That is precisely why Mr. Halperin is so passionately attached to this method of reaching a decision about whether to provide aid.

CODEVILLA: The question with regard to Pakistan is this: Is Pakistan's acquiescence in serving as a conduit for arms and other assistance for the Mujaheddin based on the fact that the Soviet Union does not know that such assistance is flowing through Pakistan? That seems unlikely. Rather, the Pakistanis cooperate because they are confident the United States will come to their aid should they be attacked by the Soviet Union. Since the Russians know this, they refrain from attacking. I suggest that the willingness of third parties to help in covert actions depends not so much on the secrecy of their involvement as it does on their assurance that should the action ever become overt, they will receive plenty of overt support.

So I disagree that it is good to undertake only actions that are small enough to be quiet failures. I think a loud success is always preferable to a quiet failure.

GELB: The fact of the matter is that almost any covert operation that might be considered controversial is going to be debated publicly. At this point it is almost impossible to prevent it. On the issues I would guess Mort Halperin cares about most we have had precisely the kind of debate he suggests. The debates have been somewhat Kabuki-like since the operations nominally remain covert, but we have had the debates. And in the case of our aid to the contras in Nicaragua, the operation may actually be terminated by Congress.

COLBY: In recent years we have had two clear cases where public opposition to a covert operation has expressed itself in decisive action by Congress to end that operation. Congress ordered the CIA to terminate its covert action in Angola in 1975, and it stopped dead in its tracks. And the House of Representatives recently voted to end U.S. funding of the contras, and that vote looks as though it will prevail. This shows conclusively that covert action is indeed subject to the control of the American people through their elected representatives.

As to Mr. Halperin's statement that we should not provide only a small amount of arms, I don't think we need be ashamed to help brave men and women fight for what they believe, even though we cannot guarantee them victory. Perhaps they will be unhappy that we are not supporting them with B-52s, but *some* support is perfectly justifiable in many cases. If you provide this support covertly, you obviously avoid the problems involved in challenging the other side directly.

HALPERIN: First, the covert operation in Nicaragua was *begun* without that public debate. The critical moment for debating a military intervention is before it begins. Clearly, once you help people start a war there are weighty arguments in favor of continuing to support them.

Second, we must recognize that, despite what may be happening in Congress, the Reagan Administration still refuses to debate these operations in public and will not publicly explain precisely what it is they are supposed to

achieve. This corrodes the public debate and makes it very difficult to have an informed confrontation.

MARK DANNER:* *Harper's* did invite the Reagan Administration to send a representative from the National Security Council to explain its policy to this panel, but the Administration declined, saying it did not comment on intelligence matters.

STOCKWELL: What has been overlooked in all of these high-minded comments about the American people and the democratic process is the fact that the American government—our government—when it comes to covert actions initiated and encouraged by the CIA, deliberately and consistently lies to the American people. For example, during the Angolan operation in 1975, CIA propaganda programs were under way both here and abroad. We planted stories in U.S. newspapers and in papers around the world about Cuban soldiers raping Angolan women. But there had been no Cuban rapists in Angola.

And it goes without saying that we made statements and prepared formal briefings for Congress that were completely false. We had propagandists in New York and Washington, and we wrote false statements for them to deliver. I submit that this is exactly what is going on in Nicaragua today. The American people are being lied to by their leaders. Why don't they tell the American people the truth about what is happening in Nicaragua? Then we can make an honest decision, at least.

TOM GERVASI:** Mr. Chairman, the panelists here seem to live in two different worlds, and I don't know if I can bridge the gap. I find this very frightening because, after all, we do all live in one world, don't we, one real world? This means that some people here are either knowingly lying or are self-deluded. It means there is disinformation right here.

I submit that unless using force to intervene in another nation's affairs is a demonstrable act of self-defense, there is no excuse for it. And there is certainly no legitimate reason for it to be covert. The American people are perfectly capable of perceiving legitimacy if it is pointed out to them. I believe the primary reason the government refers to operations that have already been exposed (such as our support of the contras) as covert is to circumvent normal public debate of their legitimacy. If the American government feels that a particular intervention is not legitimate but is still in the national interest, then don't we have a clear conflict between the national interest and the public interest?

HALPERIN: Yes, we do.

COLBY: I believe two principles dominate the use of force, whether in overt wars or covert operations. The first is the moral doctrine of self-defense. But then the question immediately becomes, What action is in self-defense? If you look at American history, you will find that a number of our military and paramilitary and covert operations were clearly in self-defense, and you will find that others were not. But I agree we should follow that standard generally.

The second principle is proportionality: a covert action is often less of an interference in a country than an aggressive military action would be, even when the military action could be taken in self-defense. Some—not all—of our covert actions can be justified by this rationale. Those operations that don't meet this test have been mistakes, for various reasons. I certainly know of several that we should never have attempted

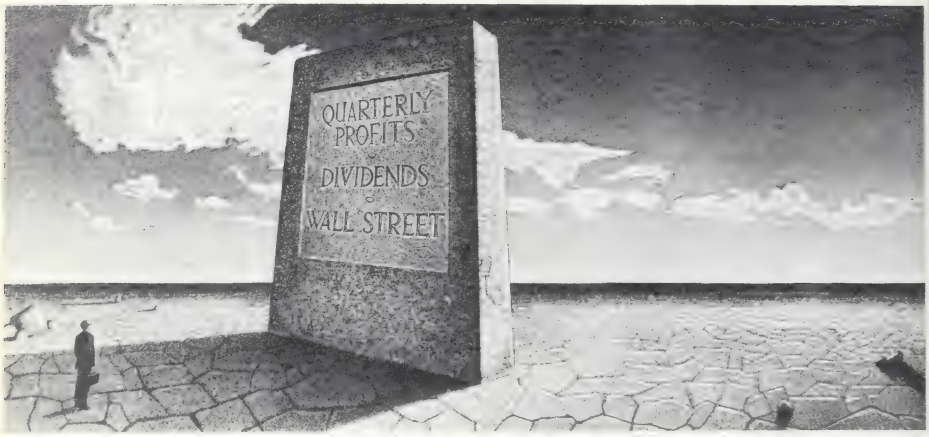
MOYNIHAN: One can argue, of course, that if the U.S. Congress is satisfied that an action is legal, the action need not be public, if that would make it unsuccessful or diminish its chances for success. But in fact, gentlemen, if one common theme has impressed itself upon me throughout this discussion, it is that no major American military involvement in another part of the world *can* be kept secret. The issue here is degrees of acknowledgment. In the real world there are things nations can do, and be known to do, but cannot do effectively if they acknowledge as much. I wonder, then, if the wise rule for governments might be: Never do anything you are not prepared, even so, to acknowledge.

This is a rule of prudence as well as of jurisprudence. The plain fact is that the United States is routinely charged with extraordinary wrongdoing, even by its own citizens. This is the price paid by a society that is both powerful and free. Such power has existed before; never, I think, in combination with such freedom. Freedom is doubly a check on the power of our government. It cannot—for long—do that which is seen to be wrong. Just as importantly, it ought not do that which can be made to appear to be wrong. Administrations need to understand that when they opt for "covert action," they forsake and thereby abuse the most precious attribute of democracy—the opportunity to make your case. ■

*Senior Editor, Harper's.

**Director of the Center for Military Research and Analysis and author of the series Arsenal of Democracy (Grove Press).

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Reflections on life in exile

By Edward W. Said

There is no sense of ease like the ease we felt in those scenes where we were born, where objects became dear to us before we had known the labour of choice, and where the outer world seemed only an extension of our personality.

—George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*

Exile is the unhealable rift forced between a human being and a native place, between the self and its true home. The essential sadness of the break can never be surmounted. It is true that there are stories portraying exile as a condition that produces heroic, romantic, glorious, even triumphant episodes in a person's life. But these are no more than stories, efforts to overcome the crippling sorrow of estrangement. The achievements of any exile are permanently undermined by his or her sense of loss.

If true exile is a condition of terminal loss, why has that loss so easily been transformed into a potent, even enriching, motif of modern culture? One reason is that we have become accustomed to thinking of the modern period itself as spiritually orphaned and alienated. This is supposedly the age of anxiety and of the lonely crowd. Nietzsche taught us to feel uncomfortable with tradition, and Freud to regard domestic intimacy as the polite face painted on patricidal and incestuous rage.

The canon of modern Western culture is in large part the work of exiles, émigrés, refugees. American academic, intellectual, and aesthetic thought is what it is today because of refugees from fascism, communism, and other regimes given over to the oppression and expulsion of dissidents. One thinks of Einstein, and his impact on his century. There have been political thinkers, such as Herbert Marcuse. The critic George Steiner once proposed that a whole genre of twentieth-century Western literature, a literature by and about exiles—among them Beckett, Nabokov, Pound—reflects "the age of the refugee." In the introduction to his book *Extraterritorial*, Steiner wrote:

> It seems proper that those who create art in a civilization of quasi-barbarism, which has made so many homeless, should themselves be poets unhoused and wanderers across language. Eccentric, aloof, nostalgic, deliberately untimely . . .

In other places and times, exiles had similar cross-cultural and transnational visions, suffered the same frustrations and miseries, performed the

Edward W. Said is Parr Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Columbia University. His most recent book is The World, the Text, and the Critic.

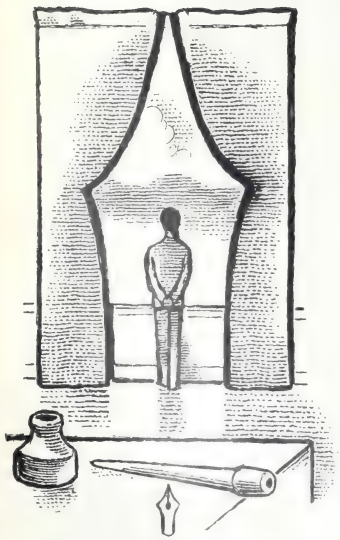
Set aside Joyce and Nabokov and even Conrad. Think instead of the uncountable masses for whom UN agencies have been created

same elucidating and critical tasks. The difference, of course, between earlier exiles and those of our own time is scale. Modern warfare, imperialism, and the quasi-theological ambitions of totalitarian rulers have seen to that. Ours is indeed the age of the refugee, the displaced person, mass immigration.

Against this larger and more impersonal setting exile cannot function as a tonic. To think of exile as beneficial, as a spur to humanism or to creativity, is to belittle its mutilations. Modern exile is irremediably secular and unbearably historical. It is produced by human beings for other human beings; it has torn millions of people from the nourishment of tradition, family, and geography.

To see a poet in exile—as opposed to reading the poetry of exile—is to see exile's antinomies embodied and endured. Several years ago I spent some time with Faiz Ahmad Faiz, the greatest of contemporary Urdu poets. He had been exiled from his native Pakistan by Zia ul-Haq's military regime and had found a welcome of sorts in the ruins of Beirut. His closest friends were Palestinian, but I sensed that although there was an affinity of spirit between them, nothing quite matched—language, poetic convention, life history. Only once, when Eqbal Ahmad, a Pakistani friend and fellow exile, came to Beirut, did Faiz seem to overcome the estrangement written all over his face. The three of us sat in a dingy restaurant late one night, and Faiz recited poems to us. After a time he and Eqbal stopped translating his verses for my benefit, but it did not matter. For what I watched required no translation: an enactment of homecoming steeped in defiance and loss, as if to say exultantly to Zia, "We are here." Of course, Zia was the one who was at home.

Exiled poets objectify and lend dignity to a condition designed to deny dignity. To understand exile as a contemporary political punishment it is necessary to map territories of experience beyond those mapped by literature. It is necessary to set aside Joyce and Nabokov and even Conrad, who wrote of exile with such pathos, but of exile without cause or rationale. Think instead of the uncountable masses for whom UN agencies have been created, of refugees without urbanity, with only ration cards and agency numbers. Paris is famous for attracting cosmopolitan exiles, but it is also a place where men and women we have never heard of have spent years of miserable loneliness: Vietnamese, Algerians, Cambodians, Lebanese, Senegalese, Peruvians. Think also of Cairo, Beirut, Bangkok, Mexico City. As the distance from the Atlantic world increases, so too do the hopelessly large numbers, the forlorn waste, the compounded misery of "undocumented" people without a tellable history. To reflect on exiled Haitians in America, Bikinians in Oceania, or Palestinians throughout the Arab world we must leave the modest refuge provided by subjectivity, by art, and resort to the arithmetic abstractions of mass politics. Negotiations, wars of national liberation, people bundled out of their homes and prodded, bused, or walked to camps in other states: What do these experiences add up to? Are they not designed by the forces that brought them about to be denied, avoided, forgotten?



We come to nationalism and its essential association with exile. Nationalism is an assertion of belonging to a place, a people, a heritage. It affirms the home created by a community of language, culture, and customs; and by so doing, it fends off the ravages of exile. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the interplay between nationalism and exile is like Hegel's dialectic of servant and master, opposites informing and constituting each other. All nationalisms in their early stages posit as their goal the overcoming of some estrangement—from soil, from roots, from unity, from destiny. The struggles to win American independence, to unify Germany, to liberate Algeria were those of national groups separated—exiled—from what was construed to be their rightful way of life. Triumphant nationalism can be used retrospectively as well as prospectively to justify a

Illustrations by David Suter

heroic narrative. Thus all nationalisms have their founding fathers, their basic, quasi-religious texts, their rhetoric of belonging, their historical and geographical landmarks, their official enemies and heroes. This collective ethos forms what Pierre Bourdieu, the French sociologist, calls the *habitus*, the coherent amalgam of practices linking habit with inhabitance. In time, successful nationalisms arrogate truth exclusively to themselves and assign falsehood and inferiority to outsiders.

Just beyond the perimeter of what nationalism constructs as the nation, at the frontier separating "us" from what is alien, is the perilous territory of not-belonging. This is where, in primitive times, people were banished, and where, in the modern era, immense aggregates of humanity loiter as refugees and displaced persons.

One enormous difficulty in describing this no man's land is that nationalisms are about groups, whereas exile is about the absence of an organic group situated in a native place. How does one surmount the loneliness of exile without falling into the encompassing and thumping language of national pride, collective sentiments, group passions? What is there worth saving and holding on to between the extremes of exile on the one hand and the often bloody-minded affirmations of nationalism on the other? Are nationalism and exile reactive phenomena? Do they have any intrinsic attributes? Are they simply two conflicting expressions of paranoia?

These questions cannot be fully answered because each of them assumes that exile and nationalism can be discussed neutrally, without reference to each other. Because both terms include everything from the most collective of collective sentiments to the most private of private emotions, there is no language adequate for both, and certainly there is nothing about nationalism's public and all-inclusive ambitions that touches the truth of the exile's predicament.

For exile is fundamentally a discontinuous state of being. Exiles are cut off from their roots, their land, their past. They generally do not have armies, or states, though they are often in search of these institutions. This search can lead exiles to reconstitute their broken lives in narrative form, usually by choosing to see themselves as part of a triumphant ideology or a restored people. Such a story is designed to reassemble an exile's broken history into a new whole.

Exile is a jealous state. What you achieve in exile is precisely what you have no wish to share

At bottom, exile is a jealous state. With very little to possess, you hold on to what you have with aggressive defensiveness. What you achieve in exile is precisely what you have no wish to share, and it is in the drawing of lines around you and your compatriots that the least attractive aspects of being an exile emerge: an exaggerated sense of group solidarity as well as a passionate hostility toward outsiders, even those who may in fact be in the same predicament as you. What could be more intransigent than the conflict between Zionist Jews and Arab Palestinians? The Palestinians feel that they have been turned into exiles by the proverbial people of exile, the Jews. But the Palestinians also know that their sense of national identity has been nourished in the exile milieu, where everyone not a blood brother or sister is an enemy, where every sympathizer is really an agent of some unfriendly power, and where the slightest deviation from the accepted line is an act of rankest treachery.

Perhaps this is the only way to comprehend the most poignant of exile's fates, which is to be exiled by exiles, and to be condemned, seemingly without respite, to continue to be exiled by exiles. All Palestinians during the summer of 1982 asked themselves what inarticulate urge drove Israel, which had displaced them in 1948, to expel them from the refugee camps in Lebanon. It was as if the reconstructed Jewish collective experience, as represented by Israel and modern Zionism, could not tolerate the existence of another experience of dispossession and loss alongside it and so had to dispossess again—avoiding, denying, repressing this other story, in strange concert with some of its neighboring Arab countries. Exile begets exile.

Many exiles are novelists, chess players, political activists, or intellectuals. Each of these occupations requires a minimal investment in objects

Since 1948, however, Palestinian nationalism has been painfully reassembling itself in exile into a national identity. A sense of the Palestinians' need to reconstruct the self out of the refractions and discontinuities of exile is found in the earlier poems of Mahmud Darwish, whose considerable work amounts to an epic effort to transform the lyrics of loss into the indefinitely postponed drama of return. In the following lines he describes concretely his sense of homelessness:

But I am the exile.
Seal me with your eyes.
Take me wherever you are—
Take me wherever you are.
Restore to me the color of face
And the warmth of body,
The light of heart and eye,
The salt of bread and rhythm,
The taste of earth . . . the Motherland.
Shield me with your eyes.
Take me as a relic from the mansion of sorrow.
Take me as a verse from my tragedy;
Take me as a toy, a brick from the house,
So that our children will remember to return.

The pathos of exile resides in the loss of contact with the solidity and satisfactions of earth. That is why exiles look at non-exiles with a certain resentment: *What is it like to be born in a place and to live there more or less forever, to know that you are of it?*

Although it is true that anyone prevented from returning home is an exile, some distinctions can be made between exiles, refugees, expatriates, and émigrés. Exile originated in the age-old practice of banishment. Once banished, the exile lives an anomalous and miserable life, with the stigma of being an outsider. Ovid's exile in Tomi is an example from classical antiquity, Hugo's banishment to Jersey by Napoleon III an example from the modern era. Refugees, on the other hand, are a creation of the twentieth-century state. The word "refugee" has become a political one, suggesting large herds of innocent and bewildered people requiring urgent international assistance, whereas "exile" carries with it, I think, a touch of solitude and spirituality.

Expatriates voluntarily live in an alien country, usually for personal or social reasons. Hemingway and Fitzgerald were not forced to live in France. Expatriates may share in the solitude and estrangement of exile, but they do not suffer under its rigid proscriptions. Emigrés enjoy an ambiguous status. Technically, an émigré is anyone who emigrates to a new country. Choice in the matter is certainly a possibility. Colonial officials, missionaries, technical experts, mercenaries, and military advisers on loan may in a sense live in exile, but they have not been banished. White settlers in Africa, parts of Asia, and Australia may once have been exiles, but as pioneers and nation-builders the label "exile" dropped away from them.

Much of the exile's life is taken up with compensating for disorienting loss by creating a new world to rule, which is why many exiles are novelists, chess players, political activists, and intellectuals. Each of these occupations requires a minimal investment in objects and places a great premium on mobility and skill. The exile's new world, logically enough, is unnatural, and its unreality resembles fiction. Georg Lukács, in *Theory of the Novel,* argued with compelling force that the novel, a literary form created out of the unreality of ambition and fantasy, is *the* form of "transcendental homelessness." Classical epics, Lukacs wrote, emanate from settled cultures in which values are clear, identities stable, life unchanging. The European novel is grounded in precisely the opposite experience, that of a changing society in which an itinerant and disinherited middle-class hero

or heroine seeks to construct a new world that somewhat resembles an old one left behind forever. In the epic there is no *other* world, only the finality of *this* one. Odysseus returns to Ithaca after years of wandering; Achilles will die because he cannot escape his fate. The novel, however, exists because other worlds *may* exist, alternatives for bourgeois speculators, wanderers, exiles.

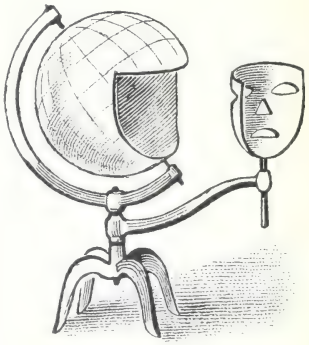
No matter how well they may do, exiles are always eccentrics who *feel* their difference (even as they frequently exploit it) as a kind of orphanhood. Anyone who is really homeless regards the habit of seeing estrangement in everything modern as an affectation, a display of modish attitudes. Clutching difference like a weapon to be used with stiffened will, the exile jealously insists on his right to refuse to belong.

This usually translates into an intransigence that is not easily ignored. Willfulness, exaggeration, overstatement: these are characteristic styles of being an exile, methods for compelling the world to accept your vision—which you make more unacceptable because you are in fact unwilling to have it accepted. It is yours, after all. Composure and serenity are the last things associated with the work of exiles. Artists in exile are decidedly unpleasant, and their stubbornness insinuates itself into even their exalted works. Dante's vision in *The Divine Comedy* is tremendously powerful in its universality and detail, but even the beatific peace achieved in the *Paradiso* bears traces of the vindictiveness and severity of judgment embodied in the *Inferno*. Who but an exile like Dante, banished from Florence, would use eternity as a place for settling old scores?

The redemptive view of exile is primarily religious, although it has been claimed by many ideologies. Exile becomes the precondition to a better state

The literature of exile has taken its place alongside the literature of adventure, education, and discovery as a *topos* of human experience. How did this come about? Is this the *same* exile that dehumanizes and often quite literally kills? Or is it some more benign variety?

The answer is the latter, I believe. As an element in the Christian and humanistic tradition of redemption through loss and suffering—and Western literature is part of this tradition—exile has played a consistent role. Not for nothing was Virgil Dante's guide, or the *Aeneid*'s vision of a burning Troy succeeded by the founding of Rome. Even if we do not doubt the pangs of Petrarch's exile or the sadness of Aeneas's distance from his native Troy, we know that they are a prelude to something bigger, more important. Exile, then, is an experience to be endured so as to restore identity, or even life itself, to fuller, more meaningful status. This redemptive view of exile is primarily religious, although it has been claimed by many cultures, political ideologies, mythologies, and traditions. Exile becomes the necessary precondition to a better state. We see this in stories about a nation's exile before statehood, a prophet's exile from home prior to a triumphant return. Moses, Mohammed, Jesus.



Much of the contemporary interest in exile can be traced to the somewhat pallid notion that non-exiles can share in the benefits of exile as a redemptive motif. There is no point in trying to dismiss this idea, because it has a certain plausibility and truth to it. Like medieval itinerant scholars or learned Greek slaves in the Roman Empire, exiles—the exceptional ones among them—do leaven their environments. And naturally "we" concentrate on that enlightening aspect of "their" presence among us, not on their misery or their demands. But looked at from the bleak political perspective of modern mass dislocations, individual exiles force us to recognize the tragic fate of homelessness in a necessarily heartless world.

A generation ago, Simone Weil posed the dilemma of exile as concisely as it has ever been posed. Even if one disagrees, as I do, with her essentially religious program for "growing roots," her acknowledgment of exile has lost little of its force. "To be rooted," she said, "is perhaps the most important and least recognized need of the human soul." Yet Weil also saw that most remedies for uprootedness in this era of world wars, deportations, and

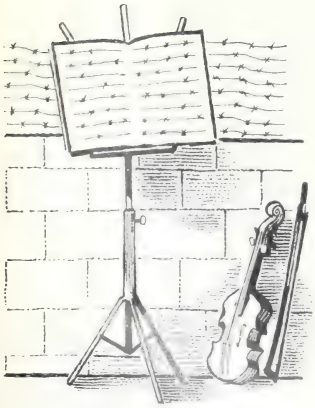
The exile can make a fetish of exile, a practice that distances him or her from all commitments. To live this way is to fall victim to petulant cynicism

mass exterminations are almost as dangerous as what they purportedly remedy. Of these, the state—or, more accurately, statism—is one of the most insidious, since worship of the state tends to supplant all other human bonds.

Weil exposes us anew to that whole complex of pressures and constraints that lie at the center of the exile's predicament. There is the immense fact of isolation and displacement, which produces the kind of narcissistic masochism that resists all efforts at amelioration, acculturation, and community. At this extreme the exile can make a fetish of exile, a practice that distances him or her from all connections and commitments. To live as if everything around you were temporary and perhaps trivial is to fall prey to petulant cynicism as well as to querulous lovelessness. More common is the pressure on the exile to join—parties, national movements, the state. The exile is offered a new set of affiliations and develops new loyalties. But there is also a loss—of critical perspective, of intellectual reserve, of moral courage.

Is there some middle ground between these two alternatives? Before this can be answered, it must be recognized that the defensive nationalism of exiles often fosters self-awareness as much as it does the less attractive forms of self-assertion. By that I mean that such reconstitutive projects as assembling a nation out of exile (and this is true in this century for Jews and Palestinians) involve constructing a national history, reviving an ancient language, founding national institutions like libraries and universities. And these, while they sometimes promote strident ethnocentrism, also give rise to investigations of self that inevitably go far beyond such simple and positive facts as "ethnicity." For example, there is the self-consciousness of an individual trying to understand why the histories of the Palestinians and the Jews have certain patterns to them, why in spite of oppression and the threat of extinction a particular ethos remains alive in exile.

Necessarily, then, I am speaking of exile not as a privileged site for individual self-reflection but as an *alternative* to the mass institutions looming over much of modern life. If the exile is neither going to rush into an uncritical gregariousness nor sit on the sidelines nursing a wound, he or she must cultivate a scrupulous (not indulgent or sulky) subjectivity.



Perhaps the most rigorous example of such subjectivity is to be found in the writing of Theodor Adorno, the German-Jewish philosopher and critic. Adorno's masterwork, *Minima Moralia*, is an autobiography written while in exile; it is subtitled *Reflexionen aus dem beschadigten Leben* (Reflections from a Mutilated Life). Ruthlessly opposed to what he called the "administered" world, Adorno saw all life as pressed into ready-made forms, prefabricated "homes." He argued that everything that one says or thinks, as well as every object one possesses, is ultimately a mere commodity. Language is jargon, objects are for sale. To refuse this state of affairs is the exile's intellectual mission. Adorno wrote with grave irony, "It is part of morality not to be at home in one's home."

To follow Adorno is to stand away from "home" in order to look at it with the exile's detachment. For there is considerable merit to the practice of noting the discrepancies between various concepts and ideas and what they actually produce. We take home and language for granted; they become nature, and their underlying assumptions recede into dogma and orthodoxy.

The exile knows that in a secular and contingent world, homes are always provisional. Borders and barriers, which enclose us within the safety of familiar territory, can also become prisons, and are often defended beyond reason or necessity. Exiles cross borders, break barriers of thought and experience.

Hugo of St. Victor, a twelfth-century monk from Saxony, wrote these hauntingly beautiful lines:

> It is, therefore, a source of great virtue for the practised mind to learn, bit by bit, first to change about invisible and transitory things, so that afterwards it may be able to leave them behind altogether. The man who finds his homeland sweet is still a tender beginner; he to whom every soil is as his native one is already strong; but he is perfect to whom the entire world is as a foreign land. The tender soul has fixed his love on one spot in the world; the strong man has extended his love to all places; the perfect man has extinguished his.

Erich Auerbach, the great twentieth-century literary scholar who spent the war years as an exile in Turkey, has cited this passage as a model for anyone wishing to transcend national or provincial limits. Only by embracing this attitude can a historian begin to grasp human experience and its written records in their diversity and particularity; otherwise he or she will remain committed more to the exclusions and reactions of prejudice than to the freedom that accompanies knowledge. But note that Hugo twice makes it clear that the "strong" or "perfect" man achieves independence and detachment by *working through* attachments, not by rejecting them. Exile is predicated on the existence of, love for, and bond with one's native place; what is true of all exile is not that home and love of home are lost, but that loss is inherent in the very existence of both.

Regard experiences *as if* they were about to disappear. What is it that anchors them in reality? What would you save of them? What would you give up? Only someone who has achieved independence and detachment, someone whose homeland is "sweet" but whose circumstances make it impossible to recapture that sweetness, can answer those questions. (Such a person would also find it impossible to derive satisfaction from substitutes furnished by illusion or dogma.)

This may seem like a prescription for an unrelieved grimness of outlook and, with it, a permanently sullen disapproval of all enthusiasm or buoyancy of spirit. Not necessarily. While it perhaps seems peculiar to speak of the pleasures of exile, there are some positive things to be said for a few of its conditions. Seeing "the entire world as a foreign land" makes possible originality of vision. Most people are principally aware of one culture, one setting, one home; exiles are aware of at least two, and this plurality of vision gives rise to an awareness of simultaneous dimensions, an awareness that—to borrow a phrase from music—is *contrapuntal*.

For an exile, habits of life, expression, or activity in the new environment inevitably occur against the memory of these things in another environment. Thus both the new and the old environments are vivid, actual, occurring together contrapuntally. There is a unique pleasure in this sort of apprehension, especially if the exile is conscious of other contrapuntal juxtapositions that diminish orthodox judgment and elevate appreciative sympathy. There is also a particular sense of achievement in acting as if one were at home wherever one happens to be.

This remains risky, however: the habit of dissimulation is both wearying and nerve-racking. Exile is never the state of being satisfied, placid, or secure. Exile, in the words of Wallace Stevens, is "a mind of winter" in which the pathos of summer and autumn as much as the potential of spring are nearby but unobtainable. Perhaps this is another way of saying that a life of exile moves according to a different calendar, and is less seasonal and settled than life at home. Exile is life led outside habitual order. It is nomadic, decentered, contrapuntal; but no sooner does one get accustomed to it than its unsettling force erupts anew. ■

Exile is life led outside habitual order: nomadic, decentered, contrapuntal. But no sooner does one get accustomed to it than its unsettling force erupts anew

A TYPOLOG

On the making of newspaper sensat

Playing on the pipe of racial fear and jealousy, the Murdoch press appeals whenever possible to the prejudices of any ethnic faction large enough to elect a politician or stage a parade. In New York and Boston the papers pay court to the Irish; the *Boston Herald* has gone so far as to run a story praising the heroes of the IRA. In London, of course, the Murdoch press associates the Irish with terrorism, anarchy, and the Third World.

One of the many corporate entities that constitute Rupert Murdoch's press holdings. In addition to holding a substantial interest in Reuters, Murdoch controls twenty-eight operating companies in Britain, among them the *Times* papers, the *Sun*, and the *News of the World*; ten publications in the United States, among them the *New York Post*, the *Boston Herald*, the *Village Voice*, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the *Star*, the *San Antonio Express*, and *New York* magazine; and fifty-one operating companies in Australia, including twenty-seven newspapers and a television network. Most of his editors diligently study and obediently observe the typology of the lurid. The *Sun*, probably the crudest of the Murdoch papers, earned more than $30 million last year; the *Star*, a weekly tabloid sold in American supermarkets, earned $14 million. These two publications provide the profits that allow Murdoch to operate the London *Times* papers at an annual loss of $11 million and the *New York Post* at an annual loss of $14 million. The *Star* enjoys the distinction of having once conducted an interview with Jesus Christ.

The Murdoch press is on familiar terms with the big people, the godlike figures who hold the world in their hands, the people who count. Mondale is "Fritz," Reagan is "Ron," and New York City Mayor Koch is "Ed." These friendly and honorific forms of address pertain only to benign deities. Evil spirits (i.e., liberals, commies, homosexuals) retain their formal names. Senator Gary Hart is "Hart," not "Gary."


TODAY
Partly cloudy, windy, low 40s
TONIGHT
Clearing, upper 20s
TOMORROW
Mostly cloudy, mid 40s
Details, Page 2

NEW YO

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1984 30 CENTS

CAMPAIGN '84

Michigan caucus crucial for Fritz & unions

By DEBORAH ORIN

DETROIT — Organized labor faces its biggest test of the Democratic presidential race today as the AFL-CIO and United Auto Workers try to pull out a heavy vote for Walter Mondale in the precinct caucuses of heavily-unionized Michigan.

Sen. Gary Hart, trying to retain his momentum from the Super Tuesday primaries, was reportedly pouring $200,000 into last-minute ads here to try to embarrass the former vice president on labor's home turf.

Mondale yesterday shrugged off polls showing him sagging in Michigan, saying, "You can take those polls and stuff them." Five states start picking

MENT
STALK

Harold Evans resigned his post as editor of the London Times *following a dispute with the owner of the paper, Rupert Murdoch. Evans writes of that controversy in his latest book,* Good Times, Bad Times. *He is now editor in chief of the Atlantic Monthly Press.*

F THE LURID

an urban fairy tale, *by Harold Evans*


ST

FINAL
SPORTS EXTRA

TV PULLOUT: Complete guide to the week's viewing

ING NEWSPAPER

ATIENT
EAGAN

Blames President for ruining his life

CHE story of David Mohan- kil shot by Secret Service agents outside the White House Thursday night began to unfold with startling new developments today.

★ He had stalked the executive mansion for some time and believed President Reagan was ruining his life.

★ Mahonki, who previously had been hospitalized in a mental ward, believed Reagan and federal agents force-fed him drugs.

★ His uncle said he often talked about going to "see the President and straighten him out."

LATEST DETAILS: PAGE FIVE

'Call-girl case' judge to be reassigned after low-bail flap

— PAGE SEVEN —

Big Apple bound

BISHOP John J. O'Connor collects socks for the poor in Scranton, Pa., as he cleans out his dresser in preparation for his move to New York — where he will serve as spiritual leader to 1.8 million Catholics.

Ceremonies celebrating his arrival begin tomorrow, and The Post will be on hand to provide reports of the ritual and pageantry. See PAGE TWO.

The Murdoch press is the stuff that dreams are made on, and none more seductive than the dream of wealth. Nobody wins big enough to buy a yacht, much less a line of horses or dancing girls, but the papers do their best to conceal the bad news that on a reader's lucky, lucky day he will be lucky to win $25 and a bored smile from a clerk in the circulation department. In Boston, New York, and Chicago the Murdoch tabloids promote their lotteries as if they were contests of skill, but the schemes test little more than the reader's capacity to buy the paper and count to ten.

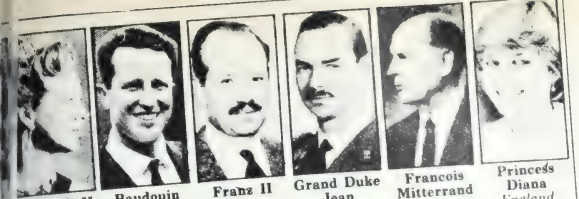
Like most everything else in the paper, a half-truth. The *Post* cannot claim the largest sale; it sells 960,000 copies a day, as opposed to 1.4 million copies sold by the New York *Daily News*. Nor is the *Post*'s circulation increasing as rapidly as *USA Today*'s, which didn't exist when Murdoch acquired the *Post* in 1976 and gave it a motto. The line about its dizzying growth is meant to frighten the *Daily News*, and has forced that paper to keep its price down and to waste its substance on promotion. The apt comparison is to a game of blindman's bluff or an arms race between African despots.

Shouting sans-serif headlines, of crude cut and emotive wording, dominate what the trade calls a "circus layout." The jigsaw pattern seeks to convey the impression that everything happened at once, which is appropriately miraculous but sometimes disconcerting. Is the man in the photograph the crazed mental patient? No, he is the future archbishop of New York. But for a single, glorious moment the reader might wonder if a priest had run amok with a knife instead of a box of socks. The intention is to jostle, distract, and entertain, to say to the reader, Move on, read this, look at that. The line "Mental Patient Stalked Reagan" isn't bad. "Mental patient" perhaps isn't as good as "psychopath" or "madman," but "stalked" certainly is better than "traipsed after." Best would have been "Ape-Mother Steals Kennedy Child." But in the Murdoch press, thieving ape-mothers appear only once or twice a year, usually in the *Star*, and, for reasons not yet adequately understood, usually prefer to steal children in California or Texas.

President Reagan's magnificence is a commonplace of the Murdoch press. Possibly as an act of devotion to its new owner, the *Chicago Sun-Times* last May went so far as to fit Mr. Reagan for a crown. A variation of the text undoubtedly will appear in the *New York Post* in late October, possibly with a newly discovered connection to Charles V or Louis XIV. Because Mr. Reagan rules by divine right, it is not inconceivable that if the campaign goes badly for him, and if good old Fritz Mondale shows an insolent commoner's strength in the public opinion polls, one of the Murdoch papers will print a story about the raising of a man from the dead in the White House Rose Garden.

Fear is rival only to greed among the emotions exploited by the Murdoch press. The papers present a kind of Grand Guignol in which gangsters, together with Soviet generals, play the role of principal villain. The facts are always sketchy and never very important. Of the thirteen mobsters arrested for various crimes, the *Post* names only four. It is enough that the apparitions of nightmare wear only the most conventional masks and costumes. The typology of the lurid requires the arrangement of sensational crimes into a strict hierarchy. Illicit sex always enjoys a preferred place, unless, of course, it occurs between members of minority groups or among people too poor to shop at Bloomingdale's. Murder stands somewhat higher in rank (again with the proviso that the deceased is somebody prominent in East Hampton or Mafia circles); murder combined with illicit sex stands almost on a footing with the crimes and misdemeanors committed by movie stars and princes of the realm. Given a perfect set of circumstances, the headline would read, "Call-Girl Wife Feeds Millionaire Hubby to Sharks."





Margreth II *Queen of Denmark* | **Baudouin** *King of Belgium* | **Franz II** *Liechtenstein* | **Grand Duke Jean** *Luxembourg* | **Francois Mitterrand** *France* | **Princess Diana** *England*

IN EVERY PALACE

England, makes Reagan related to Britain's Queen Elizabeth II and the ruling monarchs in Spain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and Lichtenstein.

He also is related to the dethroned royalty of Russia, Italy, Austria, Greece, Romania and Bulgaria. About the only ones he is not kin to are the Grimaldis of Monaco.

Peskett first traced Reagan's Irish roots in 1980. He has said the forebears [illegible] presidential

dale were Vikings, "and Brian Boru always beat the Vikings."

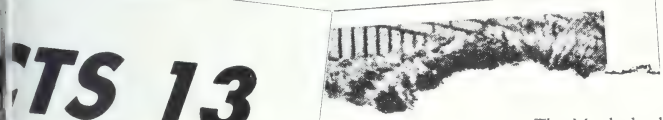
"By finding this document, we have been able to prove beyond any shadow of a doubt that the Reagans were royal," Brooks-Baker said.

The Reagans are descended from Boru's brother Donnchuan through his son, Riagain (the Reagan name has undergone various spelling changes over the centuries). Riagain's younger brother, Ceinneitich, is an ancestor of the Kennedy family.

French President Francois Mitterrand is descended from Boru on the female side and thus is a cousin of Reagan, who descended on the male side.

The Riagains were minor kings with a small kingdom in the Fermoy area near Cork But Peskett said they eventually were dispossessed and reduced from kings to peasants by the ancestors of the present princess of Wales.

Peskett figures Reagan and Princess Diana, wife of Prince Charles, are 28th cousins.



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cerning conversations picked up by electronic bugs about loans.

Another of the arrested men, Nicholas (Nicky the Blond) Frustaci, 52, was charged with giving "patently false" answers to whether he had ever discussed owing Ianiello $100,000.

He also had been asked whether he was party to discussing a plan to set on fire a supermarket in Queens or whether he told officials at the market the mob "didn't kill people for money but only does that for rats."

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tranged wife, Annette, 38, and her lover, Kenneth Anderson, 20, of Bedford, in the master bedroom of his home.

About an hour after the killings, a car rented to Milligan was found on the Tappan Zee Bridge with its motor running.

Milligan's wallet was found on the front seat, along with a sales slip for a shotgun he had bought one day earlier in

The Murdoch phantasmagoria requires all accused to be, by definition, blood-red guilty. In this instance, the accused is conveniently dead and thus beyond the guile of a greedy lawyer who might persuade him to press a complaint of libel. The story can take the form of a fairy tale. It meets the specifications of suburban nightmare (thereby preserving the Manichaean division of the world into the hell of Mahopac, New York, and the heaven on the other side of Wingo). Judging by his photograph, Mr. Thomas Milligan probably never lived in a $12,000 trailer, much less a $100,000 house, but, as has been said, the blessing of money redeems even the most sordid crime from the commonplace realm of domestic discontent. The routine debasement of language in the Murdoch press means that words must be either deployed as weapons or traded as the cheap currency of pulp fiction. Mr. Milligan's body is necessarily "bloated," his features "distorted." The same vocabulary of violence carries over into the sports pages, where games cannot be distinguished from homicides. Players do not defeat one another; they get blitzed, blasted, clawed, ripped, buried, demolished, gunned down. In the Murdoch press, a stadium is an abattoir.

THE CHAIR

By Guy Davenport

The Rebbe from Belz is taking his evening walk at Marienbad. Behind him, at a respectful distance, walks a courtier carrying a chair by its hind legs. This is for the Rebbe to sit on, should he want to sit.

The square seat of this upraised chair, its oval back upholstered with a sturdy cloth embroidered in a rich design of flowers and leaves, its carved, chastely bowed legs, and the tasteful scrollwork of its walnut frame, give it a French air. Like all furniture out of context it seems distressed in its displacement. It belongs in the company of capacious Russian teacups and deep saucers, string quartets by Schumann, polite conversations, and books with gilt leather bindings.

One of the Rebbe's disciples, a lanky young man with long sidelocks beautifully curled and oiled, hastens from the Hotel National. He has a bottle cradled in his arms. He is taking it to a mineral spring to have it filled. The Rebbe wants soda water. He hums as he walks, this disciple, the lively tune "Uforatzto," a happy march that expresses his joy in being sent for a bottle of soda water for the Rebbe.

The Rebbe's carriage with its tasseled red velvet window curtains comes for him at half past seven every evening, when the shadows have gone blue. He drives to the forest. His court walks behind. One of them carries his silver cane, another an open umbrella, out to his side. It is not for him, but for the Rebbe, should it rain. Another carries a shawl folded on a cushion, in case the Rebbe feels a chill. And one carries the well-bred chair.

It is, by the common reckoning, the year 1916. The armies of the Gentiles are slaughtering each other all over the world.

Somewhere along the leafy road the Rebbe will stop the carriage and get out. His court will assemble behind him. He is going to observe, and meditate upon, the beauty of nature, which, created by the Master of the Universe and Lord of All, is full of instruction.

On this particular July evening a fellow guest at the Hotel National has asked and been given permission to walk in the Rebbe's following. He is a young lawyer in the insurance business in Prague, Herr Doktor Franz Kafka. Like all the rest, he must keep his distance, and always be behind the Rebbe. Should the Rebbe suddenly turn and face them, they must quickly run around so as to be behind him. And back around again should he turn again.

The Rebbe, a man of great learning, is neither short nor tall, neither fat nor thin. Wide in the hips, he yet moves with a liquid grace, like a seal in water. He will overflow the slender chair if with a vague ripple of fingers he commands it to be placed so that he can sit on it. Then his followers will range themselves behind him, the secretary leaning a little to catch his every word, the shawl bearer at the ready, should the Rebbe raise his hands toward his shoulders. The secretary takes down what he says in a ledger. These remarks will be studied, later. They will question him about them. The Rebbe means great things by remarks that seem at first to be casual. He asks questions that are traps for their ignorance. The entourage does not always read his gestures correctly. If he has to put into words what he means by an open hand, or raised eyes, or an abrupt halt, he will add a reprimand. *Hasidim is it you call yourselves?* he will say. *Or is it oafs maybe? For brains I'm thinking it's noodles you have.*

If he asks for the soda water, they've had it. The one chosen to fetch it had gone to the Rudolph Spring. It was the opinion of everyone he asked that it was farther along this road, that road, another road. And it never was. He'd passed it, or it was another three minutes just around to the left. Around to the right. The

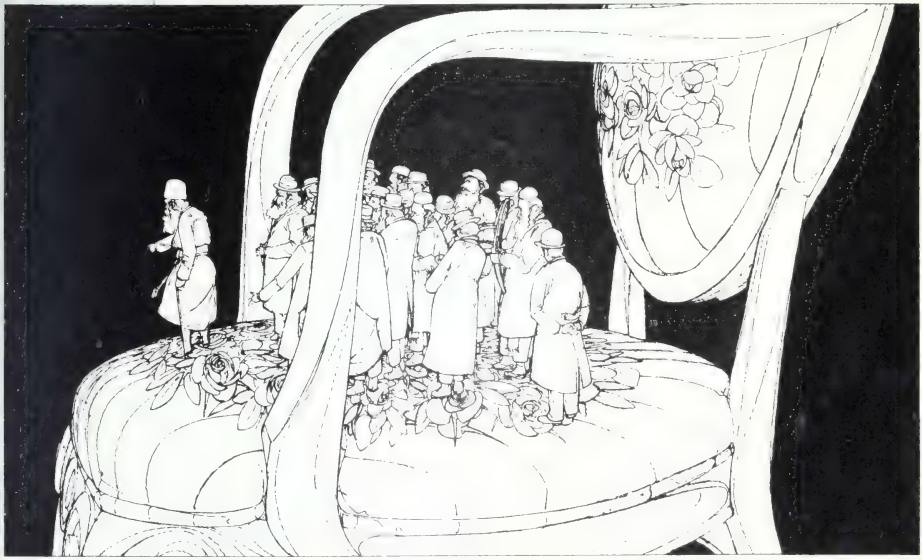
Guy Davenport is the author of Eclogues, *a book of stories, and* The Geography of the Imagination, *a volume of essays. "The Chair" will appear in* Apples and Pears and Other Stories, *to be published this fall by North Point Press.*

Rudolph Spring, the Rudolph Spring, could that be its name? Some answers as to its whereabouts were in foreign languages and a waste of time. Some, sad to say, paid no attention at all to the frantic disciple of the Rebbe from Belz, hard to believe, but true. Moreover, it began to rain. Finally, a man told the disciple that all the mineral springs close at seven. How could a spring be closed? he asked, running off in the direction pointed out. The Rudolph Spring was indeed closed, as he could see long before he got there. The green latticed doors were shut, and a sign reading CLOSED hung on them. *Oi veh!* He rattled the doors, and knocked, and shouted that the Rebbe from Belz had sent him for soda water. All they had to do was fill his bottle and take his money, the work of a moment. All of life, it occurred to him, is one disappointment after another, and he was about to weep when a stroller suggested that he make haste and run to the Ambrosius Spring, which closed a little later than the others. This he did. The Ambrosius was open, by the mercy of God. There were women inside washing glasses. But when he asked them to fill his bottle, the women said that they were through with their work for the day. They should stay open for everybody who can't remember the long hours they were there filling bottles yet? Is the Rebbe from Belz different already? He should learn better how business is conducted at Marienbad.

Who will write the history of despair?

Dr. Kafka waits at the steps of the Hotel National for the Rebbe and his following. In Prague Dr. Kafka was famous among his friends for the oxlike patience with which he waited. Once, waiting in the street outside a small Parisian theater, Dr. Kafka and a donkey had made friends. He was waiting to buy a ticket to *Carmen*, the donkey was waiting to go on in Act II. They both had big ears, Dr. Kafka and the donkey. They were both patient by nature, both shy. Waiting is an act of great purity. Something is being accomplished, in a regular and steady way, by doing nothing at all.

First the Rebbe arrives, and then the carriage. So the Rebbe has to wait a little, too. He has a long beard, beautifully white, and very long sidelocks. These are symbols of sound doctrine and piety. The longer your locks, it is said, the greater the respect you get from the Rebbe. All boys with long sidelocks he calls handsome and smart. One of his eyes, blind, is as blank as if it were of glass. One side of his mouth is paralyzed, so that at his most solemn he seems to be smiling ironically, with a witty and forgiving understanding of the world. His silk caftan is worn open, held in place by a broad oriental belt. His hat is tall, and of fur. His stockings and knee britches are white, like his beard.



DAVID HOCKNEY

The Rebbe, walking at a plump pace, savors nature in the woods. So Chinese dukes must walk of an evening, stopping to smell a hibiscus, casually reciting a couplet that sounds like notes on a zither about another hibiscus centuries before, a hibiscus in a classical poem that had made the poet think of a noble woman, a jade owl, and a warrior's ghost on the frontiers maintained against the barbarian hordes.

One of the Rebbe's legs is gimp, perhaps only sore from sitting all day at the Torah. When he gets down from his carriage he has a good cough. Then he sets out, looking. When he stops, the entourage stops, and Dr. Kafka behind them. If he turns, they swing with him, like a school of fish behind their pilot. He points out things, such as details of buildings in the woods, which they all strain to see. Is that a tile roof? he asks. They consult. Yes, one says, we think you are right, O Rebbe. It is a tile roof. Where does that path go? No one knows. What kind of tree is that? One thinks that it is a pine, another a fir, another a spruce.

They come to the Zander Institute high on a stone embankment and with a garden in front of it and an iron fence around it. The Rebbe is interested in the institute, and in its garden. What kind of garden, he asks, is it? One of the entourage, whose name Dr. Kafka catches as Schlesinger, runs up to the fence, elbows out, head thrown back. He really does not look at the garden, but turns as soon as he has reached its gate, and runs down again, knees high, feet plopping. It is, he says breathlessly, the garden of the Zander Institute. Just so, says the Rebbe. Is it a private garden? They consult in whispers. Yes, says their spokesman, it is a private garden. The Rebbe stares at the garden, rocking on his heels. It is, he says, an attractive garden, and the secretary takes this remark down in his ledger.

Their walk brings them to the New Bath House. The Rebbe has someone read the name of it. He strolls behind it, and finds a ditch into which the water from the bathhouse drains. He traces the pipes with his silver cane. The water must come from there, he says, pointing high, and run down to here, and then into here. They all follow his gestures, nodding. They try to make sense of pipes that connect with other pipes. The New Bath House is in a modern style of architecture, and obviously looks strange to the Rebbe. He notices that the ground floor has its windows in the arches of an arcade. At the top of each arch is an animal's head in painted porcelain. What, he asks, is the meaning of that? No one knows. It is, one ventures, a custom. Why? asks the Rebbe. It is the opinion that the animal heads are a whim of the designer, and have no meaning. Mere ornament. This makes the Rebbe say, Ah! He walks from window to window along the arcade, giving each his full attention. He comes around to the front of the building. Looking up at the golden lettering in an Art Nouveau alphabet, he reads again NEW BATH HOUSE. Why, he asks, is it so named? Because, someone says, it is a new bathhouse. The Rebbe pays no attention to this remark. It is, he says instead, a handsome, a fine, an admirable building. Good lines it has, and well-pondered proportions. The secretary writes this down. Look! he cries. When the rain falls on the roof, it flows into the gutter along the edge there, do you see, and then into the pipes that come down the corners of the building, and then into this stone gutter all around, from which it goes to the same ditch in back where all the pipes are from the baths. They walk around the building, discovering the complete system of the drainpipes. The Rebbe is delighted; he rubs his hands together. He makes one of the entourage repeat the plan of the pipes, as if he were examining him. He gets it right, with some correction along the way, and the Rebbe gives him a kind of blessing with his hands. Wonderful! he says. These pipes are wonderful.

Who will write the history of affection?

They come to an apple orchard, which the Rebbe admires, and to a pear orchard, which he also admires. O the goodness of the Master of the Universe, he says, to have created apples and pears.

The chair held aloft by its bearer, Dr. Kafka notices, has now defined what art is as distinct from nature, for its pattern of flowers and leaves looks tawdry and artificial and seriously out of place against the green and rustling leaves of apple and pear trees. He is tempted to put this into words, as a casual remark that one of the entourage just might pass on to the Rebbe, but he reconsiders how whimsical and perhaps mad it would sound. Besides, no word must be spoken except at the command of the Rebbe.

Instead, he prays. Have mercy on me, O God. I am sinful in every corner of my being. The gifts thou has given me are not contemptible. My talent is a small one, and even that I have wasted. It is precisely when a work is about to mature, to fulfill its promise, that we mortals realize that we have thrown our time away, have squandered our energies. It is absurd, I know, for one insignificant creature to cry that it is alive, and does not want to be hurled into the dark along with the lost. It is the life in me that speaks, not me, though I speak with it, selfishly, in its ridiculous longing to stay alive, and partake of its presumptuous joy in being. ■

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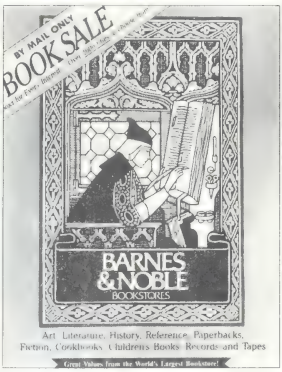


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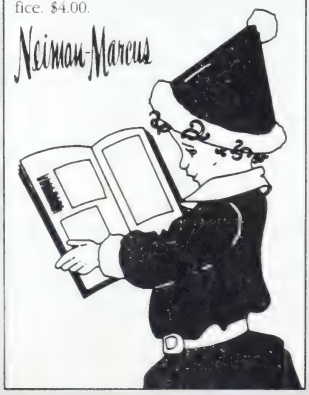


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THE REVOLT WITHIN

Existentially, Filipinos have already defeated Marcos

T. D. Allman

Six hundred miles south of Manila, along the remote southeastern edge of Mindanao, the big southern island of the Philippines, the Land Rover reached the end of a gravel road and stopped in front of a large colonial-style plantation house. A man wearing white tennis clothes was waiting on the veranda.

The man in tennis clothes owned this plantation, and even by American standards he was very wealthy. This was only one of his houses, one of his plantations; he was the kind of person who would have been expected to be a staunch supporter of President Ferdinand Marcos and his regime—and until a year ago, he was. Yet the most impressive thing about him was not that he now opposed Marcos. It was that something within him—something more essential than his support for a politician and his regime—seemed to have changed.

"You reach a certain stage," he said as we sat on his veranda. "You look around you at the demoralization, the corruption, the cynicism, and you ask: Is this the legacy you want to leave to your children?

"It's wrong to blame the present condition of this country entirely on Marcos," he continued. "We—I mean the rich—are just as much to blame. For years the message from the palace was the same: We'll take your freedoms. We'll imprison and kill people. We'll rig elections. We'll corrupt every institution. But don't worry; just go along, and you'll get even richer."

An ocean breeze ruffled the coconut palms. The plantation owner gestured beyond the palms toward a dock where sugar and banana boats were tied up, then to the other side of the listless tropical bay, where one could see the green mountains of a forested peninsula.

"The NPA guerrillas are over there," he said. He was referring to the New People's Army, the military wing of the Communist Party of the Philippines. "A few weeks ago, the Marcos soldiers came in. They set up mortars and shot them off. When they found thirty bodies, they said they'd killed thirty communist 'commanders.' But they were only peasants and kids who'd been pushed over the edge."

For a month I had been traveling throughout the Philippines. And everywhere I went—in Luzon to the north, in the Visayan islands in the middle of the country, here in Mindanao—it seemed that Marcos had pushed all kinds of people "over the edge." I talked with supporters of the NPA and, in northern Mindanao, I visited guerrillas of the Moro National Liberation Front. These are the Filipinos who have been pushed far enough over the edge to have taken up guns. The communist rebels and the Moslem Moro fighters have been fitfully battling the Marcos regime for a long time. More recently and dramatically, hundreds of thousands of Filipinos have picked up banners and marched in the mass demonstrations that have made headlines around the world.

As for this plantation owner, after years of paying off the local Marcos-controlled politicians, he had picked up a pen—and written a check, committing the equivalent of several hundred thousand dollars to opposition candidates, mostly Christian Democrats, running for seats in the National Assembly, the body President Marcos established to provide a rubber stamp for his administration.

These political acts are compelling. But even more impressive is the private revolution that seems to have occurred in the Philippines, or,

T. D. Allman is a contributing editor of Harper's. *Unmanifest Destiny, his book on American foreign policy, will be published this fall by Dial Press.*

more precisely, within the minds and hearts of Filipinos. During my visit last spring, I encountered a nation in the midst of a massive and spontaneous change in consciousness—an internalized revolution that crossed regional boundaries and transcended class lines. It was clear to me that this revolution had reached even to the far edge of Mindanao, and touched this plantation owner.

I explained my thesis to him as we sat on the veranda; I asked if any specific event had begun the change within him.

"Here in the Philippines, the main activity of the customs police is smuggling, everything from machine guns to video games," he began. "One night last year they came in their jeeps down to the dock. A ship came in; they started unloading contraband.

"I didn't do anything," he continued. "I sat on this veranda watching officials of my country use my dock to smuggle goods into my country, and I didn't do anything."

Though we were alone, he was now almost shouting. "The most humiliating thing about dictatorship is not the repression; it is that you wind up a collaborator yourself. It all seems so easy at first. You smile; you say nothing; you give money when they ask for it." A look of disgust crossed his face.

"Then something happens that makes you see the truth. As I watched them unload the contraband, I realized three things: that the whole Marcos system was rotten, that I was as much a part of the system as any soldier or spy, and that enough was enough. I had to do something."

Most Filipinos I met seemed to have had some moment in their lives—some instance of private humiliation at the hands of Marcos or his agents—that had made them loathe their government. But what kind of outrage was necessary to galvanize an entire nation—to transform the private humiliation of millions into a national upheaval of defiance, and pride?

On August 21, 1983, a wealthy and well-connected Filipino politician named Benigno Aquino boarded a China Airlines flight in Taiwan and flew to Manila. It was the last leg of a long journey home. Aquino had been arrested during Marcos's martial law crackdown in 1972 and had spent the following eight years in jail. In 1980, he had been released from prison and had gone into self-imposed exile in the United States.

The charges against him had been sedition and conspiracy, but only President Marcos saw "Ninoy," as Aquino's friends and followers called him, as a threat to the security of the state. A devout Catholic and former member of the Philippine Senate, Aquino was the archetypal man of his class—pro-American, pro-democracy, and anticommunist. It was these values that were the source of Ninoy's popularity: a small, amiable, and voluble man, he epitomized the profoundly nonrevolutionary, American-style aspirations shared by the vast majority of the Philippines' 52 million people.

When the plane from Taiwan landed at Manila International Airport, three soldiers of the Aviation Security Command, known as Avsecom, boarded the aircraft and escorted Aquino—who was wearing a white shirt over a bulletproof vest—from the cabin. Once outside, Aquino was shot, point-blank, in the head. Then the corpse, white shirt now spattered crimson with blood, was thrown into the back of a military van and driven away.

At first, both supporters and opponents of President Marcos predicted that Aquino's murder would produce little more than a further tightening of the tight grip Marcos, his wife, Imelda, and their civilian and military retainers have had on the life of the Philippines since 1965, the year Marcos was first elected president. As many as 100,000 Filipinos have been killed by the Marcos government over the years. Why should one more killing rouse the Filipinos from their bondage?

In the first hours of silent shock only Jaime Cardinal Sin, the Roman Catholic Primate of the Philippines, seemed to grasp the full significance of what had happened, which was not that one man had died but that a nation had been stirred to life.

"This is the beginning, when people will be opening their eyes," he said.

Just how many eyes had been opened by the airport murder became clear a few weeks later, when a pro-government rally was staged in the affluent Makati district of Manila. For years such productions had been a staple of Philippine politics. But as the listless "pro-Marcos" crowd—bused in by government ward leaders, who are paid ten or twenty pesos a head for the marchers they dragoon—gathered on Makati's Ayala Avenue, the Wall Street of the Philippines, it was evident that there was now a new kind of politics emerging in the country.

Tens of thousands of unpaid demonstrators poured out of the surrounding skyscrapers. The cheering crowds carried hastily prepared banners. Some read "I Love Ninoy," "Ninoy Our Hero," and "Justice for Aquino—Justice for All." Others asked the question that was now shouted everywhere in a nation where people had once feared to speak out at all: "Who Killed Our Hero?" Meanwhile, thousands of people were raining colored paper and computer tapes down on Ayala Avenue from the roofs and

'The most humiliating thing about dictatorship is not the repression; it is that you wind up a collaborator yourself'

The establishment of the Marcos dictatorship was indeed a 'revolution'; at a stroke, one of Asia's few democracies was transformed into just another tropical police state

windows of the skyscrapers.

Makati's "confetti revolution"—soon repeated in cities, towns, and villages all over the country—was under way. People not only threw confetti; they laughed and sang, and there were two songs they sang more than any others. One was "Bayan Ko"—the haunting melody that at the turn of the century had expressed the Filipinos' dream of independence from the Spanish, and that now was the anthem of the nationwide movement to liberate the Philippines from Marcos. The other was "Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Old Oak Tree," the American pop tune appropriated by Aquino's supporters as their political theme song. Yellow ribbons, yellow banners, yellow T-shirts bearing Aquino's portrait and the slogan "Ninoy You Are Not Alone" were everywhere.

A popular upheaval had begun, which over the past year has not ceased to gain new force and assume new forms. Today, for all their differences, there is one thing on which all Filipinos agree: a new kind of national life was born in the Philippines the day Benigno Aquino died.

It was President Marcos's contention when he overthrew democracy twelve years ago that the Philippines was threatened by a communist conspiracy and that dictatorial measures were required to save the nation.

This was not true, though in 1972 Marcos did face a serious "threat." His second term was drawing to an end, and under the Philippines' American-style constitution he was barred from a third term. It was widely expected that Marcos's successor would be his longtime rival for national preeminence, a popular senator named Benigno Aquino.

Instead, on the morning of September 23, 1972, Filipinos awoke to discover that Marcos, under the guise of proclaiming martial law, had mounted a coup d'état against his own government. The Congress was shut down; freely elected representatives were imprisoned without trial. Newspapers were padlocked; thousands of "subversives" were rounded up. Marcos remained president, but under a new constitution he had helped write that gave him the powers of a dictator.

In one sense, the establishment of the Marcos dictatorship was indeed a "revolution"; at a stroke, one of Asia's few democracies had been transformed into just another tropical police state. Yet it could be said that Marcos was only repeating an old Philippine pattern. At the turn of the century, the Benigno Aquino of the Philippines had been a man named José Rizal. A nationally beloved proponent of independence and democracy as well as a distinguished poet and novelist, Rizal was killed in 1896 on orders of the Spanish colonial governor, who occupied the same Malacañang Palace in Manila where Marcos now lives. Rizal's death did not halt the Filipino struggle for freedom. Death transformed him into a national hero and triggered a rebellion against the Spanish autocracy. Two years after Rizal's execution, the Spanish-American War broke out, and U.S. forces quickly ended more than 300 years of Spanish rule in the islands.

The Americans proclaimed themselves liberators; they turned out to be oppressors. They first befriended, then betrayed, José Rizal's political heir, independence leader Emilio Aguinaldo. In 1899, the Americans proclaimed martial law. "Subversive" books and plays were banned. "Free-fire zones" were created, and Filipinos were herded into "reconcentration camps." Between 1899 and 1904 at least a quarter of a million Filipinos—and perhaps as many as 650,000—were killed, out of a total population of about 7 million.

Having conquered the Philippines, the United States decided it had no stomach for empire. In 1935, the islands were granted commonwealth status, and the United States promised the Filipinos independence within ten years.

The Japanese, too, said they came as liberators when they invaded the Philippines in 1941. There were speeches about the overthrow of the Western colonial order and the establishment of a Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Instead, the Japanese devastated Manila and looted much of the rest of the country.

The Japanese attack transformed the Americans and the Filipinos from colonial masters and colonial subjects into comrades in arms. After the Japanese defeat, the Americans withdrew, and in 1946 the Philippines at last became an independent nation.

An age of foreign conquest and foreign colonization had ended, and for more than two decades Filipinos worked to sustain and expand their fledgling democracy. But with the establishment of the Marcos dictatorship, an era of what might be called self-conquest and self-colonization began. Marcos's soldiers, constabularies, and spies did what foreign "security forces" earlier had done—hunted down, imprisoned, and often killed any Filipino who resisted. The country's democratic institutions were destroyed. Under Marcos's "New Society," as he called it, the military was tribalized, with members of Marcos's Ilocano ethnic minority dominating the chain of command. A similar system took root in administrative and financial affairs: Marcos conferred control of whole provinces on favored relatives and friends. No one knows exactly how much Presi-



dent Marcos, his wife, and what Filipinos call their "cronies" have stolen over the years. But it may well exceed the country's total foreign debt of approximately $26 billion.

It was Marcos's claim that his "revolution" would perfect, not destroy, the Philippines' liberty and independence. Instead, his chief accomplishment has been to give modern form to the system of political subjugation and economic exploitation that the Spanish, the Americans, and the Japanese in turn had imposed on the country. There is, however, an even more important parallel with the past: as recent events have demonstrated with incredible force, oppression serves only to nurture new dreams of liberty.

These dreams no doubt help explain why, since the Aquino murder, the mass demonstrations have less resembled political protests than pageants of national liberation—why, in 1984, the Philippine drama could pass for some nineteenth-century epic composed by Rizal. After 400 years of foreign rule, after so many years of dictatorship, the Philippines—that is to say, the democratic Philippines of which the Filipinos have dreamed for so long—is now manifestly a nation struggling to be born.

"I always knew how deeply I loved this country," Jaime Ongpin, a forty-five-year-old Filipino businessman, told me when I visited him in his Makati office last spring. "What has changed my life since Aquino died is the discovery that so many other Filipinos feel as I do." Rare porcelain filled Ongpin's office; he had sent an air-conditioned car to bring me there from my hotel. Ongpin owns gold mines, plantations, a copper mill, and much Manila real estate, and until a year ago loyalty to Marcos was very much a family affair: Jaime's older brother Roberto was Marcos's minister for trade and industry.

Following Aquino's assassination, Ongpin started providing quiet support for the peaceful protest marches in Makati as well as funding for

'We have all the trappings and forms of a democratic system, but when we look beyond the facade, we discover corruption, perversion, distortion. . .'

the new publications, some published by the Catholic Church, that were beginning to challenge the Marcos system of censorship. Then, in February, Ongpin made a personal decision that, like the personal decisions of so many other Filipinos, would not merely transform his own life but help transform the life of an entire nation. The slight, young-looking businessman stood up in front of a plenary session of the Makati Business Club—the Philippines' equivalent of the National Association of Manufacturers—and said aloud what few Filipinos had dared to whisper. The problem, he said, was not just that Aquino had been killed and that Marcos was a dictator. What troubled him, and should trouble them, was that the Philippines had a "government that has lost its credibility, a legislature that has lost its self-respect, a judiciary that has lost its integrity, a military that has lost its sense of purpose, a free press that has lost its right to call itself free.

"We have all the trappings and forms of a democratic system," Ongpin pointed out, "but when we look beyond the veneer and the facade that constitute these trappings, we discover corruption, perversion, distortion, manipulation. . . ."

How had the Filipino dream of freedom turned into such a nightmare? As the stunned and utterly rapt audience listened, Ongpin answered his own question: there were "two fundamental reasons, and only two. The first is that Mr. Marcos led us here. And the second is that we followed him here."

Ongpin pledged himself, and challenged the economic leaders of the Philippines to dedicate themselves, to "what's going to be a very frustrating and oftentimes bitter struggle to dismantle the dictatorship and to reconstruct a truly democratic system."

I asked Ongpin last spring what had made him give his daring speech.

"I realized I was a very ambitious man," he said. "Not for political office—I will never hold any political office. I was ambitious for my country to become a decent, self-respecting, democratic nation. I understood that I would never be happy unless that ambition was fulfilled."

This ambition to restore democracy is shared by Filipinos of all classes and walks of life. When I called on Tingting Cojuangco—a wealthy socialite whom *Harper's Bazaar* once named one of the world's hundred most beautiful women—at her mansion in Forbes Park, the Beverly Hills of Manila, I found a yellow ribbon on her front door. Tingting Cojuangco had a more personal reason than most to have been transformed by recent events: Benigno Aquino was her brother-in-law. "I suppose that we all lived in a dream world before Ninoy was killed," she said. "Even when your friends and relatives were arrested, you still somehow imagined the government had some basic respect for human life."

Following Aquino's death, Tingting Cojuangco traveled all over the country, sleeping in remote villages, encouraging the women she met "to do something for freedom."

"I refuse to accept the contention," she said, "that just because you are privileged, and because people consider you beautiful, that you do not have to struggle for basic freedoms."

Tingting Cojuangco reminded me of many of the Filipino villagers I had met: she, too, had discovered some inner ability to liberate herself. This exotic beauty who had never known want now sat at her dining-room table discussing her country's political drama. She wore a plain white dress and no makeup.

"When I go out into the villages," she said, "I dress up and bring my makeup kit. The rural women want to see me as they see me in the society columns, because then they know that if someone like me can take a stand for freedom, so can they."

After visiting Tingting Cojuangco I traveled by jeepney—one of those exuberantly decorated minibuses that clog the streets of Manila—to the working-class district of Quiapo. Jeepney drivers earn about seventy-five pesos a day—less than $6. My driver spoke with pride of how he, his family, and his friends had all marched to demand the restoration of democracy. So I asked him what I had asked Tingting Cojuangco and many others—questions about what Marcos had done to the Philippines, and what Filipinos were doing now.

"Ninoy's death," he said, "was a blessing in disguise. It showed us that we could do something for our country."

My visits to the outlying islands of the Philippines helped put the ferment of Manila in perspective—though not in the way I had expected. I traveled to the southern city of Davao because both anti-Marcos leftists and the government's counterinsurgency officials had assured me a full-scale war of national liberation was brewing there.

In Davao I found cinemas showing "fried-rice Westerns"—cowboy films made in the Philippines. Patrons filled the disco of the Apo View Hotel. Here, as in so many Philippine cities and towns, democracy seemed to have broken out. Local newspapers were defying censorship; local people were demonstrating; local opposition leaders were holding rallies.

What did make Davao unique was that members of the New People's Army were carrying

ut attacks in broad daylight—attacks that lidn't seem to alarm the local citizens, as I discovered when I visited the Davao Chamber of Commerce and Industry.

"People respect the NPA," a local businessman, the owner of a lumber mill, said. "They don't murder innocent people. They don't rape and pillage and terrorize people the way the government soldiers do. They respect the church and private property, and most people here regard them as the only effective defense against official lawlessness."

The NPA guerrillas were popular in Davao—but as Robin Hoods, not as harbingers of some revolutionary new national order. Aside from a few radical intellectuals in Manila, no one I met in the Philippines wanted a Chinese-, a Vietnamese-, or even a Nicaraguan-style revolution. The Filipinos on the outlying islands, like those, both rich and poor, I had met in Manila, were eager for precisely the kind of "reformist" solution that ideologues deride.

The NPA itself has a rather modest assessment of its prospects. According to a lengthy NPA analysis I obtained, the rebels' greatest achievement is that they have managed to survive at all in such an unpromising environment. If "current revolutionary conditions" (that is, the Marcos dictatorship) persisted, the analysis predicted, the NPA would "inevitably" become a major force in the Philippines—but only after ten years, and then only as one element in a nationwide "liberation coalition" including radicals and moderates, peasants and capitalists.

Most Filipinos I talked with considered even this modest assessment unrealistic. "The people of the Philippines don't want violent revolution," the mayor of the northern Mindanao city of Cagayan de Oro, Aquilino Pimental, told me when I visited him in his home in the center of the city. "That is one reason Marcos has lasted so long. No one in this country wants to replace one dictatorship with another."

Pimental is one of the few Filipino politicians who, even before the Aquino assassination, successfully defied Marcos. He protested the imposition of martial law. Later, he challenged the president's men in local elections; so admired was Pimental for his courage that he won. How did Marcos respond to this "threat"? Pimental was under house arrest when I visited him. He had been accused of giving 100 pesos—about $7.50—to "an NPA commander." The charges against him did nothing to diminish his popularity in his home city, and public opinion polls indicated he was one of the politicians Filipinos most wanted to see succeed Marcos as president.

"Mr. Marcos," Pimental told me, "does not seem to understand that this country has entered a new era. There are many, many Filipinos now who value their self-respect more than money and official favor."

I asked Pimental if the Philippines' problems could be solved by means short of revolution. "The country's present crisis," he replied, "conceals some underlying strengths, notably the Filipino capacity for toleration and peaceful compromise. There is no reason the various armed groups can't be peacefully integrated into our national life, and there is no reason we cannot manage our national affairs in a decent, open, honest way. Or rather I should say there is only one reason why we cannot.

"In such a system there would be no place for President Marcos."

The rural areas and outlying islands in the Philippines are tranquil; nowhere did I find a full-scale war of liberation. What is truly revolutionary, in a way the guerrillas are not, is the urbanization of the Philippine political drama. Over the years, the men with the guns in the countryside had never seriously threatened Marcos's control. But he may well prove powerless to turn back the only real threat to his mastery: the peaceful invasion of Manila.

Thirty years ago, affluent Makati was vacant land. Now it is a citadel of economic and technological power, which Marcos can destroy but never control. A generation or two ago, the urban barrios were scarcely villages. Now they hold millions of people for whom the traditional restraints of village life are only a memory—for whom all the heady new freedoms of city life are not distant dreams but rights they are determined to win.

The many analyses of the New People's Army, whatever their ideological orientation, contain the most revealing human statistic of all: the total strength of the NPA is somewhere around 6,800 guerrillas. Meanwhile, in Manila and other urban areas, anti-Marcos rallies numbering 68,000 —or even 680,000—demonstrators are no longer remarkable.

The future of the Philippines will be decided not in the jungles or in the mountains but in the cities. And, as events since Aquino's death have shown, the future is now.

The May 14 election for the National Assembly seemed tailor-made to President Marcos's specifications. He predicted that the opposition would win no more than twenty of the 183 seats being contested. Anticipating massive fraud at the polls, many opposition leaders called for a boycott of the election. Because of the government's power to intimidate and bribe voters, even those opposition politi-

'The people of the Philippines don't want violent revolution. No one in this country wants to replace one dictatorship with another'

'Marcos is still in the Malacañang Palace. But the post-Marcos era has already begun'

cians who did take part expected that anti-Marcos forces would win thirty seats at most.

Yet, it soon became clear that Marcos, the foreign press, and the anti-Marcos leadership had once again seriously underestimated not only the depth of the Filipino people's opposition to Marcos but their determination to restore democracy.

More than 20 million voters besieged some 84,000 polling places. Marcos's men stuffed countless ballot boxes and stole countless others. But the anti-Marcos ballots were like the pieces of confetti that had rained down on Ayala Avenue—so numerous not even an army could sweep them away.

The opposition alliance would have won a clear majority had the election been run fairly. But the result, even by Marcos's own count, was stunning: the opposition won some seventy seats in the Assembly. The "confetti revolution" had moved from the streets into the very system Marcos had devised to perpetuate his rule.

The May election was important in itself. But like all the great events in the Philippines that have followed the Aquino assassination, the election was even more important because it both advanced and reinforced what has become an established national pattern. At each step President Marcos has attempted to prevail over his opponents. At each step he has wound up presiding over another erosion of his own power. At each step the proponents of peaceful change have won another critical victory.

What will happen if, in the face of further opposition successes, Marcos tries to do again what he did in 1972? Twelve years ago, the imposition of martial law was easy; today, a presidential coup would be both dangerous and difficult. In 1972, Marcos was able to count on the passivity of the public and the unquestioning obedience of the military, as well as strong foreign support. Today he can count on street demonstrations; neither the international bankers nor the U.S. government is committed to his survival, and the armed forces are deeply divided. "We know with certainty," one intelligence source in Manila told me, "that many Filipino officers are determined that the military must not impede the restoration of democracy. And President Marcos knows with certainty that if he splits the military, then he really will be through."

"Marcos is still in the Malacañang Palace," one high-ranking American official in Manila concluded, "but the post-Marcos era has already begun."

This is an optimistic conclusion in a country so full of problems as the Philippines, but it may not be an unwarranted one. What has made the Philippines notable since Aquino's death is not the bad news but the good news: over and over again, the Filipinos have demonstrated a truly impressive capacity to take a dismal situation and make it turn out better than anyone, perhaps even they, dared hope. In the process, the Filipinos have transformed their country from an archipelago of repression into a nation where, over and over again, democracy has proven to have an astonishing capacity to move people and to shape events. Whatever the ultimate outcome, the Filipinos now have something to be proud of—and they know it. The Philippines is now a country of new possibilities, and its people now have a new sense of their dignity and worth.

This new pride and hope is not limited to Filipinos living in the Philippines, as I discovered when I left Manila and went to Hong Kong. It was in one of those Asian travesties of an *haute cuisine* restaurant, where everything is *flambéd*, that I encountered the ultimate accoutrement of such establishments all over the Far East—a troupe of strolling Filipino minstrels.

These grown men were dressed in sombreros with red tassels, black tuxedo jackets, red satin breeches, and, on their feet, ordinary lace-up shoes. They carried guitars and mandolins and castanets, and as they went from table to table, playing songs like "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and "Climb Every Mountain" for the edification of the European and Chinese patrons, it occurred to me that this is how the world tends to see the Philippines. It is also how, throughout so much of their history, the Filipinos have seen themselves: not as Asian or American or Latin, but as some fusion of all the weaknesses, and none of the strengths, of all three.

When they reached our table, I asked these Filipinos to sing "Bayan Ko." As they sang, conversation stopped, first at our table, and then at the surrounding tables. The singers seemed to undergo a transformation. The timbre of their voices became more authentic; the words only they could understand seemed to conjure up the old but ineradicable Filipino dream that even people in their condition could have dignity and possess unexpected strength.

A nun in Davao had translated the song into English for me, so I was able to understand the refrain, and inform the others of the hope that had changed a nation:

Even birds who freely fly
When caged will struggle to escape.
What more of a country endowed with nobility,
Would she not strive to break free?
The Philippines, my cherished land,
My home of sorrow and tears,
Always I dream to see you truly free. ■

JOHN O'HARA AND HIS HOUNDS

Fourteen years after his death, the literary critics still haven't run him to earth

By George V. Higgins

Fifty years ago this August, Harcourt, Brace & Company published an American classic to moderate applause and scattered catcalls. *Appointment in Samarra* was John O'Hara's first book. It rattled untrained readers. They were not prepared for him. Scott Fitzgerald had provided their lenses for the viewing of the Jazz Age, and he'd been very gentle. This rookie coming out in the grease stains of the Depression seemed to lack a certain polish.

O'Hara told the story of the self-doomed Julian English, Gibbsville, Pa., Cadillac dealer. He did it with understated verve, laconic fatalism, and a sexual insouciance that troubled some onlookers. Then twenty-nine, O'Hara was a fresh veteran of a crippled marriage built upon a hotshot New York reporter's life, itself erected on a desultory and undisciplined prep school career which precluded Yale matriculation and deprived him of the badges. He was on the wagon, for the first of several times—the last would be permanent, a result of a stomach blowout that bled him flat in 1953. He had the eye of a recording angel, and about as much mercy.

He brought all of that equipment to the Julian English story. He described the random despair just beneath the surface of fashionable young married life in a small Pennsylvania coal city. He said the people who lived it were bubbling despair up to the surface with bootleg booze from Ed Charney, grabbing the thighs of others' spouses at the Lantenengo Country Club. He said they were suicidal, mean, and far too brittle. There wasn't much romance in it, Julian closing the garage doors and checking the windows before he fired up the Cadillac and gassed himself, dead drunk in all respects. It was squalid and a downer, and it didn't make one laugh. O'Hara said that those who escaped death were lucky, and on no account to be admired. That view did not beguile all readers; it attracted harder minds.

That attraction lasted, though. *Appointment in Samarra* did no better than tenth place on the *Publishers Weekly* best-seller list for October 1934, but it's still in print today, as reliable as its durable and sturdy author proved to be in his thirty-six remaining years of life. He had thirty-three more books left in him—novels, collections of his surgical stories, plays, and stuff he wrote for the papers. Fourteen years after his death—April 11, 1970—eleven of the later books survive in print, along with *Appointment*.

That is an extraordinary accomplishment. Paradoxically, post-mortem, it precludes a febrile rediscovery of him now, accompanied by loud hosannas tardily acknowledging his neglected mastery. Revivals are not held for those whose work is plainly living, as John O'Hara's is. He was a Caterpillar diesel of a storyteller, no wasted motion, no regrets, sometimes rough but mostly smooth, taking his first prosperity as the means that would permit him to do just what he'd intended ever since he started out: become one prodigious writer and discharge his obligations.

The ferocity of his commitment to the telling of his stories did not win him unmixed blessings, as he clearly had expected. His production did maintain himself, two more wives, and one beloved daughter in comfortable quarters and expensive motorcars. His publishers made money which he took in moderation, limiting himself for a good many years to an annual draw of

George V. Higgins is a regular contributor to the Wall Street Journal *and the* Boston Globe. *His twelfth novel,* Penance for Jerry Kennedy, *will appear this winter.*

He wrote stories edged like razors and they made reviewers bleed; then he griped that they were spattering their blood upon his name

$25,000 from his royalties—uncollected earnings piled up to exceed a million on deposit at no interest at Random House. He passively acquired the reputation of being a snob, and acquiesced to it, but just about the only showy thing he did was write. He had that Jansenist strain of lapsed Irish Catholicism that so strikingly resembles the dour Calvinist work ethic: *laborare est orare*. He thought work in general was good, and he thought his own work was particularly good.

He was therefore vulnerable to the mistaken expectation that his work would win widespread approval for its excellence. He was injured when reviewers recoiled from his realism and lambasted him for being too explicit about sex. Henry Seidel Canby lashed out at him with the mores of the 1930s, hitching "vulgar" to his name in a pompous screed in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and he was not alone. O'Hara was aware that such reactions sold books and titillated the hesitant who might otherwise have missed him. But he was angry at the implied extension of the tawdriness he described to the writer who described it. He wrote stories edged like razors and they made reviewers bleed; then he griped that they were spattering their blood upon his name. He thought that was unjust.

O'Hara had a lively sense of injustice. The early death of his father, Dr. Patrick O'Hara, had dashed whatever hopes might have lingered after that fractious prep school career for four spacious years at Yale. That death demoted him and his mother from the well-fixed stratum of small-town society in Pottsville, Pa., to a station where the bread was a day old and the shirt cuffs frayed. His immediate predecessors in the limelight of American literature—Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, and William Faulkner—lacked college training too, for all practical purposes, but they seemed to feel it less and very seldom to resent it. O'Hara nursed his defensive resentment of the life he thought he'd missed time and time again through his long years of fame, and never quite surrendered to the fact that he had missed it. That is why the Yale library has the manuscript of *Butterfield 8* and the galley proofs of *Appointment in Samarra*; Rutgers has *A Rage to Live*; Harvard, *From the Terrace*; the University of Pennsylvania, *Ourselves to Know*; Princeton, *Ten North Frederick*; and Penn State all the papers he had not distributed before designating it as his repository in 1964—he was foraging for an honorary degree, but he didn't get one from Penn State any more than from any of the others. He was scheduled to receive one from American International College in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1964, but bad weather grounded his plane and the college refused to grant the degree unless he showe up. Former Yale President Kingman Brewste was forthright in his explanation of O'Hara' disappointments in New Haven; he said Yal didn't give him an LL.D. degree "because h asked for it."

Out of the unhappiness he derived from th literary critics and the supercilious professors wh downgraded his hard work, on top of the venge fulness he felt toward Pottsville's secure well-to do, O'Hara made a small, mean art of harborin a grudge. He gave grudges a greer rancor that endures unto this day.

Thirty years after *Appointment* first appeared O'Hara's editor at Random House, Albert Er skine, thought it would be nice if John O'Hara let the Literary Guild reprint some of what he' written. That would bring more (unneeded) money to O'Hara, while publicizing his book further and giving Random House a profit without any new exertion. The difficulty was that John O'Hara hated book clubs, and was quite capable of turning down $50,000 in the interest of fidelity to his stern principles.

Albert Erskine knew his man. Through Bennett Cerf, the head of Random House, he contrived to have the Literary Guild's owners at Doubleday increase the proposal to $50,050. The extra fifty dollars represented Doubleday's repayment of the fee it had exacted from O'Hara back in 1934 for permission to reprint the short passage from W. Somerset Maugham's play *Sheppey* in which Death explains the meaning of an appointment in Samarra. O'Hara's vanity was sopped, and the Literary Guild reprinted *Samarra*, *Hope of Heaven*, and *Butterfield 8*.

That was a rare success for him in fighting his tormentors. They outnumbered him, of course, all the critics and reviewers, and he stubbornly refused to do what it appeared they wanted: stop writing for a while, or at least stop publishing, and thus derive from time and silence the patina of high art. He categorically declined to play by the established rules, and that was reckless conduct, as he knew.

The conventional and baseless wisdom of the American literary industry requires that a writer, to assert a lofty purpose and have any chance at all of being heard in that assertion, must agonize in the approved, feckless, artistic fashion for a minimum of two years for each one that he spends writing. Three mute years are even better; four or five bring much respect. A writer who can choke back the words for a decade is a genius, and will surely be anointed, if he ever does some work, as the creator of a novel that is—what else?—"long awaited." Writing is the only trade I know of in which

sniveling confessions of extreme incompetence are taken as credentials probative of powers to astound the multitude. The received image of the writer is that of an unproductive sensitive who suffers from the vapors, is enslaved by his gonads, falls victim to romantic swoons, and passes out at deadlines. *Writer's block*, an occupational hazard in the same sense that the search for Bridey Murphy was a theological inquiry, trails only rhinovirus, priapism, and debilitating drug addictions on the list of disabling and humiliating and loathsome complaints publicly and joyfully confessed by people who should be mortified to claim them. Strong men and healthy women unabashedly admit in front of God and all the people that they have taken advance money to do work beyond their gifts, confessing that they have perpetrated scams the likes of which would bring indictment in a well-run society, and get not only absolution but loud praise for their cheap swindles.

Publishers, at first impression victims of this con game, enthusiastically abet it, solemnly assuring all who may inquire that the book so long delayed by sexual dalliance and sloth is sure to be a masterpiece when and if it turns up. One suspects that they connive in this charade of hoax and buncombe partly because they get greasy satisfaction from presenting further evidence that all writers are children—spoiled, mewling, drooling infants unaccountably equipped with more artistic temperament than the entire duty roster of La Scala's opera season. The greater motive, though, is that the lazy scribblers by their indolence permit the editors to languish also at an even, idle speed, taking lunch and cocktails in the company of those who advertise, promote, and review the dribbled works, so that no one breaks a sweat.

Cavalierly, John O'Hara would have none of that. "As to the Annual Model vs the Triennial Model that the publishers seem to prefer," he wrote to Hollywood producer David Brown in 1959, "I really don't think publishers know very much about publishing. As to laziness, I am lazy except where writing is concerned." Therefore, he said, he had determined to put out *Ourselves to Know* fourteen or fifteen months after his "giant," *From the Terrace*, "and take all the risks of wearing out my welcome." He told Brown that Hemingway didn't publish half enough. He told Mark Schorer that "it was time-wasting that destroyed [Sinclair] Lewis, not work." And he informed Bennett Cerf that most novelists were "plodders," "partly because they stall and partly because they don't know their business."

Confident as he was of the rectitude of his position—that what writers do is write, and that they should go ahead and do it—and assured of his great skill, O'Hara went ahead and did it, and incurred the unjust punishment. In the abstract he was right. But he lived in the real world, where envy complicates things, and the shunning was imposed. Thus four years after he permitted *Los Angeles Times* critic Robert Kirsch to publish his letter admitting that he coveted the Nobel Prize, O'Hara declared in the *New York Herald Tribune* that the critics "hate me. And they better for I despise them." This did not include the critics he shamelessly cultivated, of course—Charles Poore of the *New York Times* and John Hutchens of the *Trib*, along with Kirsch and several others—but it did remind any establishment figure who might have forgotten that John O'Hara was still sulking and could easily be injured with a casual word or two.

O'Hara declared in the Herald Tribune *that the critics 'hate me. And they better for I despise them'*

It was thus in a proud, partly self-inflicted loneliness that John O'Hara spent his prodigiously productive lifetime, creating a body of work of magnificent dimensions. Between 1960 and 1968 he published seven collections of short fiction, some 137 terse and extended stories that all by themselves would supply credentials for a towering reputation in the world of perfect justice that he never did quite find. Those works, appearing in the spaces between the six novels published in those years, brought his career production of stories to 374. Starting with *Sermons and Soda Water*, soldiering on through *Assembly*, *The Cape Cod Lighter*, *The Hat on the Bed*, *The Horse Knows the Way*, *Waiting for Winter*, and *And Other Stories*, he performed a feat of the storyteller's art that Scheherazade would honor. With his best novels—*Appointment in Samarra*, *Butterfield 8*, *Ten North Frederick*—and his play, *Pal Joey*, those stories seize in crystal amber the lives of sad and funny people whose yearnings, sorrows, and small joys are real today and solid to the touch. He knew how those people talked, and what they talked about, and what they meant when they were saying something else. He knew intimately all the details of their daily lives, the ones of the emotions as surely as the ones of their automobiles. He was exact and sympathetic, but clear-eyed and resolute, when he wrote about them. And as wrathful as he was, for all the many hurts he cherished, he wrote fearlessly and bravely, with his pride on the line. Very likely no one was ever quite as good as John O'Hara thought he was, not even John O'Hara, but no writer in this country in this century has tried harder to achieve the excellence he claimed.

It isn't bragging if the guy does what he says he's going to do. ■

Scholarship Sweepstakes Winners

GRAND PRIZE, $2,500: Dena Rae Davis, *Michigan State University*. FIRST PRIZE, $1,000: Paul Meyer, *University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire*. SECOND PRIZE, $1,000: Jee-Hye Park, *Harvard University*. THIRD PRIZE, T-SHIRT WINNERS: Esther Kernosh, *University of Pennsylvania*; Margaret Yunger, *Trinity College*; Clark Mulloy, *University of Southern Mississippi*; Barbara Hefte, *Pacific Lutheran University*; Peter Szczesniak, *University of Tennessee, Knoxville*; Alison Baker, *Indiana University of Pennsylvania*; Jennifer Radtke, *City College of New York*; Sarita McCaw, *Fuller Theological Seminary*; Erik Wiberg, *University of Pennsylvania*; Brian Logue, *Philadelphia College of Pharmacy & Science*; Susan E. Dodson, *McNeese State University*; Susan M. Ley, *UCLA*; Brian K. Young, *University of Victoria, B.C.*; Doug Neary, *UCLA*; Jeff Economy, *Columbia College*; Dodai M. Wilson, *Kendall School of Design*; Sarah M. Burns, *Hofstra University*; Jodi Diane Boyce, *Glendale College*; Terri Adams, *Golden West College*; Mark Vitek, *Montgomery Junior College*; Patricia A. Schweers, *University of Maryland*; Christopher Harrington, *Carnegie Mellon University*; Debra Levine, *University of Illinois*; Lisa Grundon, *Santa Clara University*; Monte L. Burks, Jr., *Chaffey College*; Ted Elder, *University of Akron*; Brent Janzen, *Wichita State University*; Allyson Johnston, *George Washington University*; Daniel H. Morenus, *Harvey Mudd College*; D.G. Evenson, *Michigan State University*; Susanne Lynn Eld, *University of Duluth*; Nancy Stewart, *Oregon State University*; Stephen Snow, *Boston College*; Eric Ripp, *University of Wisconsin, Madison*; Serena Schorr, *Tulane University*; Annette DiNoro, *Texas A & M*; David Leroy Watts, *Pitzer College*; Judson Potter, *Hamilton College*; Roya Cohanim, *Northern Illinois University*; Jere Williamson, *University of Michigan, Ann Arbor*; Julie A. Wolf, *University of Wisconsin, Madison*; Maureen Aitken, *Wayne State University*; Felix Golovaty, *UCLA*; Andrea Roundey, *Goucher College*; Mary Robinson, *Academy of Art College*; Cathy A. Cole, *Bowling Green State University*; Johanna Dim, *Catawba College*; Tina Grace Luce, *New York University*; John C. Karrer, *Emerson College*; Thomas A. Drez, *Lewis University*.

Thank Goodness for Flannel Sheets!
I Thought I'd "Freeze to Death"



When I went to England, I just knew it was going to be the trip of a lifetime. I had saved and planned for years. Then, out of the blue, I got a chance to spend a few days in an honest-to-goodness 13th Century castle on the moors in Yorkshire.

What I overlooked was the English idea of central heating. After I left London the weather suddenly turned shivering cold and wet. By the time I got to my destination I was too tired and miserable to care about picturesque charm and history. All I could think of was how uncomfortable I was going to be in an old, drafty castle.

Sure enough, my room was *freezing*. But when I crawled into bed I was dumbfounded to discover how marvelously cozy it was despite the lack of heat.

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Then and there I decided I was going to have sheets like that at home. What a great way to save on heating costs at night and still feel rich and special!

When I got back to the United States I soon learned that the flannel sheets in stores didn't feel or look the same at all. The polyester in them made such a difference.

Finally, I got so frustrated I went to Damart, a company in my hometown, and suggested they sell real 100% cotton flannel sheets and pillowcases. They loved the idea.

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LETTERS

Continued from page 8

ed to the Grenada operation, the 2,495 Army Achievement Medals awarded for that campaign were not excessive.

Concern over the burgeoning and inflation of awards is not new; indeed, the Army Achievement Medal was intended to help prevent the awarding of higher-level medals for lesser accomplishments. It is also not peculiar to the American Army. The British poet Siegfried Sassoon, in his World War I *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, related that while recovering from his wounds in a rear-area hospital he was incensed to find noncombatants wearing the Military Cross that he had won in the trenches. Upon reflection, however, he concluded that "the safest thing to be said is that nobody knew how much a decoration was worth except the man who received it." If you want to know whether Army decorations were debased in Grenada, ask a soldier who is wearing one.

General Frederick J. Kroesen Jr.
Alexandria, Va.

General Kroesen, now retired, was commander in chief of the U.S. Army in Europe. He is one of the few soldiers to be awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge three times.

Poetic License

Re: *Harper's* Index, June

Not only did I rewrite *The Sound of Solitude* thirty-four times—I still didn't get it right.

Rod McKuen
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Corrections

The cover of our August issue featured a detail of Malcolm Morley's painting *La Plage*. Courtesy Xavier Fourcade Inc.

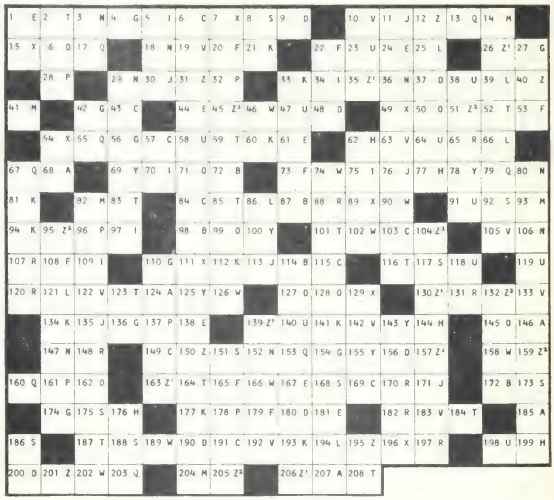
The translator of Roland Barthes's "Dare to Be Lazy" [*Harper's*, August] is Linda Coverdale.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 21

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.



CLUES

WORDS

A. Promote; raise — 185 207 146 68 124

B. Habitation — 87 172 98 114 72

C. Knavish character or conduct — 103 149 43 6 84 169 191 57 115

D. Most sanguine — 127 190 200 16 48 37 180 9 156

E. International agreements; grants, bestows — 1 44 24 167 181 138 61

F. Associate justice of the Supreme Court, 1930–45 — 53 20 22 108 179 73 165

G. Sapwood — 42 56 110 154 4 27 136 174

H. Staircase upright — 176 77 62 144 199

I. Decree — 70 34 97 75 5 109

J. Sorcery — 76 113 11 171 135 30

K. Mountain traveler's staff — 193 141 177 60 94 81 33 112 134 21

L. Arty trash — 25 39 194 121 86 66

M. Shining; gay — 41 93 204 82 14

N. Goldanged, infernal (hyph.) — 147 18 29 106 152 80 3 31

O. Violent commotion; riot — 50 99 71 128 162 145

P. Amount by which the contents fall short of filling a container — 178 137 161 28 32 96

Q. Return or reward; retaliation — 203 79 153 55 160 17 67 13

R. Transported; delighted — 170 197 65 131 182 148 107 120 88

S. Lack of a name; quality of being incognito — 175 8 92 117 173 188 168 151 186

T. Illiberal (hyph.) — 164 116 59 85 123 101 2 187 83 184 52 208

U. Copied — 119 58 91 47 64 198 23 38 140 118

V. Dissonance — 192 142 10 105 122 63 19 183 133

W. Capital (hyph.) — 46 189 166 202 74 126 90 158 102

X. Place — 111 196 54 7 129 89 49 15

Y. Semihard, light yellow cheese — 100 155 78 69 125 143

Z. Harmony, agreement — 12 150 195 201 40 31

Z1. Highly seasoned stew — 139 35 206 26 163 130

Z2. Type of canine — 104 157 132 95 45 205 159 51

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SOLUTION TO THE AUGUST PUZZLE

NOTES FOR "CURRENT EVENTS"

ACROSS: 1. H-A-J-J-I, initial letters; 10. BO-DEGA (reversal); 12. GA(lley sla)VE; 14. ULNA, anagram; 15. ZERO, hidden; 16. 1-5th; 17. NIDI, hidden in reverse; 18. JO(L)T; 19. UNI(S.)ON; 20. O-W-N-S; 21. M(IN-O)RS; 23. MO(NI)TOR; 25. PAS-(reversal)-SAGE; 26. HASS(.I)E, anagram; 28. EMIT, reversal; 29. UP-KEEP (reversal); 31. J(A-V)A; 32. SITE, homophone; 34. KURD, homophone; 36. I-O-WA; 38. CO(P)T; 39. R(ock)-OUT; 40. (s)INGLES; 41. SAT(CH)ELS, anagram; 42. MONTE, anagram. DOWN: 2. AMAZ(O)NIAN, anagram; 3. JE(st.)ER; 4. LOTIONS, anagram; 5. NE(X)T, reversal; 6. J-AUNTS (anagram); 7. UG-LIEST, hidden; 8. MEN-D; 9. P-RAISE; 11. (a)GE-HENNA; 13. 10-4-0; 22. RAME(K..)IN, anagram; 24. REPARTEE, anagram; 27. SEAWORN, anagram; 28. EMETIC, hidden in reverse; 30. PSIS, homophone; 33. IOTA, reversal of A TOI; 35. URGE, hidden; 37. OR-DO.

H	A	J	J	I	L	O	N	G	J	U	M	P
I	M	A	E	B	O	D	E	G	A	G	E	R
G	A	V	E	1	T	1	X	E	U	L	N	A
H	Z	E	R	O	I	5	T	H	N	I	D	I
J	O	L	T	4	0	0	M	E	T	E	R	S
U	N	I	S	O	N	0	W	N	S	S	P	E
M	I	N	O	R	S	M	O	N	I	T	O	R
P	A	S	S	A	G	E	H	A	S	S	L	E
D	N	H	E	M	I	T	U	P	K	E	E	P
I	0	0	M	E	T	E	R	S	J	A	V	A
S	I	T	E	K	U	R	D	I	O	W	A	R
C	O	P	T	I	R	S	L	S	R	O	U	T
U	T	U	I	N	G	L	E	S	D	R	L	E
S	A	T	C	H	E	L	S	M	O	N	T	E
		D	E	C	A	T	H	L	O	N		

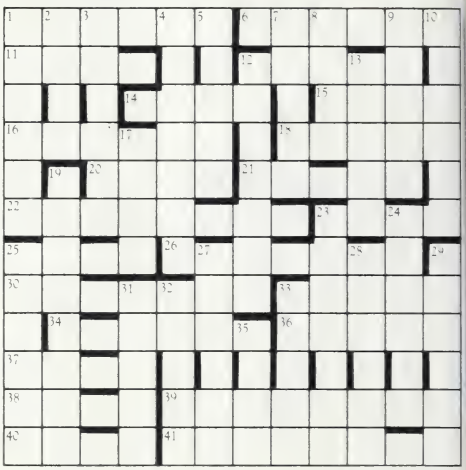
SOLUTION TO AUGUST DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 20): Studio executives . . . are responsible for what gets up there on the silver screen. Compounding their problem of no job security in the decision-making process is the single most important fact, perhaps, of the entire movie industry: NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING —William Goldman: (*Adventures in*) *the Screen Trade*

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 21, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by September 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the October issue. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 19 (July) are Patricia J. Axline, Challis, Indiana; Kathleen Brennan, Washington, D.C.; and Edna B. Comey, Grafton, Massachusetts.

PUZZLE

Superfluities—II

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.



Be prepared to follow instructions to the letter. Each clue contains one superfluous word, located anywhere at all in the clue. Remove it and the clue will be complete as a clue (though it may not remain grammatically defensible). However, the solver will find that none of the clue answers will fit in the diagram, because of length or other discrepancies . . . and may therefore suspect that the extra word is not superfluous after all. (All diagram entries are words, however.)

The answer to 1D is an uncommon word, and there is a proper name among the diagram entries. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 79.

CLUES

Across

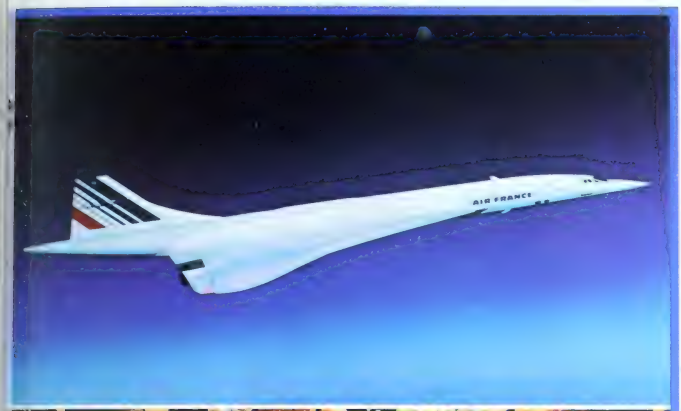
1. Gout caused pain in legs with sharp moves (7)
6. Like a heavenly body, without beginning to sag? Junket is beautifying (8)
11. Shot on goal lashed with shallow sound (6)
12. Hit on the head, I dropped wadded cereal (4)
14. Singlet tight initially . . . let it out a little bit (6)
15. Lessen editing of angle, one source of lead (6)
16. Addle born Democrat—it's the lot of the poor man (4)
18. Vehicle without brakes, coaxed to races, crashes (7)
20. Sure confused by plot switches (4)
21. Set in rout, set in rout at first, set in rout (6)
22. Drunk centering his tots drunkenly (7)
23. Support for woman tending to replace head of ERA with bachelor (3)
25. Flower one uprooted in quiet yard scrape (5)
26. You and I stopping in crags. Is very high! (6)
30. Religious ceremony I do on train converted dr[illegible] (10)
33. Laureate, losing heart, is pleading recently (4)
34. Fish that's rounder around center (4)
36. Takes it easy, uncut . . . there's nothing in sword thrusts (7)
37. Cute Polish lady embodies chic (5)
38. Elegant bark capsized as ship bottoms (5)
39. Old Oriental bigwigs brandish tin weapons, one hears (7)
40. Abrupt reversal cleaves English armistice (5)
41. Sexual excitement is innermost in theater (4)

Down

1. Silvers on shield rousted strange mystic (7)
2. One working in the dark with cryptic clue: "A minuscule, tiny bit" (8)
3. Rounder bottle emptied in trunk (4)
4. To one needing nail finally, tackets work (4)
5. Comforts, acquits, therefore whips (7)
7. Group, starting to get on horse, to express pain (5)
8. Bucks for toff: stash almost contains $1,000 (5)
9. Everyone in opera house informal . . . this hits the nail on the head (6)
10. Wind almost certainly indisposed bum (8)
12. Relative turned on and entrapped large animal (5)
13. Mother and wife, mover and shaker at last (5)
17. Drops half-dull pen needing a cleaning (5)
19. In boxing, judge beginning of cut in chin more painful (6)
23. Beheaded pines could produce timber without number (5)
24. Pout . . . pants're silly for part of horse's leg (7)
25. Half of property Tonto got from sheriff's men (5)
27. Feel attaché could be couth (5)
28. Harry without singular clothes? (3)
29. Die abandoned by St. Swithin—he believes in natural religion (5)
31. Make believe pre-teens could be prepared (8)
32. "Bloomer" (half of pair) is plush (4)
33. Group of soldiers scheme about noon excessively (7)
35. Suspends bust, so mob riots (5)

Contest rules. Send completed diagram with name and address to "Superfluities—II," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by September 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the October issue. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of the July puzzle, "Square-rigged," are Norton Black, Tucson, Arizona; Jeanne M. Jacobson, Clifton Park, New York; and Jean Schwartz, Great Bend, Kansas.

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The Deadly Theater of Celebrity

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Ted Koppel Norman Podhoretz Daniel Schorr and others

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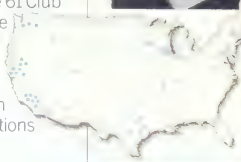
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LETTERS

Corporate Conscience

The remarks by Federal District Court Judge Miles W. Lord ["A Plea for Corporate Conscience," *Harper's*, June] provided your readers with a one-sided, prejudiced view of the A.H. Robins Company's handling of the Dalkon Shield, the intrauterine contraceptive device we voluntarily removed from the market ten years ago. Judge Lord's tirade prompted counsel for Robins to object to the proceeding as a product of bias. Judge Lord acknowledged this, saying, "You don't have to argue that I am prejudiced at this point. I am."

It is difficult to convince the public that Judge Lord's charges did not come as a result of a trial. People are shocked when they learn that he spoke not at the conclusion of a trial but during the course of a settlement between Robins and several plaintiffs, and before Robins had the opportunity to present any evidence in its defense. In other words, guilty until proven innocent! I submit that Judge Lord has no basis for his remarks.

He formed the opinion that the Dalkon Shield is dangerously defective without hearing a word of expert medical testimony. Robins's position is that the greater weight of the medical evidence shows that the infection rate associated with the Dalkon Shield is not statistically different from the rate associated with other IUDs. There is substantial medical doubt that any IUD causes pelvic infection.

Judge Lord's accusation that the company has done nothing to notify the medical profession and the public about the Dalkon Shield is contrary to the record. Warnings on product labels, a 1973 letter to the Food and Drug Administration, a 1974 letter mailed to thousands of physicians, hospitals, and birth control organizations setting forth precautionary steps to be followed in the treatment of women using the Dalkon Shield, the suspension of sales that same year, the 1975 recall of unused devices, numerous news releases and responses to news media inquiries, a 1980 letter to thousands of physicians, hospitals, and birth control organizations recommending removal of the device—Robins has long taken actions and issued warnings to the degree and with the intensity warranted by the medical evidence.

In charging that Robins takes discovery of alternative causes of infection for the purpose of harassing plaintiffs, Judge Lord in effect said that the company has no right to determine whether or not its product was at fault. Judges throughout the country have repeatedly recognized the propriety of such inquiries.

Judge Lord's allegation that Robins is burdening the courts doesn't hold water either. Only thirty-six Dalkon Shield cases have been tried to a conclusion over the past ten years, and Robins prevailed in nineteen of these. In 1983, the company settled 1,400 cases and claims, and it has settled an additional 400 cases and claims in the first three months of 1984, bringing the total to 6,900. This certainly is not indicative of foot-dragging by Robins.

Judge Lord's suggestion that some women lack the means to bring suit is ridiculous. He knows, or should know, that law firms regularly advance litigation expenses in hopes of recovering their usual percentage of any award or settlement. It is our experience that any woman wanting to

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

ing suit today can find a law firm ady and willing to undertake that fort.

To Judge Lord's charge that Rob- is has not suffered any penalty from ne litigation, I would point out that ne cases and claims that have been isposed of thus far have cost the ompany and its insurer $197 mil- on. Judge Lord made critical refer- nce to our 1983 earnings, but failed note that last year our expenses as- ociated with Dalkon Shield claims mounted to $18.7 million and re- uced our net earnings by $9.7 mil- on. I submit that this is a heavy enalty.

I would say to those who are so uick to make judgments and so eady to condemn that we welcome a eview of our record. But make it a air review. Look at the entire record. Ask if this company would jeopardize ts reputation, its future, and its prod- ct line by marketing a device it new to be faulty.

E. Claiborne Robins Jr.
Richmond, Va.

E. Claiborne Robins Jr. is president of he A. H. Robins Company.

All Reagan's Men

An article written by Thomas Riehle and reprinted from the *National Journal* ["Reagangates, 1981–1984," *Harper's*, May] referred to my resignation from the CIA "after being accused by disgruntled former business associates of shady stock dealings." It is unfortunate that responsible publications continue to repeat these charges, now three years old, without providing the full story or subsequent developments.

The story was based entirely on the word of two men who disappeared immediately after the article was printed. They themselves are fugitives from justice, sought by the FBI on charges of bilking their companies out of several million dollars. I have obtained a libel judgment against them in federal court and am awaiting an award of damages in the case. Significantly, since the accusations against me surfaced, no federal or

Continued on page 90

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NOTEBOOK

Autumn sermons

By Lewis H. Lapham

Don't expect too much from the end of the world.

—Stanislaw Lec

With the approach of a presidential election the cadences of American political speech and writing become indistinguishable from those of the Puritan sermon. The candidates use the press conference and the photo opportunity to teach abbreviated lessons on the reclamation of the American purpose and the redemption of the American soul. Newspaper editorialists exhort their congregations to acts of repentance and reform. Television celebrities renounce the comforts of Beverly Hills to endure the mortifications of the flesh in Kansas and Oklahoma shopping malls. The dinner conversation in New York and Washington turns on points of doctrine as obscure and as furiously dissected as the medieval ranking of the saints.

During the first 150 years of the American settlement, the sermon, especially the jeremiad, served as the principal means of literary expression among a people who enjoyed the favor of Providence. To write was to preach. Colonial stationers printed in devout quantity the texts of Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards; booksellers stocked their shelves with travelers' guides to perdition. As long ago as 1670, in New England towns that through the glass of time seem as virtuous as postcards, the resident divines already were bemoaning the degeneracy of the age. When ascending the pulpit they affected the gesture of rubbing hideous sights from their eyes, as if they couldn't believe the extent of the folly and wickedness to which, reluctantly, they bore witness. By 1780 Hannah More could say, speaking of the polite table talk acceptable in Salem, that it was always "the fashion to make most lamentable *Jeremiades* on the badness of times."

Throughout the nineteenth century the American genius for lamentation showed up in the essays of Thoreau and Emerson, in the novels of Melville and Hawthorne, in Whitman's poems, in the speeches of Calhoun, Jackson, Webster, and Clay. No matter what the victories on the temporal frontiers, the badness of the times could always be seen along the spiritual sectors of the front, and it was incumbent on the writer of sensibility to despair of the state of the union between God and his chosen apostles. The world was not the world unless it was coming rapidly to an end.

The twentieth century took up the theme with the speeches of Woodrow Wilson, the writings of the Progressive movement, the social criticism of the 1930s, the homilies of Jimmy Carter. Even now, toward the end of a century supposedly secular, in an industrial state pleased to style itself modern, the sermon remains the preferred form of American literary and political address. At the Democratic convention in July, the Reverend Jesse Jackson and Governor Mario Cuomo incited their audiences to prayer. No newspaper would deem itself respectable without an editorial page that could be sung by a church choir. The bookstores wallow in commercial visions of the Apocalypse—environmental, moral, thermonuclear, chemical, economic, social, and political. Two of the season's best-selling tracts—Bob Woodward's biography of John Belushi and Peter Collier and David Horowitz's meditation on the Kennedy family—tell the popular folk tale of Satan coming to seize prideful souls made corrupt and vainglorious in Sodom. Norman Mailer's most recent confession, *Tough Guys Don't Dance*, presents the spectacle of a drunken conscience (i.e., Mailer as errant parson) looking for Paradise Lost on a beach on Cape Cod. The leading witness in any of Saul Bellow's novels (inevitably a professor wise beyond the calculation of owls) pauses on his way through an airport in Chicago or Budapest to deliver a brief sermon on the badness of the times. As with Mailer's narratives, the effect is comparable to the interruption of a television police drama for an aspirin commercial. Any author worth his weight in tears tries for a title in which the prefix "The Last" modifies "Day," "Waltz," "Train to Paris," "Exit to Brooklyn," "Convertible," "Hurrah," "Gentleman," or "Unicorn."

Of the manuscripts offered to *Harper's* magazine in any one week, the clear majority (easily as many as 75 percent) appear as sermons in mufti. The texts come disguised as articles, reports, or scholarly essays, but they conform to the design set out by the seventeenth-century Puritan divines—first the announcement of evil, then the catalogue of denunciations, then the recommended course of correction.

When I was younger and still learning the journalistic trade, I made the mistake of omitting the final exhortation to virtue. My neglect in this regard seemed to my editors an act of both heresy and sedition. Looking at me with suspicion, they would say, impatiently if not condescendingly, "Yes, yes, of course, it's easy enough to criticize and find fault. But what would you *do*? How would you put things right?"

In an astute essay, *The American Jeremiad*, Sacvan Bercovitch attributes the paradoxical and hybrid na-

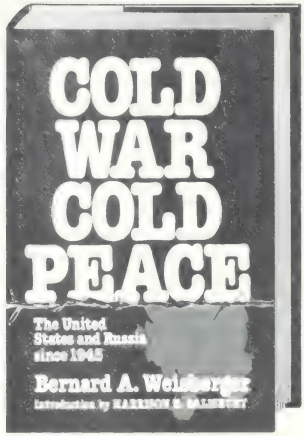
are of the genre to the uniquely American confusion of realms. The *rriviste* theologians in Massachusetts Bay conceived of their newfound and as a real estate speculation in which both God and Caesar held an qual interest. Knowing that he mbodied the last, best hope of mankind, the American construed himself, in the words of a characteristic peech given at Covington, Kentucky, on July 4, 1850, by William Evans Arthur, apprentice congressman and judge, as "the ark of safety, he anointed civilizer, the only visible source of light and heat and repose to the dark and discordant and troubled World."

Having been granted what they called "a special appointment," the Americans knew they would suffer a terrible punishment if they failed to make good on the contract and bungled the subdivision of the New Jerusalem. If America failed, the cosmos ailed. Not only would the Americans have nowhere else to go, but the whole housing development—the laws of nature, man, history, and physics; the ground of being; the rigging of human thought—all of it would come loose and blow away in the storm. The success of the state became synonymous with the rescue of the species.

No wonder the preachers were obliged to come up with an optimistic coda to the anthems of despair. The American jeremiad was meant to turn the rage of confession into the energy of affirmation. The preacher seeks to instill in his congregation a feeling of frightful anxiety precisely because it is this palpable sense of impending doom that will arouse the backsliders to acts of productive contrition. The scared donkey pulls a heavier load, and the faithful can scourge one another by saying, in effect, "Yes, we have sinned, O Lord, sinned terribly against the blueprint of Thy holy plan, but we promise to learn from our mistakes, to make of our guilt the engine of our salvation."

More often than not, of course, the promised reforms never come to pass, and it remains fair to ask whether anybody seriously intends to see them take an earthly shape, whether the preacher expects the congrega-

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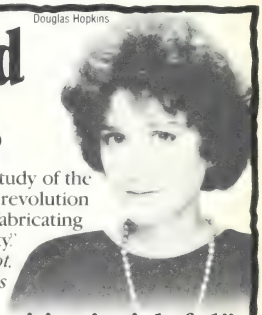
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tion to abandon on Monday the ve nal but profitable practices that it s earnestly reviled on Sunday. Ever so, the effort must be made, the ritua observed, and the tithe paid in th rhetoric of crisis. The eloquent de nunciations serve as token payment on the obligation to Providence; th gesture liberates the debtor and al lows him to return, purified, to the business of capitalism—to the slaugh terhouse, the brokerage office, the weapons factory.

Burdened with the fate of nations, the American writer or politician must be careful about his deport ment. Above all he must restrain the impulse to laugh. Everything can be forgiven except the crime of mocking the earnestness of the theocratic real tors clearing their lots in the wilder ness. In its classical and European forms, the jeremiad can afford the luxury of satire because it treats only of secular affairs. The world is pre sumed lost, and neither Juvenal nor Samuel Johnson feels obliged to rec ommend a reading list, a diet, or a set of aerobic exercises.

As Adlai Stevenson discovered to his sorrow, Americans look upon wit with a good deal of suspicion, and at any one time they will tolerate in their midst only a few registered fools. Once granted to Bierce and Twain, the license at the moment has devolved upon Russell Baker, Art Buchwald, and Johnny Carson; almost everybody else must appear under the rubrics clearly marked "Humor" or "Humorist," as if these labels were a kind of surgeon gener al's warning meant to protect the reader from thoughts injurious to his health. In order to assure his worldly success, the American minister with out portfolio learns to assume the pose of unworldliness. If he knows what's good for his paperback sales, he will present himself as a doctor of quack divinity (cf. the work of Alvin Toffler or Jonathan Schell), a somber fellow in black broadcloth, rubbing his eyes at the strangeness of the world and frowning upon the heed lessness of his fellow citizens at play in the erotic sandboxes and the acid rain. It is a pose that can be cast in marble and coined into the curren cies of faith, celebrity, and votes. ■

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HARPER'S INDEX

American firms doing business in El Salvador : 51
In Nicaragua : 48
Estimated value of Colombia's annual drug exports : $8,000,000,000
Estimated amount of Colombia's foreign debt : $10,472,000,000
Number of IMF-member countries operating with a deficit : 133
Number operating with a surplus : 7
Value of bank loans to the East German government guaranteed by West Germany : $730,000,000
Value of claims filed this year with Lloyd's of London for satellite launch failures : $300,000,000
Average life span of a 1960s television sitcom (in years) : 2.26
Estimated life span of a sitcom today : 0.69
Percentage increase in the number of cop shows in prime time since last season : 100
Percentage of adolescent boys who say they "hit or beat up another kid" in the past year : 64
Percentage of American women who think they would do "better than average" in a fistfight : 27
Percentage who thought this in 1977 : 19
Price of a Jane Fonda workout videocassette on the black market in Moscow : $370
Percentage of Geraldine Ferraro's votes in Congress in 1983 that supported the Democratic Party leadership : 92
Percentage of the average House Democrat's votes that did : 76
Average number of points scored in a National Football League game in 1974 : 36
In 1983 : 44
Jobs created by every billion dollars of U.S. government defense spending : 21,000
By every billion dollars of U.S. government nondefense spending : 25,000
Percentage of Americans who say they are dissatisfied with their jobs : 25
Percentage of fast-food workers who say they enjoy theirs : 66
Length of the average French business lunch (in minutes) : 124
Of the average American business lunch : 67
Percentage of Americans who invent a job or a college degree for their résumés : 10
Number of general elections Walter Mondale has won when not running as an incumbent : 1
Percentage of the population of Nicaragua that is under 35 : 75 (see page 69)
Percentage of American teenagers who report that their schoolwork makes them anxious : 82
Who report that their love life does : 57
Cost of raising a medium-size dog to the age of 11 : $5,902
Shelf space taken up by pet food in the average American supermarket (in linear feet) : 240
By soup : 105
Mickey Mouse caps sold at Tokyo Disneyland in six weeks last summer : 520,000
Percentage of Japan's machine tools that are over ten years old : 39
Percentage of America's machine tools that are : 69
Percentage increase in foreign investment in American companies since 1973 : 600
Number of colonies in the world : 43
Estimated number of pirate attacks on ships at sea last year : 400
Number of members of the International Flat Earth Research Society : 2,000

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of August 1984.



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READINGS

[Correspondence]

A DEBATE ON RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

From an exchange of letters between Norman Lear and Ronald Reagan. In 1980 Lear, the writer and television producer, founded People for the American Way, a citizens' group concerned about First Amendment issues.

May 7, 1984

Dear Mr. President:

I am deeply troubled by what seems to be an endorsement of the so-called Christian Nation movement in many of your recent speeches. While I fully respect (and would fight to protect) your right to whatever spiritual and religious beliefs you prefer, I am concerned that you not use the office of the presidency as Evangelist in Chief or to further the notion that any particular group of Americans is to be accorded special standing because it practices any religion.

To me, it is no coincidence that the First Amendment to the Constitution contains both the guarantee of free speech and the guarantee of separation of church and state. History shows that they are inextricably linked.

Without the separation of church and state, free, spirited public debate is impossible. The mutual respect that is essential to democratic debate is lost when a president's opinions on public policy are used as some sort of perverse test of a citizen's standing with the Almighty.

While I know that you cannot control the statements of all your supporters, millions of Americans would be greatly relieved if you would clarify that you do not officially embrace the Christian Nation movement; that you do not intend to use the office of the president to favor a particular religious dogma; and that you intend instead to preserve the presidency as an office for all the people, believers and non-believers alike.

Thank you for your attention. The country looks forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Norman Lear

May 22, 1984

Dear Norman:

I appreciate your writing (May 7) and giving me a chance to set some things straight. First let me say that until I read your letter I was unaware of any Christian Nation movement, and I certainly do not support the notion that any group of citizens is to be accorded special standing "because it practices any religion."

I do believe the First Amendment is being somewhat distorted or misinterpreted by some who would, by government decree, make freedom *of* religion into freedom *from* religion. The First Amendment plainly ensures that in this nation there shall be no official state church. The amendment says the government shall not establish religion, but it also just as plainly says the government shall not interfere in the practice of religion.

But isn't the government doing the latter when it decrees that a child cannot ask a blessing before lunch in the school cafeteria—particularly when we remember that the child is compelled by law to attend school?

It is true I've addressed a number of religious groups—always by their invitation. Some have been Protestant, some Catholic, some Jewish. Some have been conferences or conventions of representatives of all religions. Usually I've expressed my views on matters ranging from the right of a child to pray in school—if the child wants to do this—to tuition tax credits to correct the injustice of a parent supporting two school systems while using only one, to my belief that abortion on demand is the taking of a human life unless and until someone can prove that an unborn child is not a living being.

Norman, maybe we're coming to the same concern from opposite viewpoints, namely the threat to individual freedom. I believe that Madalyn Murray O'Hair, who brought about the anti-school-prayer decision, was imposing her atheism on those of us who believe in God. The goal of our nation must always be [to achieve] the ultimate in individual freedom consistent with an orderly society.

Now, having said this, let me also say that I approve of the references to God in the Declaration of Independence and of the inscription "In God We Trust" on our coins and engraved

on the wall of the Capitol. I believe history shows that every great civilization that has ended up in history's dustbin did so after forsaking its god or gods. At the same time, I believe in every American's right to worship whatever god or gods he or she chooses, or no god at all. I also believe, however, that the God of Moses and his Son admonished us to go into the world and spread their word. But those who hear must decide for themselves whether to accept that word.

Well, I've gone on long enough, but let me just close by saying that I believe I have a responsibility to speak out for decency and the basic moralities without which there can be no civilization or personal freedom.

Sincerely,
Ronald Reagan

June 15, 1984

My Dear Mr. President:

Thank you for taking time to answer my recent letter. Your thoughtful response provoked a few concerns that I would like to pursue further.

I was surprised that you were unaware of the Christian Nation movement, since so many of the fundamentalist religious leaders to whom you have granted special attention have made a "Christian America" the centerpiece of their political activity. I refer primarily to Paul Weyrich and the Reverends Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, James Robison, and Jimmy Swaggart.

Were you aware, for example, that Rev. Robertson stated on one of his broadcasts:

> The Constitution of the United States is a marvelous document for self-government by Christian people. But the minute you turn the document into the hands of non-Christian people and atheistic people they can use it to destroy the very foundation of our society. And that's what's been happening.

Rev. Falwell has said:

> The idea that religion and politics don't mix was invented by the Devil to keep Christians from running their own country.

I feel compelled to underscore this alarming kind of rhetoric because some senior staff members at the White House have apparently picked up this theme of contempt for non-fundamentalists. Mr. Bob Sweet of your staff described your lobbying effort for government-mandated prayer readings as:

> . . . an indication of what can be done if the Christian people in America join together on a particular issue. I believe that this is a test run.

And your liaison for religious affairs, Carolyn Sundseth, called for "all saved Christians" to pray that her fellow White House staffers "get saved or get out" of government.

Forgive me for quoting at such length, Mr. President. Because you care deeply about individual freedoms, I knew you would be troubled by these examples of religious intolerance—and their association with your presidency.

The issue is not, as you suggest, between atheists and believers. It is the imposition of a creed on citizens through the powers and public role of the government—whether that creed be Christianity, Judaism, Buddhism, or atheism. It is not the substance of what is imposed—but the imposition itself—that is objectionable to a free people.

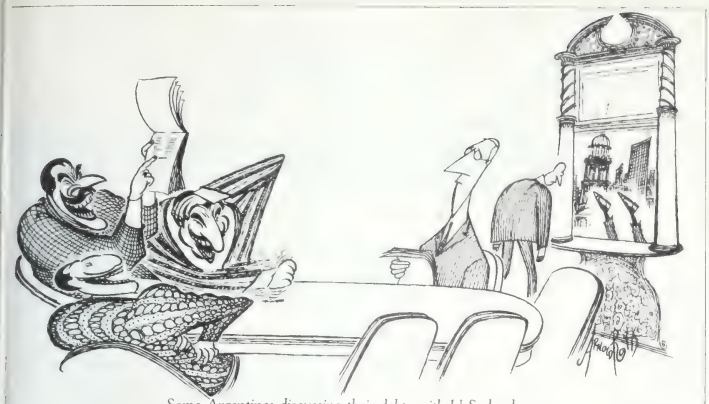
Mr. President, without freedom *from* religion we would have no freedom *of* religion. Because the very essence of freedom is the ability to say yes or no. As Martin Luther said, man has only one freedom: to say no to God. Without the freedom to say no, there is no freedom to say yes. There is no freedom.

Mr. President, as I think you know, it is not only atheists who oppose government-supervised school prayer. While atheists may harbor hostility toward the whole notion of God, the United Methodist Church, the American Baptist Churches in the USA, the United Church of Christ, and the American Jewish Congress, among others, bear no such hostility. Yet they *do* oppose government interference with their religious practices.

The First Amendment does not simply prohibit the establishment of an official state church, as we both agree. It means that the government cannot *prefer* one religion over another in its actions, or even prefer religion. As James Madison wrote in 1785, "the same authority which would establish Christianity in exclusion of all other religions could establish any particular sect of Christians in exclusion of all other sects."

I agree with you that the word "God " has a place on our coins. But I also believe it is no accident that our coins, which bear the inscription "In God We Trust," make another affirmation on the reverse side: "*E Pluribus Unum*"—"Out of Many, One." Our strength as a nation stems from our respect for diversity. This principle is diminished when the presidency becomes the pulpit for only *one* of those religious traditions, however sincere its adherents.

It is not a solution for the federal government to wash its hands of the matter and let local communities decide which religious tradition should prevail—as your recent school prayer amendment would have done. As you promised upon taking the oath of office, the president must "preserve, protect, and defend" the Constitution and the individual freedoms guaranteed in the Bill of Rights for *all* citizens. The spirit of liberty is not advanced by abdicating



Some Argentines discussing their debts with U.S. bankers.

From the Progressive.

that role with respect to school prayer.

Until you mentioned it in your letter, Mr. President, I had never heard that any branch or level of government in our nation had decreed that a child cannot ask a blessing before lunch in the school cafeteria. Mr. President, I would appreciate knowing more about this. I would dedicate myself to protecting the right of that child to ask that blessing.

Please understand that the concerns I express in this letter are *not* directed at your efforts to speak out for decency; that is your duty as President. Nor are the concerns I express directed at your testimony of religious faith; that is your right as a free American citizen.

What alarms me is your assumption of a governmental role as Evangelist in Chief. By this I mean your use of the ceremonial and official powers of the presidency to validate one set of religious beliefs over another. In so doing, you say to those Americans who do not share your particular religious beliefs that they are second-class citizens. As you said in a recent newspaper interview: "We have respected every other religion. They're free to practice in our country. . . ."

Mr. President, there are no "other" religions in "our" country. America belongs to *all* its citizens, no matter what their religion. No faith has a special patrimony in the eyes of the Constitution.

In that vein, please do not denounce your political opponents by the terms of your faith—and thereby imply that they are sinful. Call them mistaken if you must, but do not question their religious integrity.

I share your conviction that the "basic moralities" of civilization should be promoted. Sectarian beliefs should have no government sanction, however. Your record so far disappoints many of us who care deeply about religious liberty for all citizens. We would welcome a more forthright reassurance that the presidency does not play favorites with respect to America's religions.

Sincerely,
Norman Lear

June 25, 1984

Dear Norman:

I won't attempt to respond to the quotes you listed in your letter since I don't know the context in which they were uttered. It does seem to me, though, that people of any persuasion urging their associates to participate in political activity is pretty much what democracy is all about. And I say this even though I'm sure I would disagree with the course they might be suggesting we follow.

But in mentioning one form of such activity, you referred to me as lobbying for government-mandated prayer readings. That is how the school prayer amendment was defeated. Its opponents made the argument that we were advocating mandated prayer. We were doing nothing of the kind; to the contrary, we opposed mandated prayer. We wanted nothing more than recognition that the Constitution does not forbid children from praying in school if they so desire.

Norman, my father moved around a lot in search of better opportunities. As a result, I attended six different schools in the eight years of

elementary school. There was not one in which there was prescribed prayer, yet we knew we could pray if we wanted to. You asked about the case I mentioned of a child not being allowed to say grace in the school cafeteria. Without looking it up, I believe that the locale was New York and that it was children, not child. The school authorities thought they were required to forbid the practice. Evidently some parents made a case of it, and the courts upheld the school authorities.

I am not using this office as a pulpit for one religion over all others, but I do subscribe to George Washington's remark regarding high moral standards, decency, etc. and their importance to civilization. And I subscribe to his conclusion that to think we can have these without religion as a base is to ask for the impossible.

Obviously, when I'm addressing an audience that shares my own religious beliefs—indeed, a religious group—I see nothing wrong with talking of our mutual interests. I can recall no instance where I have ever tried to proselytize others or impose my beliefs on those of other faiths. Madalyn Murray O'Hair demanded and got a denial of anyone's right to pray in a school. I simply ask that children be allowed to pray if they so desire—and that prayer can be to the God of Moses, the Man of Galilee, Allah, Buddha, or any others.

I said I would not take up the quotes of the clergy you brought to my attention, but isn't it possible those quotes were defensive rather than aggressive? Possibly they were in response to such statements as this one, made in the *Humanist* by Paul Kurtz: "Humanism cannot in any fair sense of the word apply to one who still believes in God as the source and creator of the universe. Christian Humanism would be possible only for those who are willing to admit that they are Atheistic Humanists. It surely does not apply to God-intoxicated believers."

Then there is the statement by John J. Dunphy (same magazine) that the battle for humankind's future will be waged and won in the public school classroom and that the new faith of humanism will replace the "rotting corpse of Christianity."

Believing that both of us are arguing for individual liberty, I have to call to your attention that it is humanist doctrine that "we must relinquish some of our liberties and that religious values are overridden by what government determines is the general welfare or in the public interest."

Well, I've gone on too long. It was good to hear from you.

Sincerely,
Ron

July 19, 1984

My Dear Mr. President:

Although this is not what we originally began to discuss, please forgive one final attempt by me to clarify why so many Americans find prayer reading in the public schools so contrary to the spirit of religious liberty.

Our fundamental disagreement, it seems to me, centers on what it means for the government to "mandate" religious observances in the schools. You suggest that a prayer is mandated only if a child is forced to participate in the worship. But simply because a student can decline to participate does not make it "voluntary."

The very selection of an "official" prayer or prayers relegates all other beliefs, including the belief in no God, to a second-class status. That is hardly consistent with the Constitution's promise of religious liberty for all. No one "voluntarily" chooses second-class citizenship. I hope you will agree with me: there are no "other" religions in America; all are equal in the eyes of the Constitution. No majoritarian religious group has the right to use the instruments of government to promote its creed, especially when it may offend the religious consciences of other American citizens.

Mr. President, I agree with you that the Constitution does not forbid children from praying in school if they so desire. As a man of great faith, you know that no government has the power to banish God Almighty from the schools or anyplace else. God is everywhere, and abides in the hearts of men and women whenever and wherever they pray. But supplication to the Lord is made in many different ways, and it is the government's duty to respect that.

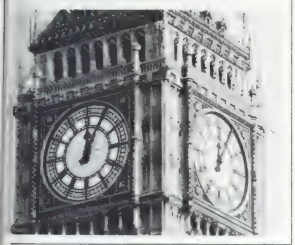
I took the trouble to investigate the case of children in New York who were allegedly forbidden from asking a blessing in the school cafeteria before lunch. Twenty-one years ago, the Second Circuit Court in *Stein v. Oshinsky* did *not* prohibit any child from asking a blessing in the school cafeteria; it prohibited *recited prayers* in *classrooms* by *groups* of children. Each of those children remained free to pray individually before, during, and after classes, and most assuredly in the school cafeteria. Their religious liberty lives on! And so does the liberty of their fellow students. There is simply no law or court decision that prevents any student this very day from praying anytime, anyplace he or she wishes.

If the clergy I cited in my last letter were responding to such "humanists" as Paul Kurtz and others, it strikes me as a stunning non sequitur. The reverends are leaders of a major religious and political movement that reaches 20 million followers every week; Mr. Kurtz and his col-

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leagues at the *Humanist* magazine speak bimonthly to a constituency of 15,000. Could it be that Revs. Falwell et al. prefer to debate straw men instead of their brethren in mainstream religious groups? It is those mainstream religious groups that disagree so vigorously with any effort to amend the First Amendment to encourage government religious ritual.

Our correspondence on this issue of religious liberty has been enlightening but, alas, not encouraging. Perhaps we must simply agree to disagree. Just as our Constitution protects political differences of opinion, may it continue to safeguard our rich diversity of faiths as well.

Sincerely,
Norman Lear

PROPER NAMES

Military—*From a Defense Department list of U.S. military exercises held last year.*

ELLIPSE CHARLIE	SALTY BEE
THERMAL GALE	DISTANT DRUM
JADE TIGER	AMALGAM BRAVE
PROUD SABER	ADVENTURE EXPRESS
OPPORTUNE JOURNEY	UNIVERSAL TREK
ABLE ARCHER	OCEAN SAFARI
FOAL EAGLE	AGILE RETRIEVAL
SANDGROPER	NORTHERN VIKING
BRIM FROST	CAPTIVE LIGHTNING
TEAM SPIRIT	SHADOW HAWK
KINDLE LIBERTY	COBRA GOLD
GALLANT KNIGHT	CRESTED CAP
COLD WINTER	REFORGER
FLINTLOCK	BOLD BIRD
SOLID SHIELD	BAR FROST

Equestrian—*From a list in the* Daily Racing Form *of horses that ran at Saratoga on August 13.*

EMPHATIC	CUT THE SKY
TALC POWER	CHARGING THROUGH
SHIFTY SHEIK	MONKEY BREAD
BIG McCOY	NOMAN'S LAND
FADED POSTER	SHARE THE RISK
JUSTICE SANDERS	REPTILE
PERSONALITY CRISIS	LIGHT ECLIPSE
PRIMARY CARE	HOLLEY SPRINGS
FROSTY DRONE	APRIL MIRACLE
SLEWBOPPER	PRETTY PERFECT
CROONING WATER	SPIT CURL
ICY ART	IF WINTER COMES
LAUNCHING SHOT	EXPLOSIVE PRINCESS
AFFIRMATIVELY	SWITCHING TRICK
SIGN LANGUAGE	BOLD WAYFARER

[Parody]

DEAR IMF

From "New Letter of Intentions," by Luis Fernando Verissimo, in the March 21 issue of Veja, *the São Paulo weekly. The parody appeared shortly after Brazil sent its most recent letter of intent to the International Monetary Fund. In that letter, Brazil pledged to adopt stringent austerity measures, designed to reduce inflation, in exchange for continued IMF financing. Verissimo is a Brazilian novelist. Translated by Servando Ortoll.*

It appears that Brazil's new letter of intent to the IMF went something like this:

Dear I:

We don't need to tell you how ashamed we feel at not having fulfilled any of the promises we set forth in our last letter. We know you're getting tired of us, and rightfully so. Ana María (what a charming woman!) was here and gave us a well-deserved scolding. Later, however, she accepted our scientific explanation for what happened: "That's the way Brazil is." And by the time she boarded the plane, we were friends once again. As proof, did you get the jar of guava jelly? *Bon appétit.*

There is a story going around here that we thought you might like to hear. Just to illustrate the irreverent spirit of the average Brazilian. As you well know, many people here hold that the IMF's prescription for straightening out the Brazilian economy is very theoretical and doesn't take into consideration local factors. I have been remembering, as a comparison, a story about the Soviet Union's aid to Egypt in its war with Israel. This is how it goes. You're going to get a kick out of it. Israel was invading Egypt and the Egyptians did not know how to defend themselves. They thought it over and over, and finally decided to consult the Russians. After all, who would know better than the Russians how to expel foreign invaders? Napoleon invaded Russia and was defeated. Hitler invaded Russia and was defeated. So Egypt asked the Russians for help. Just the way Brazil has asked the IMF for help, right? You're going to love this. There was no time for a Russian military adviser to go to Egypt. All consultation had to be conducted via telegrams.

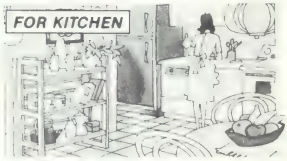
And the Egyptians transmitted their first message: "Israeli troops advancing over our territory. What to do?"

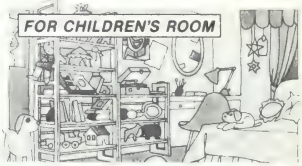
The Russians replied: "Let them come."

But how? Without offering resistance? Nothing at all? But the Russians knew about such matters, and so the Egyptians let the Israelis advance.

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From the New Zealand Listener.

The second message from the Egyptians followed: "Israeli troops continue their advance in our territory. What to do?"

"Let them come."

The Egyptians were a bit surprised, but they accepted the advice. After all, the Russians knew about such matters. But the time came when the Egyptians began to panic. They had to do something. The Israelis' advance had not stopped. They would soon be in Cairo.

New message: "Israelis a few kilometers from the capital. What to do?"

"Let them come."

The Egyptians could not restrain themselves any longer, and immediately sent a telegram requesting an explanation for the Russian strategy.

And the Russians replied: "Winter coming. Soon the snow will immobilize the enemy."

Isn't that a great story? I knew you would love it. Of course it doesn't reflect our way of thinking at all, although it's true that we were a bit surprised when Ana María stepped down from the plane wearing a fur coat . . . No, no. I'm just kidding. For God's sake. Did I offend you? It was just a joke. You know how we Brazilians are. We like jokes so much that two of them are now running for president. But let's get serious.

These are our intentions. This time they are for real. Really. For goodness' sake. May our national sex symbol's bikini top fall off if we are lying. This time inflation goes down, or our name isn't Bolivia. This is our plan: From now on nobody eats. It is an old Brazilian habit that must come to an end. This way, not only will the inflationary pressure on food prices abate, but cases of food poisoning will also diminish, along with the related health expenses. Our investments in sewage and sanitation projects, etc., will also decrease. All the food produced in the country will be exported to generate foreign exchange. Of course there will be discontent. The owners of restaurants and weight reducing clinics may have to move on to the lucrative funeral home business. Ha? Ha? You will be proud of us, I! Greetings from Brazil.

[Interview]

HOW REAGAN RAISED KEYNES

From an interview with John Kenneth Galbraith in The U.S.A. in the World Economy, *a collection of interviews with economists conducted by Arnold Heertje, the Dutch economist. Published by Freeman, Cooper & Company.*

The Reagan Administration came to power in 1981 with two deeply conflicting ideas. There were on the one hand the supply-side economists, who held that the problem of the modern economy was one of incentives. Putting it in rather blunt terms, they held that in the United States the poor were not working because they had too much money and the rich were not working because they had too little money. And so they proposed to reinvigorate the economy by cutting the taxes on the rich and cutting the benefits for the poor.

That was one group that came to Washington. The other group, under the influence of my friend Professor Milton Friedman, held that the modern economy in all its complexity could be regulated by keeping a tight hold on the money supply, relating it to growth and the gross national product. This policy would supposedly combine stable prices, perhaps not with full employment but with an acceptable level of unemployment, whatever that may be.

Well, the change that has occurred in the last three years has come about as a result of the rejection of both of these groups. First, supply-side economics has given way to a renewed understanding of the extent to which capitalism depends on a compassionate attitude toward the people it ignores and neglects. We're seeing a return to a concern for economic welfare. And it was discovered that while monetary policy in a highly organized economy works against inflation, it works only if you have a great deal of unemployment as a restraining force on trade unions, if you have a great deal of idle plant capacity as a restraining force on the freedom of modern oligopolies to raise prices, if you have a lot of small business failure, if, indeed, you have a great deal of hardship.

So we've had a reversal of the monetary policy, a very substantial reversal. Professor Friedman has said, "If the policy now be monetarism, I am no longer a monetarist."

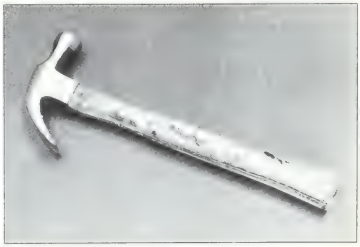
And supply-side economics has given way to a new and extravagant Keynesianism, with very large public deficits inspired not by welfare expenditure, to be sure, but by military expendi-

[Budget]

HOW TO CHARGE $436 FOR A $7 HAMMER

From the Congressional Record, *May 15. When Iowa Representative Berkley Bedell asked the Department of Defense how it could justify paying $436 for a hammer that retails for $7.66, the Navy furnished him with this breakdown of costs from the contractor, Gould Electronics.*

Purchased Item		*Amount*
ITEM–HAMMER. QUANTITY–1.		
Direct Material		$7.00
Material Packaging		1.00
Material Handling		
Overhead (19.8%)		2.00
Engineering Support:		
Spares/Repair Dept.	1.0 hr.	
Program Support/ Admin.	0.4	
Program Management	1.0	
Secretarial	0.2	
	2.6 hrs.	37.00
Engineering Overhead (110%)		41.00
Manufacturing Support:		
Mechanical Sub-assembly	0.3 hr.	
Quality Control	0.9	
Operations Program Management	1.5	
Program Planning	4.0	
Manufacturing Project Engineering	1.0	
Quality Assurance	0.1	
	7.8 hrs.	93.00
Manufacturing Overhead (110%)		102.00
		283.00
General & Administrative Expenses (31.8%)		90.00
Negotiation Fee		56.00
Interest Charge		7.00
TOTAL PRICE		$436.00



ture. When you reverse the policy of monetary restraint and say that public deficits are acceptable, as Keynes did, the prospect changes. It has already, and one consequence is that we're enjoying quite a respectable rate of recovery. It is not, however, a rate of recovery that is doing a great deal to solve the problem of unemployment. Because it's quite clear that there are structural conditions in some of our older industries that, as Wassily Leontief has said, to some extent resemble the problem of the horse after the tractor became common in agriculture. Horses became unemployed, and no change in the agricultural situation could have brought those horses back to work. In our older industries, we also have structural problems of unemployment, which I would not expect to see solved by this Administration. But as long as we have a strongly Keynesian fiscal policy, a retreat from monetarism, and no internal collapse, I would expect the recovery to continue.

[Essay]

THE DOMINO PUSHER FROM THE NORTH

From the conclusion to Endless War: How We Got Involved in Central America and What Can Be Done, *by James Chace, published by Vintage Books. Chace, who was for many years managing editor of* Foreign Affairs, *is an editor at the* New York Times Book Review.

In Latin America, where the United States has been obsessed with stability, the country that should concern us most is Mexico. Indeed, the final argument the Reagan Administration has used to justify its military buildup in Central America is that such action is a hedge against the spread of leftist revolutions to Mexico, the so-called last domino.

While Mexico has shown remarkable resilience over the past half-century, the problems it now faces are grave. It is certainly in the interest of the United States that Mexico maintain its stability—but the place to look for trouble is not in neighboring Central America but in Mexico itself. What may threaten Mexico in the near future are the enormous debt-servicing charges that have come due after its profligate spending during the 1970s. It will be nigh impossible for Mexico to meet interest payments over the next few years without instituting socially dangerous austerity programs.

The primary foreign policy task for the United States in this hemisphere is to deal with the very real social and economic problems of Mexico and the other Latin American debtor nations without tying the solutions to the ideological thrust of Central America's revolutions. What Mexico fears is not Marxism-Leninism in El Salvador or Nicaragua but a widening war. In any such generalized conflict in the region, Mexico might well be dragged in. As Carlos Fuentes points out, "Mexico would be under tremendous pressure to come down on the side of the U.S. in a war. . . . [But] if Mexico comes down on the side of the U.S. openly in a situation of generalized conflict, it will lose its nationalist consensus and legitimacy and provoke an onslaught from the left." On the other hand, were Mexico to come down on the side of Managua—and by extension Cuba, and by further extension the Soviet Union—there would be pressure from the United States and the right wing in Mexico. The delicate balance between the left and the right would be broken, and Mexico would be destabilized. Ironically, the United States "would play the role of the domino pusher from the north." This, Fuentes warns, "would be the ultimate accomplishment of Washington's penchant for self-fulfilling prophecy: a Mexico destabilized by American nightmares about Mexico."

If, however, the United States were to adopt a policy of allowing Mexico and other regional powers to take the lead in finding peaceful solutions for the region—and this is the way to encourage Mexico not to return to its isolationist past—Washington could devote its considerable diplomatic and financial resources to working with Mexico and Costa Rica to solve their debt problems. After all, stability in the region is as much in Mexico's interest as it is in America's. Today, the spillover of refugees from the activities of the Guatemalan guerrillas threatens Mexico's southern provinces, and Mexico is worried about the unrest that this might stir up among its own Indians. But it is important to understand that if Marxist rebels installed a leftist government in Guatemala City, the first thing they would ask for would be a nonaggression pact with Mexico. Fuentes is right in saying that it would be the United States, not a small Central American state, that would be the domino pusher if Mexico were to become destabilized because of external revolution in the region.

In confronting the probability of continuing turmoil in Central America over the next decade, the United States must learn to distinguish between indigenous revolution and Soviet-inspired subversion. It must do more than accept change only in order that things remain the same, that is to say, that the United States maintain its predominance in the region. It

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must seek to create stability out of revolution rather than fear revolution and, in so doing, work with revolutionary governments to prevent their alignment with and dependence on the Soviet Union. The U.S.-Soviet rivalry in the Third World will very likely be played out in Latin America, with its huge debts and unstable regimes. It will be a test of our maturity to demonstrate that we understand the difference between trying to create democracy in a barren setting and reinforcing democracy where it already exists. We misread history if we conclude that democracy is impossible in Central America. Again and again when it has been snuffed out, it has reappeared—in 1948 in Costa Rica, in the 1950s in Guatemala, in 1972 in El Salvador, in 1979 in Nicaragua, in 1981 in Honduras.

Today, America's "credibility" is indeed in question because of the obtuseness of its foreign policy. By continuing a long history of relying on repressive local military forces to maintain stability in Central America, the United States is not allowing fragile democracies to grow stronger and hardy democracies to flourish.

[Survey]

RANKING CRIMES

From "The Severity of Crime," a bulletin issued by the Department of Justice's Bureau of Justice Statistics. Sixty thousand Americans were asked to rank the seriousness of 204 different crimes. Based on their responses, a "severity index" was arrived at for each crime. Below are the twenty crimes judged most serious.

1. A person plants a bomb in a public building. The bomb explodes and twenty people are killed.
2. A man rapes a woman. As a result of physical injuries, she dies.
3. A parent beats his young child with his fists. As a result, the child dies.
4. A person plants a bomb in a public building. The bomb explodes and one person is killed.
5. A person robs a victim at gunpoint. The victim struggles and is shot to death.
6. A man stabs his wife. As a result, she dies.
7. A factory knowingly gets rid of its waste in a way that pollutes the water supply of a city. As a result, twenty people die.
8. A person stabs a victim to death.
9. A person intentionally injures a victim. As a result, the victim dies.
10. A person runs a narcotics ring.
11. A person plants a bomb in a public building. The bomb explodes and one person is injured, but no medical treatment is required.
12. An armed person hijacks an airplane and holds the crew and passengers hostage until a ransom is paid.
13. A person plants a bomb in a public building. The bomb explodes and twenty people are injured, but no medical treatment is required.
14. A man rapes a woman. Because of her physical injuries she must be hospitalized.
15. A woman stabs her husband. As a result, he dies.
16. An armed person hijacks an airplane and demands to be flown to another country.
17. A man rapes a woman. No other physical injury occurs.
18. A man tries to entice a minor into his car for immoral purposes.
19. A person intentionally sets fire to a building, causing $100,000 worth of damage.
20. A person intentionally shoots a victim with a gun. The victim requires hospitalization.

[Task Force Report]

NUCLEAR LEGENDS

From "Communications Measures to Bridge Ten Millennia," a report prepared by Thomas A. Sebeok of the Research Center for Language and Semiotic Studies at Indiana University. The study was commissioned by the Department of Energy's Office of Nuclear Waste Isolation, as part of the work of its Human Interference Task Force. The task force is exploring ways to ensure that no one interferes with radioactive-waste disposal sites during the 10,000 years it will take for the waste to decay to safe levels. Below are Sebeok's recommendations for designing warning messages that will survive ten millennia.

The persistent and widely diffused mythological and iconographic resonances of Pandora's box lead to the first recommendation, to wit: that information be launched and artificially passed on into the short-term and long-term future with the aid of folkloristic devices, in particular an artificially created and nurtured ritual-and-legend. The most positive aspect of such a procedure is that it need not be geographically localized or tied to any one language-and-culture.

The legend-and-ritual, as now envisaged, would be tantamount to laying a "false trail," meaning that the uninitiated will be steered away from the hazardous site for reasons other than scientific knowledge of the possibility of radiation and its implications; essentially, the reason would be accumulated superstition to shun a certain area permanently.

A ritual annually renewed can be foreseen, with the legend retold year by year (with, presumably, slight variations). The actual "truth" would be entrusted exclusively to an "atomic priesthood," that is, a commission of knowledgeable physicists, experts in radiation sickness, anthropologists, linguists, psychologists, semioticians, and whatever other experts might

be needed. Membership in this "priesthood" would be self-selective over time.

The best mechanism for embarking upon a novel tradition, along the lines suggested, is at present unclear. Folklore specialists have advised that they know of no precedent, nor could they think of a parallel situation, except the well-known, but ineffectual, curses associated with the burial sites (viz., pyramids) of some Egyptian Pharaohs, e.g., of the eighteenth dynasty, which did not deter grave robbers from digging for "hidden treasure."

Information tends to decay over time (i.e., entropy continues to increase, eventually resulting in total incomprehensibility). This is not merely an empirical observation—witness the evolution of Modern English from Anglo-Saxon through Middle English—but a consequence, more generally, of the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

What to do to counter this entropy?

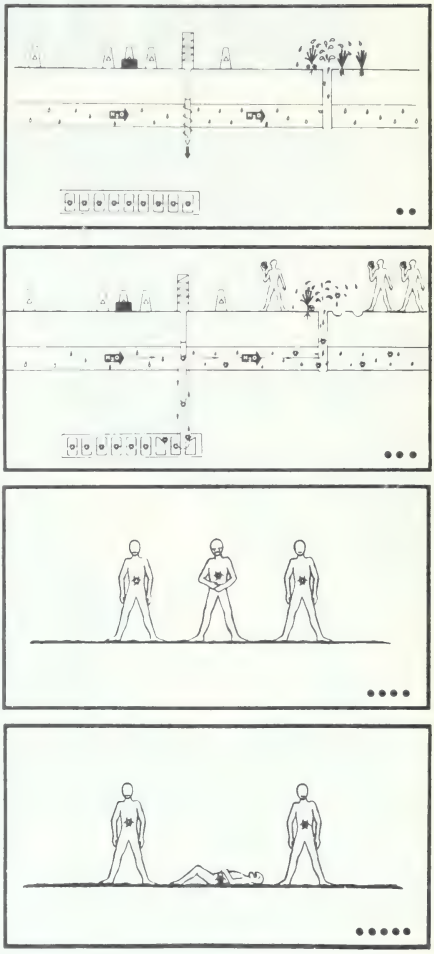
What is being proposed here is a so-called relay system of information transmission, which rests on a very simple scheme: to divide the 10,000-year epoch envisaged into manageable segments of shorter and, presumably, reasonably foreseeable periods. Assuming that 10,000 years is equivalent to about 300 generations of humankind, it is recommended that the messages at the burial site be designed for only three generations ahead, to wit, our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. A clear advantage of any such system is that the verbal portion could be Modern English, while the nonverbal portion could easily be extrapolated from existing and universally understood pictorial emblematic strings (e.g., cartoons, stick figures, or the like).

This message would have to be supplemented by a metamessage—coded in the same combination of familiar verbal/nonverbal signs—incorporating a plea and a warning that the message at the site be renewed by whatever coding devices seem to be maximally efficient roughly 250 years hence. The future message should, in turn, incorporate a similar metamessage for the generation 500 years from now to act comparably, and so on, and on, up to 10,000 years ahead.

The disadvantage of the relay system is, of course, that there is no assurance that future generations would obey the injunctions of the past. The "atomic priesthood" would be charged with the added responsibility of seeing to it that our behest, as embodied in the cumulative sequence of metamessages, is heeded—if not for legal reasons, then for moral reasons, perhaps with the veiled threat that to ignore the mandate would be tantamount to inviting some sort of supernatural retribution.

[Pictograph]

NUCLEAR ICONS



From "Reducing the Likelihood of Future Human Activities That Could Affect Geologic High-Level Waste Repositories," a report by the Human Interference Task Force. The report, which was commissioned by the Department of Energy, recommends that a pictograph such as this one be placed at nuclear-waste sites to warn future civilizations of the consequences of disturbing them.

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[Table]

THE DECLINE OF THE BIG-LEAGUE NICKNAME

From "The Sociological Significance of Nicknames: The Case of Baseball Players," by James K. Skipper Jr., in the Journal of Sport Behavior, *Vol. 7, No. 1. Skipper teaches sociology at Virginia Polytechnic Institute.*

Frequency of Major League Player Nicknames by Decade, 1870–1979

Decade	*Frequency of Nicknames*	*Number of Teams*	*Nickname Index*
1870–1879	75	71	1.06
1880–1889	186	159	1.17
1890–1899	214	136	1.57
1900–1909	363	160	2.27
1910–1919	502	160	3.14
1920–1929	452	160	2.83
1930–1939	379	160	2.37
1940–1949	374	160	2.34
1950–1959	164	160	1.03
1960–1969	147	198	.74
1970–1979	50	246	.20

Column one lists the last eleven decades of major league baseball. Column two lists the number of players with nicknames (according to the Baseball Encyclopedia*) who began their careers in a particular decade. Column three lists the total number of teams in each decade. (A team is counted once for every season it played.) The figures in column four represent the frequency-of-nickname index, which is calculated by dividing the number of nicknames by the number of teams.*

According to Skipper, nicknames "reflect the degree of identification, closeness, and intimacy that fans feel toward baseball players." He concludes that the decline in the use of nicknames parallels "a steep decline in fans' ability to identify with baseball players as ordinary folks dedicated to the traditions of the game."

"At the macro level," Skipper speculates, "the decline in the use of nicknames (which is probably not limited to baseball) may be part and parcel of the more general process of transition of American society from a gemeinschaft *model characterized by a sense of solidarity, a common identity rooted in tradition and personal relationships, to a* gesellschaft *type in which individualism, mobility, and impersonality are common features."*

[Legislation]

CALIFORNIA'S FEEL-GOOD BILL

From California State Assembly Bill 3691, introduced by Assembly member John Vasconcellos. The bill has passed the Assembly and is pending before the Senate.

An act relating to self-esteem, and making an appropriation therefrom.

SECTION 1. The Legislature finds the following:

(a) Most individual behavior is motivated by self-perception and self-image. Increased self-esteem tends to make people become more achievement-oriented, confident, creative, productive, and successful, which in turn translates into a society which is healthier, safer, more productive, and less costly.

(b) Low self-esteem can have a wide-ranging negative influence on individual conduct, the costs of which in both human and societal terms are manifested in a number of ways, many of which convert into significant expenditures of state moneys. These human costs and costs to government can be reduced by raising the self-esteem level of our citizenry.

(c) Low self-esteem is reflected in many ways:

(1) Increased aggressiveness and violent behavior, reflected in the frightening rise in the level of human suffering and the increased need for expansion of our prison system.

(2) Low academic achievement levels, preventing individuals from competing for jobs in which they can take pride and satisfaction.

(3) Discrimination, including racial, sexual, age, and other prejudices, which many individuals use to compensate for their own feelings of low self-worth and which is one of the foremost problems facing our society.

(4) Dramatically increased rate of teenage pregnancies due to a lack of sense of purpose, resulting in a great cost for aid to families with dependent children and a significant loss of productivity.

(5) Hierarchical or authoritarian economic and political organizations and social stratification, which frequently have principles in direct contravention of our democratic political system.

(6) Increasing drug and alcohol abuse due to a person not feeling good about, or valuing, his or her natural state.

(7) Other manifestations of low esteem include feelings of powerlessness, emotional re-

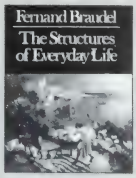
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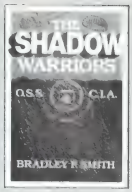
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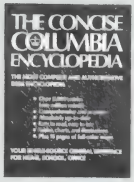
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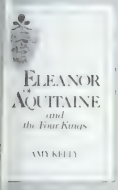
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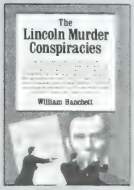
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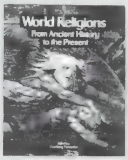
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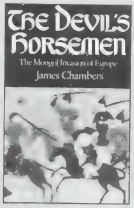
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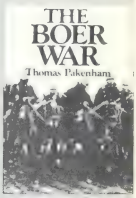
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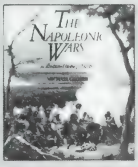
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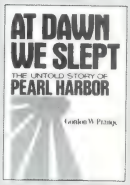
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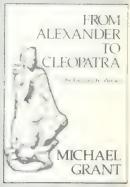
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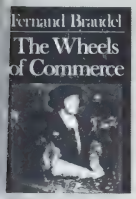
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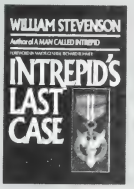
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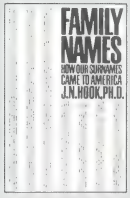
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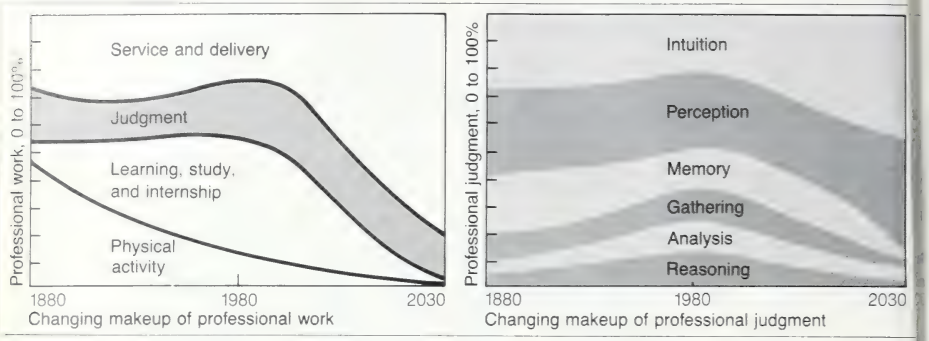
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[Graphs]

THE COMPUTER AND THE PROFESSIONAL



From "The Machine as Partner of the New Professional," by Frederick Hayes-Roth, in the June issue of Spectrum, *the journal of the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers. The caption to these graphs reads, in part: "Over the last century, entree into professional work has required increasingly long training due to the growth of specialization. But computerized knowledge systems should soon begin to assume much of the burden of memorization and information retrieval, leading to a steady decline in the duration of training. The actual output of professionals (service and delivery) has decreased recently in proportion to their other activities. But this decrease, caused by the need of specialists to keep pace with the exponential growth of information, will be reversed as artificial means for assimilating and applying knowledge are developed.*

"The only major component of professionals' work that has not changed and will not change substantially is judgment, the constant by which professions are defined. However, as the graph at right illustrates, the capabilities that constitute professional judgment do change. In the future, as knowledge systems will reduce the time a professional needs to spend in memorization, information gathering, analysis, and reasoning to reach useful judgments. Intuition and perception, however, will become more important in proportion to other skills."

pression, poor physical health and health habits, and lethargy. . . .

SEC. 3. The Legislature therefore intends the following:

(a) To involve the public in and inform the public about the latest research regarding the role of self-esteem in human behavior.

(b) To identify those factors which influence the development and redevelopment of self-esteem, as well as those factors which inhibit its growth.

(c) To determine ways in which government and its institutions can be more conducive to the development and perpetuation of self-esteem. . . .

SEC. 5. The Legislature hereby appropriates the sum of seven hundred fifty thousand dollars ($750,000) from the General Fund to the Commission to Study the Causal Relationship Between Self-Esteem, Personal Responsibility, and Social Problems for the purposes of this act. However, this appropriation shall be reduced by the amount of funds received by the commission from the federal government or any agency thereof or by any other source or agency whether public or private.

[Monograph]

THE FACES OF AGGRESSION

From The Parable of the Tribes: The Problem of Power in Social Evolution, *by Andrew Bard Schmookler, published by the University of California Press. The book was recently awarded the Erik H. Erikson Prize by the International Society of Political Psychology.*

Social evolution has placed the civilized individual and the civilized society in very different positions with regard to aggression. While the society needs to harness the aggressive energies of its members in order to maximize its own power, it also requires that its members be subordinate to its authority. As social evolution has progressed, tighter social orders have emerged that make more stringent demands that individuals restrain their aggressive energies. The intersocietal system, by contrast, has remained anarchic and has continued to require of societies the capacity for effective collective aggression. This widening gap contributes to

the channeling of aggression into collective forms: energies repressed in the individual erupt in the conduct of the system as a whole.

The forces of social evolution have prohibited in the individual the assertiveness they have made mandatory for the society. Only society is sovereign; only it is permitted to stand tall. Consequently, the subdued individual with unfulfilled longings all the more readily identifies with his oppressor, seeking through that identification the vicarious satisfaction that the system has denied him. Denis de Rougemont has written about patriotism:

> In truth, we have here again egotism, but so broadened as to become a virtue. It is taught in schools under the name "patriotism." It is accepted that every form of pride, every form of vanity, and even the most stupid boastings are legitimate and honorable so long as they are attributed to the nation in which one has taken the trouble to get born. What nobody would dare to say of his *me*, he has the sacred duty of saying for his *us*.

The changing demands of power have molded different values. The nobles of feudal society, for example, considered it a virtue to avenge any slight by spilling blood. We reject such conduct and values. But, unlike us, the nobles lived in an era without strong central control. They retained a degree of individual sovereignty in an environment that, in turn, retained a degree of anarchy. In such an environment, individuals came to power by force of arms. Thus did social evolution's selection for power favor feudal society's unreasonable and inhumane emphasis on martial virtues.

But before we assume that that era and its values are alien from our own, we might recall the strong national impulse—barely restrained by a larger view of the national interest—to avenge with blood the insult to the United States of Iran's holding less than .00000025 percent of our citizens hostage. That comparatively trivial, but visible, insult served to rededicate public opinion in the United States to martial virtues in our collective behavior, and swept into power an administration that promised that such affronts in the future would be met with "swift and effective retribution." Beware, ye who would throw down the gauntlet before us *as a nation*.

Not only has social evolution moved the locus of aggressiveness in the modern world; it has altered its spirit as well. The demands war now makes upon the soldier in combat are different from those of earlier eras. Pinchas Noy writes that "the soldier involved in battles in the past could not function without being motivated by aggression. He could not put his sword through the body of his enemy without feeling hate for him, or without enjoying the actual act of killing." Modern weapons, however, require a new psychology for the act of destruction. Noy explains that "the skillful operation of these technical instruments requires a coolheaded, quick-thinking, and emotionally detached soldier. In a dogfight between two supersonic jets, for instance, when life and death depend upon the ability of the pilot to plan and decide his action within a fraction of a second, the one blinded by rage and hate would certainly be the one to lose."

In an era when the technology of destruction allows us to kill by remote control, we have become remote in the manner in which we contemplate the meaning of our actions. Unlike our more bloody-minded ancestors, we cannot look our carnage in the face. Like Perseus slaying Medusa, we use mirrors of abstract intellectualization. No longer given to boasting crudely of atrocities, we in the nuclear age think the unthinkable and speak dispassionately of "megadeaths."

It is worth noting one more effect of the changing requirements of power upon the nature and role of aggression among civilized people. In our era, the role of purely military factors in the generation of social power has diminished. Economic productivity has become so vital a component of society's competitive power that a greater proportion of human energies has been channeled to purposes other than aggression. It is perhaps in this perspective that we might ponder Tocqueville's observation about the energy of Americans, which in a few centuries made their nation a superpower and a principal molder of modern civilization:

> To clear, to till, and to transform the vast uninhabited continent which is his domain, the American requires the daily support of an energetic passion; that passion can only be the love of wealth; the passion for wealth is therefore not reprobated in America, and, provided it does not go beyond the bounds assigned to it for public security, it is held in honor. The American lauds as noble and praiseworthy ambition what our forefathers in the Middle Ages stigmatized as severe cupidity, just as he treats as blind and barbarous frenzy that ardor of conquest and martial temper which bore them to battle.

Barbaric frenzy yields to cupidity; the savaging of human flesh gives way to the rape of nature's bounty. Either way, the mentality of power, though it may change, deforms the human character. In making human energies the instrument of inhumane ends, the selection for power makes virtues out of vices.

[Thesis]

A FIELD GUIDE TO PROFESSORS

From The Mind-Body Problem, *a novel by Rebecca Goldstein, published by Random House.*

Observers of the academic scene may be aware that there are distinct personality types associated with distinct disciplines. The types can be ordered along the line of a single parameter: the degree of concern demonstrated over the presentation of self, or "outward focus."

One of the more interesting facts about academic types is that very few fall within the middle range of outward focus (with engineers, geologists, and other very applied scientists perhaps being the exceptions). The majority of academic types are clustered at the two extremes.

At the low end, with outward focus asymptotically approaching zero, we find the pure mathematicians, closely followed by the theoretical physicists (the more theoretical the physicist, the more closely he follows). At the other end, with the degree of outward focus asymptotically approaching infinity, we find sociologists and professors of literature.

The author's special interests demand that she consider the location of the philosophers, which turns out to be complicated. Philosophy's own ambivalent position between the humanities and the sciences has resulted in a corresponding schizophrenia in the personality type. There are, in fact, two distinct philosophy types, both extreme. Some philosophers approach the pure mathematicians's end of the spectrum, while others (probably the majority) rival the members of English departments in their obsessive concern over the impression they make on others.

That philosophy's ambivalent position can result in a split in the philosophy type suggests that the variation in outward focus is itself a function of the nature of the given discipline; and closer examination shows this to be the case. The degree of outward focus is in inverse proportion to the degree of certainty attainable within the given methodology. The greater the certainty of one's results, the less the concern with others' opinions of oneself.

Thus at the end of the spectrum occupied by sociologists and professors of literature, where there is uncertainty as to how to discover the facts, the nature of the facts to be discovered, and whether indeed there are any facts at all, all attention is focused on one's peers, whose regard is the sole criterion for professional success. Great pains are taken in the development of the impressive persona, with excessive attention given to distinguished appearance and faultless sentence structure.

At the other end, where, as the mathematicians themselves are fond of pointing out, "a proof is a proof," no concern need be given to making oneself acceptable to others; and as a rule none whatsoever is given.

[Short Story]

THE NAKED LADY

By Madison Smartt Bell. Originally published in the Crescent Review, *Vol. 1, No. 1, "The Naked Lady" will appear in* The Best American Short Stories 1984, *published by Houghton Mifflin.*

This is a thing that happened before Monroe started maken the heads, while he was still maken the naked ladies.

Monroe went to the college and it made him crazy for a while like it has done to many a one.

He about lost his mind on this college girl he had. She was just a little old bit of a thing and she talked like she had bugs in her mouth and she was just nothen but trouble. I never would of messed with her myself.

When she thrown him over we had us a party to take his mind off it. Monroe had these rooms in a empty mill down by the railroad yard. He used to make his scultures there and we was both liven there too at the time.

We spent all the money on whiskey and beer and everbody we known come over. When it got late Monroe appeared to drop a stitch and went to thowin bottles at the walls. This caused some people to leave but some other ones stayed on to help him I think.

I had a bad case of drunk myself. A little before sunrise I crawled off and didn't wake up till up in the afternoon. I had a sweat from sleepin with clothes on. First thing I seen when I opened my eyes was this big old rat setten on the floor side the mattress. He had a look on his face like he was wonderen would it be safe if he come over and took a bite out of my leg.

It was the worst rats in that place you ever saw. I never saw nothin to match em for bold. If you chunked somethin at em they would just back off a ways and look at you mean. Monroe had him this tin sink that was full of plaster from the scultures and ever night these old rats would mess in it. In the mornin you could see they had left tracks goen places you wouldnt of believed somethin would go.

We had this twenty-two pistol we used to shoot em up with but it wasnt a whole lot of good. You could hit one of these rats square with a twenty-two and he would go off with it in him and just get meaner. About the only way to kill one was if you hit him spang in the head and that needs you to be a better shot than I am most of the time.

We did try a box of them exploden twenty-twos like what that boy shot the President with. They would take a rat apart if you hit him but if you didnt they would bounce around the room and bust up the scultures and so on.

It happened I had put this pistol in my pocket before I went to bed so Monroe couldnt get up to nothing silly with it. I taken it out slow and thew down on this rat that was looken me over. Hit him in the hindquarter and he went off and clamb a pipe with one leg draggen.

I sat up and saw the fluorescents was on in the next room thew the door. When I went in there Monroe was messen around one of his sculture stands.

Did you get one, he said.

Winged him, I said.

That aint worth much, Monroe said. He off somewhere now plotten your doom.

I believe the noise hurt my head more'n the slug hurt that rat, I said. Is it any whiskey left that you know of.

Let me know if you find some, Monroe said. So I went to looken around. The place was nothin but trash and it was glass all over the floor.

I might of felt worse sometime but I dont just remember when it was, I said.

They's coffee, Monroe said.

I went in the other room and found a half of a pint of Heaven Hill between the mattress and the wall where I must of hid it before I tapped out. Pretty slick for drunk as I was. I taken it in to the coffeepot and mixed half and half with some milk in it for the sake of my stomach.

Leave me some, Monroe said. I hadnt said a word, he must of smelt it. He tipped the bottle and took half what was left.

The hell, I said. What you maken anyway?

Naked lady, Monroe said.

I taken a look and it was this shape of a woman setten on a mess of clay. Monroe made a number of these things at the time. Some he kept and the rest he thown out. Never could tell the difference myself.

Thats all right, I said.

No it aint, Monroe said. Soon's I made her mouth she started in asken me for stuff. She wants new clothes and she wants a new car and she wants some jewry and a pair of Italian shoes.

And if I make her that stuff, Monroe said, I know she's just goen to take it out looken for some other fool. I'll set here all day maken stuff I dont care for and she'll be out just riden and riden.

Dont make her no clothes and she cant leave, I said.

She'll whine if I do that, Monroe said. The whole time you was asleep she been fussen about our relationship.

You know the worst thing, Monroe said. If I just even thought about maken another naked lady I know she would purely raise hell.

Why dont you just make her a naked man and forget it, I said.

Why dont I do this? Monroe said. He whopped the naked lady with his fist and she turned into a flat clay pancake, which Monroe put in a plastic bag to keep soft. He could hit a good lick when he wanted. I hear this is common among scultures.

Dont you feel like doen somethin, Monroe said.

I aint got the least dime, I said.

I got a couple dollars, he said. Lets go see if it might be any gas in the truck.

[Prank]

DEAR JOHN HINCKLEY

Copies of this letter, which is obviously bogus, circulated in Washington and New York offices late last summer.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 10, 1984

Mr. John Hinkley
St. Elizabeth's Hospital
Washington, D.C.

Dear John:

Nancy and I hope that you are making good progress in your recovery from the mental problems that made you try to assassinate me. The staff of St. Elizabeth's Hospital tell me that you are doing just fine.

I have decided to seek a second term in office, and I would appreciate your support and the support of your fine parents.

I hold no grudge against you, John, and I hope that if there is anything that you need at the Hospital, you will let us know.

By the way, did you know that Walter Mondale is screwing Jodie Foster?

Sincerely,

Ronnie

RONALD REAGAN
President

They was some. We had this old truck that wasnt too bad except it was slow to start. When we once got it goen we drove over to this pool hall in Antioch where nobody didnt know us. We stayed awhile and taught some fellers that was there how to play rotation and five in the side and some other games that Monroe was good at. When this was over with we had money and I thought we might go over to the Ringside and watch the fights. This was a bar with a ring in the middle so you could set there and drink and watch people get hurt.

We got in early enough to take seats right under the ropes. They was an exhibition but it wasnt much and Monroe started in on this little girl that was setten by herself at the next table.

Hey there Juicy Fruit, he said, come on over here and get somethin real good.

I wouldnt, I told him, haven just thought of what was obvious. Then this big old hairy thing came out from the back and sat down at her table. I known him from a poster out front. He was champion of some kind of karate and had come all the way up from Atlanta just to beat somebody to death and I didnt think he would care if it was Monroe. I got Monroe out of there. I was some annoyed with him because I would have admired to see them fights if I could do it without bein in one myself.

So Monroe said he wanted to hear music and we went some places where they had that. He kept after the girls but they wasnt any trouble beyond what we could handle. After while these places closed and we found us a little railroad bar down on Lower Broad.

It wasnt nobody there but the pitifulest band you ever heard and six bikers, the big fat ugly kind. They wasnt the Hell's Angels but I believe they would have done until some come along. I would of left if it was just me.

Monroe played pool with one and lost. It wouldnt of happened if he hadnt been drunk. He did have a better eye than me which may be why he is a sculture and I am a second-rate pool player.

How come all the fat boys in this joint got on black leather jackets? Monroe hollered out. Could that be a new way to lose weight?

The one he had played with come bellyen over. These boys like to look you up and down beforehand to see if you might faint. But Monroe hooked this one side of the head and he went down like a steer in the slaughterhouse. This didnt make me as happy as it might of because it was five of em left and the one that was down I thought apt to get up shortly.

I shoved Monroe out the door and told him to go start the truck. The band had done left already. I thown a chair and I thown some other stuff that was layen around and I ducked out myself.

The truck wasnt started yet and they was close behind. It was this old four-ten I had under the seat that somebody had sawed a foot off the barrel. I taken it and shot the sidewalk in front of these boys. The pattern was wide on account of the barrel bein short like it was and I believe some of it must of hit all of em. It was a pump and took three shells and I kept two back in case I needed em for serious. But Monroe got the truck goen and we left out of there.

I was some mad at Monroe. Never said a word to him till he parked outside the mill. It was a nice moon up and thowin shadows in the cab when the headlights went out. I turned the shotgun across the seat and laid it into Monroe's ribs.

What you up to? he said.

You might want to die, I said, but I dont believe I want to go with you. I pumped the gun to where you could hear the shell fallen in the chamber.

If that's what you want just tell me now and I'll save us both some trouble.

It aint what I want, Monroe said.

I taken the gun off him.

I dont know what I do want, Monroe said.

Go up ther and make a naked lady and you feel better, I told him.

He was messen with clay when I went to sleep but that aint what he done. He set up a mirror and done a head of himself instead. I taken a look at the thing in the mornin and it was a fair likeness. It looked like it was thinkin about all the foolish things Monroe had got up to in his life so far.

That same day he done one of me that was so real it even looked like it had a hangover. Ugly too but that aint Monroe's fault.

He is makin money with it now.

How we finally fixed them rats was we brought on a snake. Monroe was the one to have the idea. It was a good-sized one and when it had just et a rat it was as big around as your arm. It didnt eat more than about one a week but it appeared to cause the rest of em to lay low.

You might say it was as bad to have snakes around as rats but at least it was only one of the snake.

The only thing was when it turned cold the old snake wanted to get in the bed with you. Snakes aint naturally warm like we are and this is how come people think they are slimy, which is not the truth when you once get used to one.

This old snake just comes and goes when the spirit moves him. I aint seen him in a while but I expect he must be still around.

Envision





a



b



c



d



e



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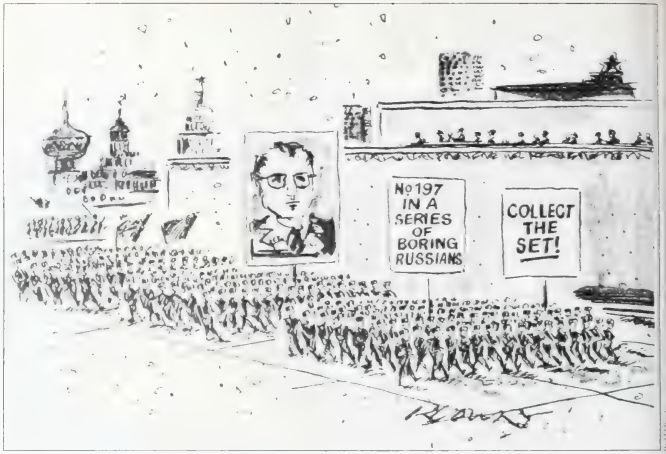
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From Punch, *the English weekly.*

[Q & A]

THE IMPORT OF ANIMALS

From With Open Eyes: Conversations with Matthieu Galey, *by Marguerite Yourcenar, published by Beacon Press. Galey is a French journalist. Yourcenar is the author of* Memoirs of Hadrian *and many other novels, and is the only female member of the French Academy. Translated by Arthur Goldhammer.*

MATTHIEU GALEY: Are you planning any future projects?

MARGUERITE YOURCENAR: I shall mention one: a book to be entitled *Paysage avec des Animaux* (Landscape with Animals), which will deal with animals in life as well as in history. Humans will appear only as they relate to or use animals.

GALEY: Why this interest in animals?

YOURCENAR: I think it is important to have some notion of what life is like when it is encased in a form different from our own. It is a major step to realize that the form we happen to inhabit is not the only one in which life dwells; life can come with wings instead of arms, with eyes more acute than ours, with gills instead of lungs.

But what I find most moving is that an animal possesses nothing but its own life—when man doesn't rob it even of that. In their natural habitats they experience *being* in its purest form, with none of the specious trappings in which we wrap existence. That is why the suffering of animals affects me so profoundly. It is like the suffering of children: in both I see the very special horror that comes from inflicting our follies and errors upon the innocent. When we suffer hard blows, we can always console ourselves by thinking that intelligence will triumph over adversity—which up to a certain point is true—and by accepting that all of us have, to some extent, done wrong or, what is worse, allowed bad things to happen. But to respond to the complete innocence of an animal or a child with brutality, when that animal or child cannot understand what is happening, is an odious crime.

GALEY: You're imputing quite an anthropomorphic nature to animals.

YOURCENAR: I think we would do better to drop the word "anthropomorphic." Recent anthropological research has shown that what man does is not so much "anthropomorphize" animals as "sacralize" himself by taking on animal characteristics. When, in a ceremony, a primitive man imitates a panther, he does not "raise" the panther to the status of a man; rather, he makes himself into a panther. When a child pretends to be a dog, he imagines that he really is a dog. The miracle—and this is something that is sensed by both the child and the primitive—is that all of life's multifarious forms share

the same vital processes: the same viscera, the same digestive and reproductive functions (allowing, of course, for some differences of physiological detail), and the same "visceral" emotions. A warbler weeps for its young in much the same way as Andromache did. A cat plays with a mouse just as Celimene played with her lovers.

Now I do not, mind you, deny that man has a grandeur all his own, as Pico della Mirandolla put it in the passage I used as an epigraph to *The Abyss*: Man, the master, his own composer and sculptor, is free to choose between good and evil, wisdom and folly, and is thus gifted and free in a way the animal is not. But it is precisely this relative freedom of choice (I say relative, for who would call it absolute?) that makes us responsible. When we strike a child or let him go hungry or raise him in such a way as to either warp his thinking or sap his enthusiasm for life, we commit a crime against the universe, in its manifestation in that child. The same is true when we kill an animal or cut down a tree for no purpose. Each time we do these things we betray our mission as human beings—which is to leave the universe a little better organized than we found it.

[Essay]

THE PRESENCE OF TREES

From And our faces, my heart, brief as photos, *by John Berger, published by Pantheon. A novelist, essayist, and art critic, Berger is the author of* About Looking *and* Pig Earth.

The silence after a felled tree has fallen is like the silence immediately after a death. The same sense of culmination. For a moment the tree's weight—which is all that still renders it a little dangerous—accords with the weight of the finished act.

The moment is exceedingly brief, for the woodcutter's fatigue quickly intervenes. Yet, just as the briefest glimpse of a full naked breast may recall the past to anyone, so the sight of the sudden stillness of a felled tree recalls death.

Even when working in a forest alone, one has an elusive sense of company. A flat field, a bare hillside, or a steppe are not the same. The trees constitute a presence. They maintain—each according to its species—an extraordinary balance between movement and stillness, between action and passivity. And in this balance their presence is palpable. That they held up the roofs of houses for so long is not surprising. They offer company. But company of a discretion that is indistinguishable from indifference. They roof not only houses but also courts, tax-collectors' offices, prisons, armories.

Their presence, if it offers a kind of company, is earlier than justice or the notion of indifference. The company they offer is spatial, and it is a way of measuring, of counting. Long before numerals or mathematics, when human language was first naming the world, trees offered their measures—of distance, of height, of diameter, of space. They were taller than anything else alive, their roots went deeper than any creature; they grazed the sky and sounded the underworld. From them was born the idea of the pillar, the column. Trees offered man the measure of his upright space, and in this offer—mysteriously present today as I fill up the chain saw with petrol—there is the discreetest assurance in the world that we have never been utterly alone. ■

[Table]

ANIMAL CENSUS

From Inscrutable Earth: Explorations into the Science of Earth, *by Ronald B. Parker, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*

ESTIMATES OF MAMMALS IN TEN SQUARE MILES OF UNDISTURBED DECIDUOUS FOREST IN EASTERN NORTH AMERICA

Number of individuals	*Percent of total*
220,000 "mice"*	77.4
63,500 "squirrels"*	22.3
470 deer	less than 0.2
30 foxes	
5 bears	less than 0.1
2–3 pumas	
1–3 wolves	

ESTIMATES OF MAMMALS IN TEN SQUARE MILES OF UNDISTURBED PRAIRIE IN KANSAS

Number of individuals	*Percent of total*
49,000 "mice"*	62.1
19,500 ground squirrels	24.7
10,000 shrews	12.7
300 bison	0.5
100 pronghorn antelopes	0.1

**"Mice" refers to mouse-sized animals including voles, small burrowing rodents, and the like, and similarly for "squirrels."*



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LOST IN THE TERRORIST THEATER

When Yasir Arafat spoke at the United Nations some years ago with a gun in his belt, he was giving a performance in what has become the terrorist theater. Every schoolchild knows the script: the terrorist, Kalashnikov in hand, transfixed in the glare of the television lights as he displays his hostages before the cameras, stands as a peculiarly modern hybrid of cold-blooded killer, glib ideologue, and fast-talking advertising man. By hijacking an airliner or seizing an embassy he plays master of ceremonies at a media spectacle staged wholly to sell the legitimacy of his political cause and promote his moral metamorphosis—the erstwhile thug emerges a "guerrilla" or, better still, a "freedom fighter."

The power of today's media, especially television, makes possible this violent road to legitimacy. The terrorist's bloody theatrics lure the journalist, who exhibits the hijackings and kidnappings before the world, thereby transforming them into political statements. By providing the terrorist with a podium in exchange for a photo opportunity, by replacing what he *does* with what he *says*, the media become indispensable partners in terrorist productions.

In the discussion that follows, eight prominent journalists consider how the media can report terrorist acts without advertising terrorist causes. Two essays examining the distinction between terrorism and legitimate political violence preface the discussion.

The following Forum is based on the proceedings of the Jonathan Institute's Second Conference on International Terrorism, held last June in Washington, D.C.

JEANE J. KIRKPATRICK *is the U.S. representative to the United Nations. Before joining the Reagan Administration she was a professor of government at Georgetown University.*

The first step in understanding politics is to see things as they are, without confusion or mystification—simply to observe who does what to whom. What the terrorist does is kill, maim, kidnap, torture. His victims may be schoolchildren, travelers like those held captive in Entebbe, industrialists returning home from work, political leaders or diplomats. Terrorists' victims may have no particular political identity, like the diners in Goldenberg's restaurant in Paris or the travelers passing through Lod airport in Israel, or they may be powerful political symbols, like Aldo Moro or Pope John Paul II.

The terrorist chooses violence as the instrument of first resort. Yet terrorism differs from simple crime, which can also be defined as unauthorized violence against people who are not at war. The difference lies not in the act itself, but in the terrorist's understanding, however vague, of what he is doing. The terrorist's motive is political in a way that the criminal's is not. The terrorist acts in the name of some public purpose. The members of Lucky Luciano's Murder Inc., on the other hand, acted for private purposes. John Hinckley, as I understand it, attempted to kill President Reagan for essentially private reasons. The terrorists who sprayed bullets into Goldenberg's restaurant, like those who attempted to murder exiled Nicaraguan leader Edén Pastora, had a public goal. Terrorism is a form of political war.

Terrorism should also be distinguished from conventional war, and terrorists from soldiers. A soldier uses violence in accordance with the legally constituted authorities of his society against enemies designated by those authorities. He uses violence where a state of belligerence is recognized to exist. A terrorist engages in violence in violation of law against people who do not understand themselves to be at war. The victims of terrorist attacks are unarmed, undefended, and unwary. The crucial point is that they conceive of themselves as civilians. They do not understand that they are regarded by the terrorist as belligerents in an ongoing war. Terrorist war is part of a total war, which sees the whole of society as the enemy and all the members of society as appropriate objects for violence. It is absolute war because its goal is the absolute destruction of the old society. Terrorists are the shock troops in a war to the death against the values and institutions of a society and of the people who embody it.

The affinities between terrorism and totalitarianism are multiple. Both politicize society. The totalitarian makes society, culture, and even personality the objects of his plans and actions; the terrorist sees the whole of society as the object of his violence, his war. Both regard violence as an appropriate means to their political ends, and both use violence as the instrument of first resort. Both reject the basic moral principles of Judeo-Christian civilization. Both terrorists and totalitarians act and see themselves as acting in the name of a new morality, whose transcendent collective ends demand the violation of conventional morality and the sacrifice of people whose membership in the old society makes them expendable. Both encourage the expression of murderous instincts, whose repression, Freud correctly emphasized, is a precondition of civilization. The relations of both totalitarians and terrorists to others are dominated by hostile intent: the enemy is everywhere; struggle is inevitable, unending, total.

I see two important links between totalitarianism and terrorism. First, the most powerful totalitarian state of our time is also the principal supporter and sponsor of international terrorism. Second, those who pursue power by using terrorism generally aspire to form totalitarian societies. As Orwell wrote, "It is not merely that power corrupts, so also do the ways of attaining power. Therefore, all efforts to regenerate society by violent means lead to the cellars of the NKVD." "The essential act," he also wrote, "is the rejection of democracy—that is, of the underlying values of democracy. Once you have decided upon that, Stalin, or at any rate someone like Stalin, is already under way."

Since the choice of method is the essential political act, it is hardly surprising that rulers who choose coercion as an instrument of government should see violence as the preeminent means of extending their political dominion. Beginning in the late 1960s, for example, Soviet theorists began to identify "the armed road" as the way to achieve power in the Western Hemisphere. Realizing that their own revolutionary experience could be applied elsewhere, they set about supporting terrorist groups in this hemisphere. The Bandera Roja in Venezuela, the FMLN in El Salvador, the FSLN in Nicaragua, and the Montoneros in Argentina are just a few of the small bands of violent men who have been supported in their efforts to win power over apparently overwhelming numbers by Soviet bloc countries. These technicians in violence and propaganda are called national liberation movements. Such groups use terror to inspire fear and produce a revolutionary situation; this has become the preferred tactic in contemporary revolutionary conflict. The Rus-

sians frankly acknowledge that their support for such movements may be "decisive"—as, for example, when they say, "National liberation struggle is a form of war waged by peoples of colonial and dependent, or formerly colonial, territories, in which socialist countries [like the Soviet Union] become the decisive factor when people launch an armed struggle against internal reactionaries." The United Nations' acceptance of so-called national liberation movements as legitimate is as good an indicator as any of the moral confusion that has come to surround this view of violence as the preferred method of political action.

Since the 1970s, the U.N. General Assembly has passed numerous resolutions asserting its support for the right of SWAPO, the PLO, and other national liberation movements to "struggle by all means . . . to achieve power." The General Assembly majority has proclaimed that these states have the right to employ violence—that terrorist violence in defense of national liberation is no crime—and has so consistently condemned countries for attempting to defend themselves against terrorist violence that an operational principle seems to have been established. The distinction between legitimate and illegitimate use of force has not so much been blurred as stood on its head. Where recognized states were once seen as having a monopoly on the legitimate use of violence, liberation movements are now seen as having such a monopoly.

The intellectual and moral confusion has become very serious. Unable to distinguish between force used to liberate and force used to enslave, a majority of nations in the U.N. regard legitimacy as a function of the will and power exercised on behalf of national liberation movements. Yet we know better. We know it cannot be that terror wreaked on a civilian population by a revolutionary movement is liberation, while violence committed by a government responding to a guerrilla threat is repression.

There is one last affinity between totalitarianism and terrorism. Both attempt to confuse as well as to terrorize. Orwell, Solzhenitsyn, and others have said that in totalitarian societies, violence is used to maintain a system of lies, and lies are used to justify relations based on violence. Violence can be used to close a society. Lies can be used to veil the violence—to call open that which is closed, true that which is false, insane he who raises questions. Violence, as Solzhenitsyn emphasized, is the opposite of peace. It is war. Finding the courage to face the truth and speak about it is surely the first step toward the defeat of those who would destroy our freedom and our world.

LESZEK KOLAKOWSKI *was for many years a professor of the history of philosophy at the University of Warsaw. Since being expelled from the university in 1968 for political reasons, he has taught mostly in England and the United States, and currently divides his time between All Souls College, Oxford, and the University of Chicago. His books include the three-volume study* Main Currents of Marxism *and* Religion.

Defining terrorism clearly so as to distinguish between terrorist acts and justified political violence is often difficult today. Partly this results from the general degradation of our political language—the lines between "liberation" and "invasion," "freedom" and "slavery," "democracy" and "tyranny" have likewise been obscured. In the nineteenth century it was clear what terrorism was: assassination campaigns directed at government officials by opposition groups (such as the anarchists and populists in Russia) who aimed to undermine the established power. Indeed, these terrorists applied the term to themselves. Nowadays, of course, no one admits to being a terrorist, just as no one admits to opposing freedom, peace, and democracy.

Our uncertainty about when to apply the word "terrorist" is the reverse side of our confusion about the concept of legitimacy. Democratic states are compelled by the international situation to recognize the legitimacy of many despotic regimes—some of which sponsor terrorism—and have thus themselves helped to obscure the distinction between recognizing a government (which implies merely that it is effectively in control of a country) and recognizing the legitimacy of that government (which implies a popular mandate). Many states that have emerged since the war, especially those in the Third World, have never known anything resembling democratic politics; in some, politicians have traditionally competed with one another by assassinating their rivals. Communism provides an easy path to ideological legitimacy for many of these regimes, whether they are communist or not. As understood in communist doctrine, legitimacy does not derive from any mechanism whereby society confers power on any group or individual, but is purely ideological: those in power simply declare that they embody the interests and aspirations of the people, of the nation, of all mankind, regardless of whether they can offer any proof to support these claims. The very existence of the United Nations, which includes among its members some clearly gangster states, is not helpful in this respect, for it confers on all members the same international legitimacy. And there exists no effective mechanism whereby states that

practice international terrorism can be branded as international outlaws.

Since the distinction between these two kinds of recognition has become unclear, when a state employs terror its legitimacy is not weakened in the opinion of other states. The distinction therefore becomes blurred as well between the sometimes violent struggle against oppression and despotism, on the one hand, and terrorism aimed at the destruction of democratic institutions, on the other. And so the armed struggle of the underground partisans against the Nazi occupation, for example, was perfectly legitimate, because the rule of the invaders had no legitimacy whatsoever.

Modern totalitarianism has also helped muddle the question of legitimacy. Rather than establish a particularly cruel and repressive law, totalitarian states effectively abolish law altogether. What is characteristic of totalitarianism is a form of law consisting of lawlessness—that is, the law's independence as a mediator between society and the state is destroyed. Legal codes, especially those that apply to political matters, are deliberately vague, designed to give a free hand to the executive power (which is identical to the legislative and judicial powers) in jailing or killing anyone it wishes. Thus the worst atrocities committed by the Soviet government against its own people, including the genocide during Stalin's regime, have been for the most part entirely legal. Although state terror has been considerably restricted since Stalin's time, the principle that the law cannot restrict the prerogatives of the executive has never been abrogated. Since the legitimacy of the overwhelming power of the state rests entirely on ideology ("We rule because we express the historical interests of the society, of the working class, of the nation," etc.), the ideology itself is absolutely essential, whether anyone takes it seriously or not. The ruling power is always right in its struggles against all enemies, internal or external, real or imagined. Therefore, terrorism against other states—whether it involves assassinating troublesome defectors or even foreign leaders such as the pope—is always justified.

Communist countries, with some obvious exceptions (Russia and Poland during the early years of communist rule, Hungary during the revolution), have never experienced terrorism directed against the state. The only organized, democratic resistance that has ever existed in a communist country—Solidarity in Poland in 1980–81—never employed violence against the state, although it had the practical means to do so. All the political violence in Poland was employed by the government. In part the efficiency and size of the secret police in communist countries accounts for the relative absence of terrorism there. The openness of democratic societies, by contrast, not only allows terrorists easy access to arms and false documents and gives them relative freedom of movement, it makes their job less dangerous—if they are caught, they are rarely tortured or executed. But there is an ideological reason as well: the very existence of democratic legitimacy is intolerable to totalitarian regimes. It is not the supposed military threat or the widely cited feelings of "insecurity" which compel the Soviet Union to try to destroy democratic institutions all over the world. It is the simple fact that the ideological legitimacy of the communist power system must always appear grotesque so long as democratic countries exist.

But there remain painful problems in defining legitimacy today; criteria that would be universally applicable are difficult to find. In many countries, it is impossible to determine the degree of popular support enjoyed by the government. And in any case, some cruel or despotic systems may be popular, at least for a time, and can therefore make claims to legitimacy. This was certainly true for some years in Nazi Germany; Iran's barbarous theocracy could today make similar claims. But the concept is clear enough when political violence is directed against countries where legal forms exist for political opposition to operate openly and for political conflict to be resolved, and where the rights of minorities are respected. Terror directed against the legitimate authorities in such a state amounts to a declaration of civil war and should be treated accordingly. Political violence directed against one state by another constitutes a declaration of war and should be treated accordingly.

Terrorism and the Media: A Discussion

TED KOPPEL
is anchorman of the ABC News programs Nightline *and* Viewpoint. *He served as moderator of this discussion.*

NORMAN PODHORETZ
is the editor of Commentary. *His books include* Why We Were in Vietnam *and* The Present Danger.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER
is a senior editor of the New Republic *and a contributing essayist at* Time.

ALAIN BESANÇON
is a professor of the history of Russian culture at the Ecole des Hautes Etudes in Paris and a columnist for L'Express.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN
is an assistant editor and columnist at the London Daily Telegraph *and a former editor of* Policy Review.

DANIEL SCHORR
is senior correspondent of Cable News Network and author of Clearing the Air.

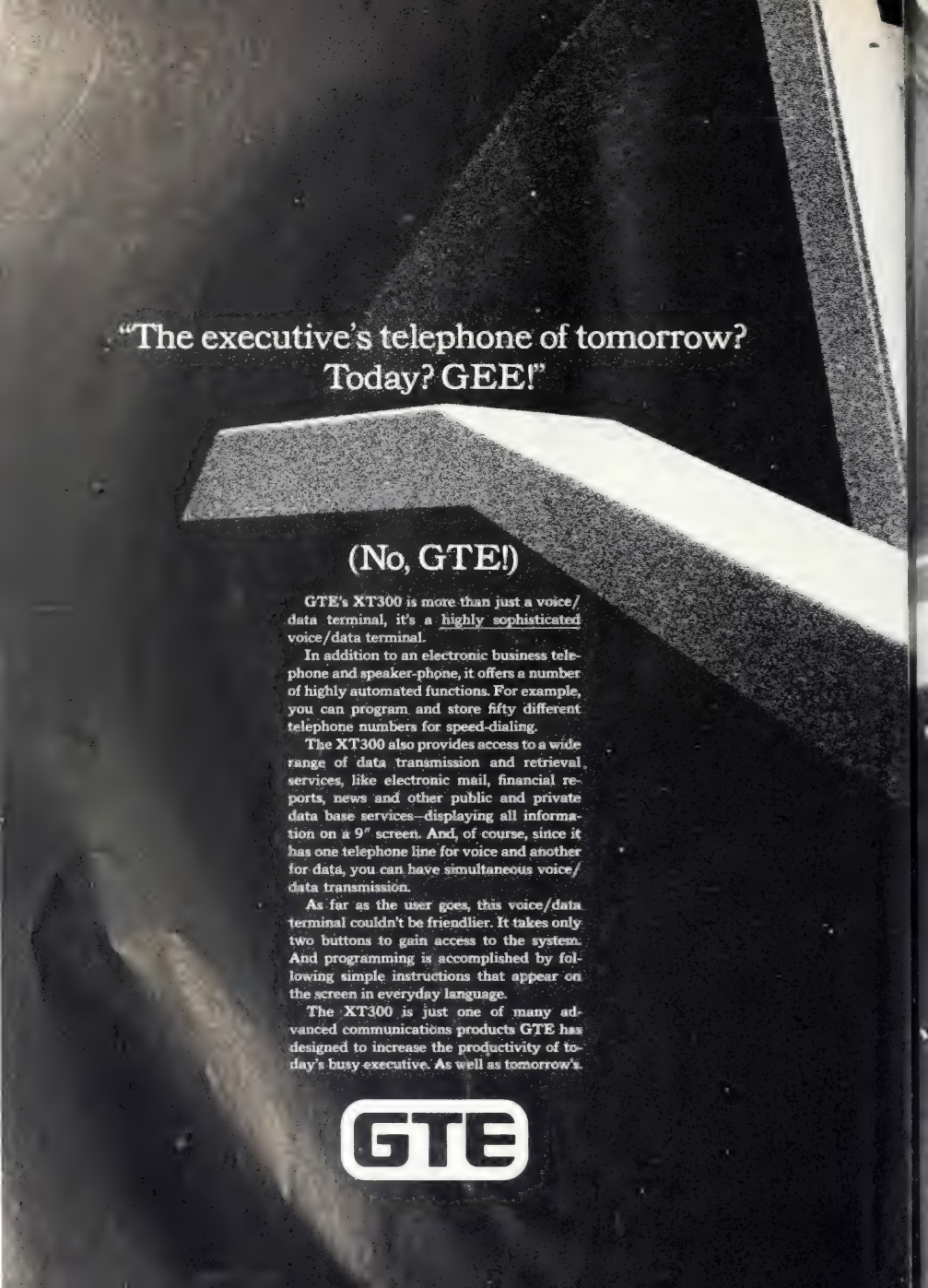
GEORGE WILL
is a columnist whose articles appear regularly in Newsweek, *the* Washington Post, *and 400 other newspapers across the country.*

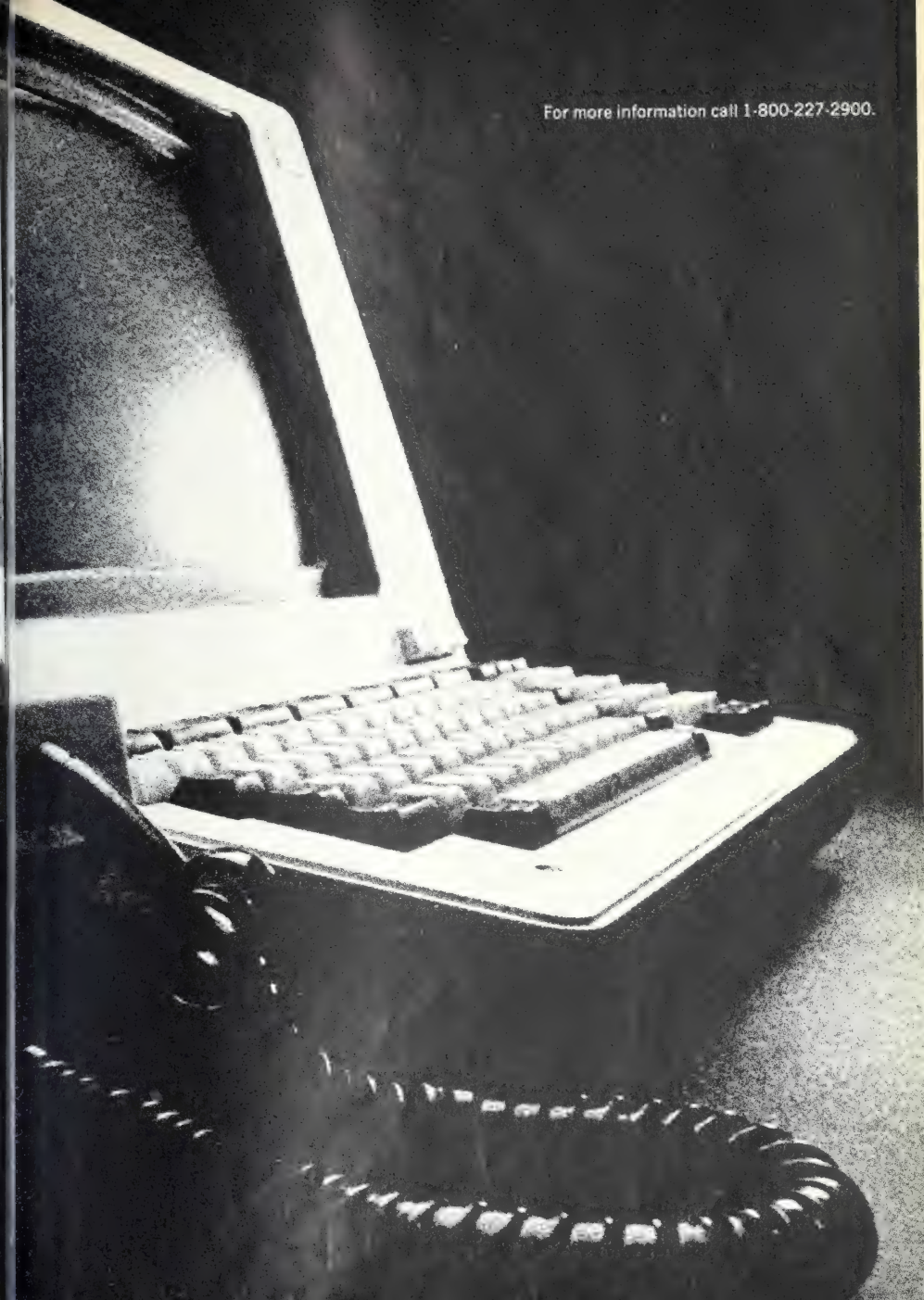
BOB WOODWARD
is an assistant managing editor of the Washington Post *and co-author of* All the President's Men *and* The Brethren.

TED KOPPEL: Let me put forward the proposition that the media, particularly television, and terrorists need one another, that they have what is fundamentally a symbiotic relationship. Without television, terrorism becomes rather like the philosopher's hypothetical tree falling in the forest: no one hears it fall and therefore it has no reason for being. And television without terrorism, while not deprived of all interesting things in the world, is nonetheless deprived of one of the most interesting

NORMAN PODHORETZ: Certainly terrorists and the media have had a symbiotic relationship, which has helped give the lie to those pious proclamations on the editorial pages that organizations like the PLO, by engaging in terrorism, hurt their own cause. On the contrary, it is clear that, for a long time, because of this symbiotic relationship, the power and influence of such organizations increased with each new terrorist act.

In the last few years, however, this relationship has been disrupted by what I call Robert Nisbet's law, which states that boredom is the most underrated force in human affairs. After the 10,000th hijacking or wanton assassination, the media have become bored, and their coverage has accordingly declined. Much less attention is paid to terrorist episodes these days than even five years ago. Insofar as this prevents terrorist organizations from achieving their principal objective, which is to get a lot of publicity, this development is good news. But it also indicates how accustomed the public has grown to these acts: we are no longer as horrified by them as we should be. Terrorist outrages are now taken for granted, as are the subtle exculpations that the media help propagate; for example, that terrorism represents a protest against intolerable social conditions or that it is a form of guerrilla warfare. Such exculpations have so taken hold that they now govern the public's response to terrorism.


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CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER: I think Mr. Podhoretz is right in saying that a kind of boredom is setting in. Airplane hijackings, for example, are now relegated to the inside pages of most newspapers. But terrorists are rather resourceful about creating new theatrical productions; every year or two they come up with a new variant that captures the media's imagination. The most recent innovation is the suicide bombing, such as the attack on the American marines in Lebanon and on the U.S. Embassy in Kuwait.

But we should remember that not all terrorism is dependent on the media. When we discuss terrorism we are really talking about at least three different kinds of political violence. The first and oldest kind is assassination, the usual form of political violence before World War II. The political assassin does not need the media to explain what his act means; in fact, often he does not want publicity at all. His object is simply to eliminate a political actor.

The second form of terrorism, which emerged after the war, is the random attack on civilians, but civilians of a particular type—civilians who are members of the enemy class or nationality. Terrorism of this sort, as practiced, for example, by the FLN in Algeria in the late 1950s and early 1960s, is also independent of the media. Its object is to demoralize the enemy during a war, and its audience is the victim himself and his compatriots. In the case of Algeria, it was the *pieds noirs*, the French living there.

The third and newest form of terrorism, which the PLO largely created after 1968, is the random attack on anyone. We might refer to this as "media terrorism," for it can exist only if there is an interpreter to give it meaning. The terrorist acts of the PLO were not intended to demoralize the Israelis—the PLO has never really been at war with Israel—but to publicize political grievances. And the intended audience was not the immediate victims—the airline passengers—or even the Israelis but the entire world. For such actions, coverage by the mass media becomes absolutely essential. This is where terrorists' utter dependence on the media begins.

Media terrorism—such as the 1975 murder of three Dutchmen, who happened to be on a commuter train [illegible] by Moluccans, or the 1976 seizure of Yugoslavian hostages by Croatian terrorists—is a form of political advertising. In the latter instance, the Croatians demanded that U.S. newspapers publish their manifesto. Since the outlaws cannot buy television time, they have to earn it through terrorist acts. Like the sponsors of early television who produced shows as vehicles for their commercials, media terrorists now provide drama—murder and kidnapping, live—in return for advertising time.

The media's responsibility to act with self-restraint is obviously greatest with this kind of terrorism. In those cases where the victim is chosen at random and has no connection whatever with any political struggle, terrorism is actually a lure to attract the media. Through his acts, the terrorist tries to earn a stage on which to proclaim his message. And the media then take upon themselves the duty of interpreting those acts. In 1979, for example, terrorists attacked the American Embassy in Beirut with grenades. One network correspondent explained that this action was "perhaps an expression of resentment and frustration" on the part of Palestinians over the Israeli–Egyptian peace treaty. Here we reach a level where an attack on innocents is rationalized as a psychological necessity. Or consider the attack on a bus near Tel Aviv last April; it was generally explained as the PLO's assertion that it still existed after its expulsion from Lebanon, a kind of "I kill, therefore I am." Without the press to carry this message, the act would have been meaningless; in fact, since it had no military or political purpose, it probably would not have been committed in the first place. I believe that when the point of a terrorist attack is to force the media to function as interpreters, the media have a heavy responsibility not to do the interpreting.

KOPPEL: You mentioned Algeria. Perhaps Mr. Besancon could tell us whether there was censorship in France with regard to the terrorism in Algeria. To what degree was the French press manipulated by the government or by the terrorist groups?

ALAIN BESANCON: There was no real censorship in France during the war in Algeria, in spite of the widespread terrorism there. With a few exceptions, those who favored Algerian independence expressed themselves freely. I was a young man at the beginning of the war, serving in the French army. I favored independence for Algeria, but mainly to protect the democratic structure of France. For what ultimately made terrorism possible during the war—and the situation was similar for England during the conflict in Ireland in the 1920s—what made terrorism possible was the democratic system of the parent nations. England had to choose between remaining democratic or holding on to Ireland. France had to choose between remaining democratic or holding on to Algeria.

KOPPEL: Mr. O'Sullivan, would you comment on the conflict that arises when a democracy confronts terrorism: Does one oppose terrorism

by using methods that are nondemocratic—such as censoring the press—or by so doing does one undermine democracy itself?

JOHN O'SULLIVAN: If we consider the terrorism in Northern Ireland for a moment, quite plainly certain prohibitions apply that are not part and parcel of the normal rule of law. For example, although there are no serious restrictions on the press or television in Britain, there is a very important restriction on television in the Irish Republic. This directive, issued, by the way, by Conor Cruise O'Brien when he was minister of posts and telegraphs, forbids the broadcasting of interviews with IRA members. Why is this? Because, as Dr. O'Brien said, "We in the Irish state regard the appearance of terrorists on television as an incitement to murder." The incite-

Choosing the Target

In classical terrorism—political assassination, for example—choosing the target is straightforward: the terrorist kills his enemies, usually the leaders of enemy states. But for the "media terrorist," whose object is to make a symbolic statement to gain publicity for his cause, choosing the target becomes all-important. The action must be spectacular and telegenic enough to hold the world's attention, the symbolism powerful enough to convey the terrorist's political message. The first of the following excerpts is from Joseph Conrad's 1907 novel, The Secret Agent, *in which Mr. Vladimir describes the rationale behind his plan to bomb London's Greenwich Observatory. The second is from a 1978* Der Spiegel *interview with Hans Joachim Klein, a German terrorist who took part in the 1975 kidnapping of the OPEC ministers in Vienna.*

"An attempt upon a crowned head or on a president is sensational enough in a way, but not so much as it used to be. It has entered into the general conception of the existence of all chiefs of state. It's almost conventional—especially since so many presidents have been assassinated. . . . A bomb outrage to have any influence on public opinion now must go beyond the intention of vengeance or terrorism. It must be purely destructive. It must be that, and only that, beyond the faintest suspicion of any other object. You anarchists should make it clear that you are perfectly determined to make a clean sweep of the whole social creation. But how to get that appallingly absurd notion into the heads of the middle classes so that there should be no mistake? That's the question. By directing your blows at something outside the ordinary passions of humanity is the answer. Of course, there is art. A bomb in the National Gallery would make some noise. But it would not be serious enough. . . . There would be some screaming of course, but from whom? Artists—art critics and such like—people of no account. Nobody minds what they say. But there is learning—science. Any imbecile that has got an income believes in that. He does not know why, but he believes it matters somehow. It is the sacrosanct fetish. All the damned professors are radicals at heart. . . . Their indignation would be above suspicion, no material interests being openly at stake. . . . And the absurd ferocity of such a demonstration will affect them more profoundly than the mangling of a whole street—or theatre—full of their own kind. To that last they can always say: 'Oh! it's mere class hate.' But what is one to say to an act of destructive ferocity so absurd as to be incomprehensible, inexplicable, almost unthinkable; in fact, mad? . . . The attack must have all the shocking senselessness of gratuitous blasphemy. Since bombs are your means of expression, it would be really telling if one could throw a bomb into pure mathematics. But that is impossible. . . . What do you think of having a go at astronomy? . . . The whole civilized world has heard of Greenwich. The very boot-blacks in the basement of Charing Cross Station know something of it. . . . "

•

HANS JOACHIM KLEIN: We convened and asked ourselves . . . what would be an action that no one can disregard, that everyone must talk about [in the media] and report on? We found it: a bomb exploding in the Jewish community house—on the very anniversary of the so-called Kristallnacht [Crystal Night, one of Hitler's most infamous anti-Jewish raids, in 1938]. . . . Even though the bomb did not explode, this story went halfway around the world.

DER SPIEGEL: What political considerations played a role there?

KLEIN: We looked for a focal point where everything would come together: the Germans still wrestling with their past; the newly arising Palestine problem; a starting gun for an urban guerrilla fight. Such an action could not be disregarded by anyone, from liberals to old Nazis. Simply everyone had to take note, even abroad.

The Congo, 1960: State Terrorism and Foreign Policy

The assassination of President-elect Bashir Gemayel of Lebanon in 1982, widely believed to be the work of Syrian intelligence agents, drew the world's attention to the problem of state terrorism. But the assassination of foreign leaders by intelligence services has long been a tool of state policy. A 1975 report of the Church Committee entitled "Alleged Assassination Plots Involving Foreign Leaders" provides a rare inside account of how such operations are planned and carried out—in this case, the CIA's attempt to assassinate Patrice Lumumba in the Congo in 1960. Lumumba, a popular politician considered pro-Soviet by U.S. policymakers, had briefly served as prime minister after the Congo gained its independence from Belgium in June of that year. According to the Senate report, "It is likely that President Eisenhower's . . . strong concern about Lumumba . . . was taken by [CIA director] Allen Dulles as authority to assassinate Lumumba." CIA officials ordered a staff scientist (code-named "Joe") to prepare "toxic biological materials" that would "produce a disease . . . indigenous to that area [of Africa]" and to deliver the poison to the CIA station chief in Leopoldville, who was to assassinate Lumumba. But before the station chief could carry out his orders, Lumumba was captured by the forces of Joseph Mobutu, the U.S.-supported nationalist leader who is still dictator of the country, and delivered to his archenemies in Katanga, where he was murdered. Following are excerpts from the cables, published by the committee, that were exchanged by CIA headquarters in Washington and the officers in the Congo.

August 18, 1960. Station chief, Leopoldville, to CIA headquarters:

EMBASSY AND STATION BELIEVE CONGO EXPERIENCING CLASSIC COMMUNIST EFFORT TAKEOVER GOVERNMENT. . . . DECISIVE PERIOD NOT FAR OFF. WHETHER OR NOT LUMUMBA ACTUALLY COMMIE OR JUST PLAYING COMMIE GAME TO ASSIST HIS SOLIDIFYING POWER, ANTI-WEST FORCES RAPIDLY INCREASING POWER CONGO AND THERE MAY BE LITTLE TIME LEFT IN WHICH TAKE ACTION TO AVOID ANOTHER CUBA.

August 26. Headquarters to Leopoldville:

IN HIGH QUARTERS HERE IT IS THE CLEAR-CUT CONCLUSION THAT IF [LUMUMBA] CONTINUES TO HOLD HIGH OFFICE, THE INEVITABLE RESULT WILL . . . AT WORST PAVE THE WAY TO COMMUNIST TAKEOVER . . . WITH DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES . . . FOR THE INTERESTS OF THE FREE WORLD GENERALLY. CONSEQUENTLY WE CONCLUDE THAT HIS REMOVAL MUST BE AN URGENT AND PRIME OBJECTIVE . . . OF OUR COVERT ACTION. . . . TO THE EXTENT THAT AMBASSADOR MAY DESIRE TO BE CONSULTED, YOU SHOULD SEEK HIS CONCURRENCE. IF IN ANY PARTICULAR CASE, HE DOES NOT WISH TO BE CONSULTED YOU CAN ACT ON YOUR OWN AUTHORITY . . .

September 19. Headquarters to Leopoldville, announcing the arrival of the poison:

["JOE"] SHOULD ARRIVE APPROX 27 SEPT . . . WILL ANNOUNCE HIMSELF AS "JOE FROM PARIS" . . . URGENT YOU SHOULD SEE ["JOE"] SOONEST. . . . HE WILL FULLY IDENTIFY HIMSELF AND EXPLAIN HIS ASSIGNMENT TO YOU. ALL CABLE TRAFFIC THIS OP . . . HOLD ENTIRELY TO YOURSELF.

October 7. Leopoldville to headquarters:

[JOE] LEFT CERTAIN ITEMS OF CONTINUING USEFULNESS. [STATION OFFICER] PLANS CONTINUE TRY IMPLEMENT OP.

October 15. Headquarters to Leopoldville:

POSSIBILITY USE COMMANDO TYPE GROUP FOR ABDUCTION [LUMUMBA] . . . VIA ASSAULT ON HOUSE . . .

October 17. Leopoldville to headquarters:

NOT BEEN ABLE PENETRATE ENTOURAGE. . . . RECOMMEND HQS POUCH SOONEST HIGH POWERED FOREIGN MAKE RIFLE WITH TELESCOPIC SCOPE AND SILENCER. HUNTING GOOD HERE WHEN LIGHTS RIGHT.

November 14. Leopoldville to headquarters:

TARGET HAS NOT LEFT BUILDING IN SEVERAL WEEKS. HOUSE GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT . . . TARGET HAS DISMISSED MOST OF SERVANTS SO ENTRY THIS MEANS SEEMS REMOTE.

January 13. Fearing that Lumumba, who had been imprisoned by Mobutu's forces in December, would soon be freed by his supporters and seize power, Leopoldville cables headquarters:

THE COMBINATION OF [LUMUMBA'S] POWERS AS DEMAGOGUE, HIS ABLE USE OF GOON SQUADS AND PROPAGANDA AND SPIRIT OF DEFEAT WITHIN [GOVERNMENT] . . . WOULD ALMOST CERTAINLY INSURE [LUMUMBA] VICTORY IN PARLIAMENT. . . . REFUSAL TAKE DRASTIC STEPS AT THIS TIME WILL LEAD TO DEFEAT OF [UNITED STATES] POLICY IN CONGO.

January 17. Mobutu and his ally Joseph Kasavubu send Lumumba to his enemies in Katanga province, the forces of local leader Moise Tshombe. Two days later, the CIA base chief in Elizabethville cables headquarters:

THANKS FOR PATRICE. IF WE HAD KNOWN HE WAS COMING WE WOULD HAVE BAKED A SNAKE.

A U.N. inquiry later concluded Lumumba was killed by his enemies on or shortly after his arrival in Katanga. The Church Committee investigation found that "the toxic substances were never used. But there is no evidence that the assassination operation was terminated before Lumumba's death. There is, however, no suggestion of a connection between the assassination plot and the events which actually led to Lumumba's death."

ment is addressed not so much to the general public as to other terrorists and potential terrorists. Such appearances glamorize these people. Since they have little support among the population, they could not give their views on television and be treated respectfully if they had not engaged in a campaign of murder.

Television is a leveling and homogenizing medium. It is very difficult to interview terrorists without presenting them not as a species of criminal but as a species of politician. You may try to interview a terrorist toughly, to ask searching questions and make plain that he is a murderer, and yet it is difficult to imagine how anyone could be grilled more toughly than, say, Dan Rather grilled Mr. Nixon.

I myself am perfectly prepared to support a ban on interviews with terrorists in Northern Ireland, since the only justification advanced for such interviews—namely, that we need to know what the terrorists' views are—is absurd. We know what their views are before they ever appear on television.

KOPPEL: Dan Schorr, can such limits on the media be legitimately imposed in a democracy?

DANIEL SCHORR: Let me say first, Ted, that it's entirely appropriate that you preside over this discussion, since you are one of the few Americans, along with Ronald Reagan, whose career has benefited from terrorist activities. I'm referring, of course, to ABC's extensive coverage of the seizure of the American hostages in Iran in 1979.

What Charles Krauthammer said is true: there was terrorism before there was television. Lincoln was assassinated in the Ford Theater, the archduke was assassinated in Sarajevo, and television wasn't there, although I am sure it would like to have been. But in our society television and violence have a mutual attraction that is very, very dangerous. Television has become the arbiter of who is important, who has identity. Many people have found that the royal road to identity is to do something violent. Television has a love affair with drama and a love affair with violence. We must find some way to keep this love affair under control. Consider what happened here in Washington in 1977 when the Hanafi Muslims seized the B'nai B'rith building and held 134 people hostage. Now that was certainly a great story. But was it necessary to have round-the-clock coverage by all the local television stations? The leader of the Hanafi Muslims, holed up in the B'nai B'rith building with his hostages, spent his time watching himself on television. At one point he called his wife to ask, "How am I doing?"

Media terrorism is primarily a television problem. Being on television confers a kind of reality on people, much more so than being written about in the newspaper. But what should TV journalists do? Not cover terrorist events? Well, obviously not—we are in the news business. But we don't have to provide live coverage when nothing is really happening. We don't have to telephone terrorists and ask them to give live interviews. I suggest that we in the news business impose some voluntary limits, because if we don't, there may come a time when they are imposed on us.

GEORGE WILL: To think that the press holds the key to the problem of terrorism is not uncustomary narcissism on the part of the journalistic profession. What can we really do to diminish the incentive for publicity? I suggest it's precious little. If terrorists take over an embassy in the center of London or seize an American ambassador or shoot a pope, people are going to notice. It doesn't matter whether you have a policy about how many hours you're on the air. Terrorists will achieve their magnifying effect, which is what they use the media for. And in a country that is blessed—or, depending on your point of view, afflicted—with a First Amendment, it is quite impossible, given how the law has recently been construed, to enforce any kind of prior restraint. Absent enforcement from a fourth party, the competition between the three major networks virtually guarantees that there will be maximum coverage of anything spectacular and telegenic.

Perhaps one problem lies in our definition of the term "terrorist." I don't think we ought to say that John Wilkes Booth or Gavrilo Princip were terrorists, although certainly they had political aims. The dominant kind of terrorism today, the kind we should be discussing, is what Secretary of State Shultz has called state-sponsored terrorism. Such terrorism is used by certain states as an instrument of rational policy; it is not a television psychodrama, and thus is far beyond the capacity of journalists to deal with. And it is only the beginning of clarity to understand that just as revolutions are made not by bad water or bad schools or hungry people but by revolutionaries, so terrorism is made not by television but by terrorists. Terrorists make terrorism for the same reason people make potato chips—it pays. When it doesn't pay, they'll quit making potato chips and they'll quit making terrorism. And I think it would be a mistake to assume that the public is apt to grow bored very soon. The "Indiana Jones phenomenon" will undoubtedly come to affect terrorism—that is, just when the senses of the public seem saturated, terrorists will find new ways to lacerate people's sensibilities.

BOB WOODWARD: First of all, I don't think we are talking only about television, as Daniel Schorr said. We have to ask ourselves what sort of terrorism is politically most significant. I agree with George Will that it is the state-supported variety, and I think television is largely irrelevant to that. Consider the assassination of President-elect Bashir Gemayel in Lebanon in 1982. American intelligence agencies have established that the assassination was carried out by Syrian intelligence officers, and a credible case can be made that President Assad of Syria ordered it. Now this was a very alarming event. It changed the history and the politics of Lebanon. You don't need television to convey its importance, and the same can be said about the bombing of the marines in Beirut. The importance of the bombing was its military effect, not the fact that it was spectacular TV. I think the journalist's role in covering such events, whether he is a television reporter or a newspaper reporter, remains the traditional one—finding out who is responsible for them and then broadcasting or printing that information.

BESANÇON: Perhaps our real problem here is not so much defining terrorism as understanding the effect that terrorism publicized by the media can have on society. After all, most terrorism is undertaken in order to arouse the sympathy of society. So the question involves not simply journalism but the basic philosophical assumptions that are shared by the leaders of the cultural establishment. The ideology of most terrorist groups holds that capitalist society is doomed and does not deserve to be defended, that from its destruction something more worthwhile will emerge. This was the philosophy of the first large-scale terrorist movement, that of the Russian populists in the 1880s. Even Tolstoy, who espoused nonviolence, admired the ideas behind this movement. Or consider Jean-Paul Sartre. During his long life, Sartre advocated the terrorism of the FLN in Algeria, the terrorism of the Baader-Meinhof gang in Germany, the terrorism of the Red Brigades in Italy—he believed that there was a continuity between the eschatological hope of the terrorist and the reasonable need we all recognize to correct the flaws that exist in our society. I think this kind of sublime morality is very widespread and very difficult to eradicate. It is beyond the ability of the media to do so. This belief is most common among the highly educated, and it is from this group that most journalists and the leaders of the so-called cultural establishment are drawn.

O'SULLIVAN: This panel is composed of journalists from what is called the quality press. I suggest that the reporting on terrorism in the so-called popular press is much more accurate than it is in the more serious newspapers. Let's con-

In the Terrorist Theater

Having dumped the onions in a corner, he was fishing out a succession of small packages from the box with his left hand and unwrapping them one by one while he used his right to hold them down . . . two new supermarket torch batteries in a single pack, one detonator of the type she had used at the fort for training, with red wires sprouting from the crimped end. Penknife. Pliers. Screwdriver. Soldering iron. A coil of fine red wire, steel staples, copper thread. Insulating tape, a torch bulb, assorted lengths of wooden dowelling. And a rectangular piece of softwood as a base for the device. Taking the soldering iron to the handbasin, Khalil plugged it into a nearby power point, causing a smell of burning dust.

"Do the Zionists think of all the nice people when they bomb us? I don't think so. When they napalm our villages, kill our women? This I doubt very much. I do not think the terrorist Israeli pilot, sitting up there, says to himself, 'Those poor civilians, those innocent victims.'" He talks like this when he is alone, she thought. And he is alone a lot. He talks to keep his faith alive, and his conscience quiet. "I have killed many people whom I would no doubt respect," he said, back at the bed. "The Zionists have killed many more. But I kill only for love. I kill for Palestine and for her children. Try to think like this also," he advised her piously, interrupting himself as he glanced at her. "You are nervous?"

"Yes."

"It's natural. I too am nervous. Are you nervous in the theatre?"

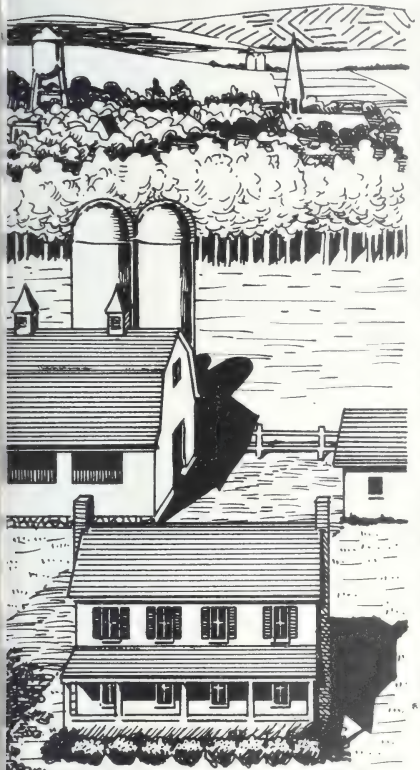
"Yes."

"It is the same. Terror is theatre. We inspire, we frighten, we awaken indignation, anger, love. We enlighten. The theatre also. The guerrilla is the great actor of the world."

—*from* The Little Drummer Girl, *by John le Carré*

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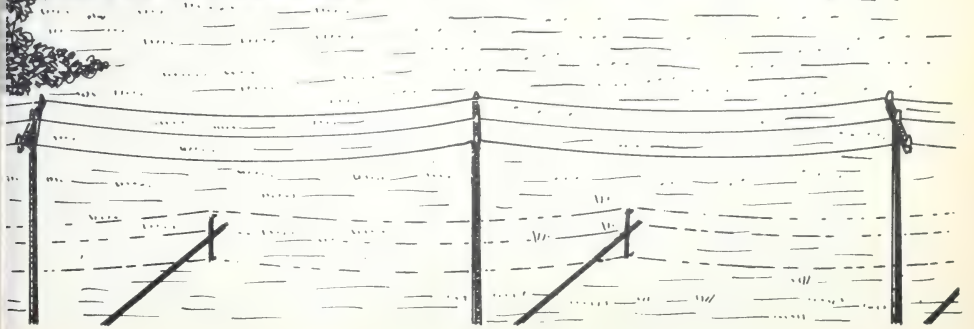
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sider how each would describe an IRA bombing [illegible]

Popular newspapers like the *New York Post* or the *Daily Mail* in England would say: "A shy 21-year-old girl, whose only interest in life is tennis, was last night fighting for her life in a London hospital after being blown up in a restaurant by an IRA bomb. By her bedside was her fiancé, Gordon Williamson, 23. 'She didn't have an enemy in the world,' he said."

The New York Times or the *Guardian* would report something quite different: "Two people were killed and one injured in an IRA explosion in London last night. Government sources interpreted the explosion as a response to the government's decision to introduce a bill increasing parliamentary representation for Ulster. Sources in Belfast believed to be close to the IRA said that the attack was the start of a major campaign in which targets on the British mainland would not be exempt."

The assumption of the popular press is that terrorists are important for what they *do*. The assumption of the quality press is that terrorists are important for what they *say*. I suggest that the first assumption is much more sensible.

ALAN CHALFONT:* Perhaps the real problem with the media, or at least with the quality press, is its tendency to adopt a position of magisterial objectivity between our society and those attacking it. Norman Podhoretz said that the media subtly excuse certain terrorist acts by implying that they arise out of intolerable social conditions or intolerable oppression. We see these justifications as well in the media's tendency to equate the actions of legitimate governments, such as that in El Salvador, in fighting terrorists and revolutionaries with the activities of the terrorists themselves. Can we not simply accept the fact that we are at war with international terrorism, that there are two sides, ours and theirs? If their side prevails, our freedoms will disappear, and the first freedom to go will be freedom of the press. Is it too much to ask that, in a free society at war with international terrorism, the press should be on our side?

KRAUTHAMMER: Yes, it is too much to ask. Unless the press takes the position that terrorism—defined as the indiscriminate attack on innocents to achieve political ends—is absolutely indefensible, a moral corruption begins that is irreversible. If we compromise that principle, then our profession that we stand for certain values is hollow, because high among those values is the belief that civilians ought to be exempt from attack. If there are people on our side who engage in the murder of civilians—for example, the gangsters who practice terrorism in El Salvador—they have to be condemned with as much vigor as those who do it in the name of another ideology.

Nonetheless it is true that the media have to change their rules when dealing with terrorism, because the terrorist act is of a different empirical reality than other events. In physics, the Heisenberg principle says that events are changed by being observed. The media have an obligation to apply their own Heisenberg principle. Journalists must recognize that there exists a unique class of political events, media terrorism; these acts acquire importance by, and often are undertaken with the sole intention of, being broadcast over the media. Because of the symbiotic relationship between the media and terrorist acts, because these acts are created or at least greatly amplified by media coverage, journalists must exercise self-restraint—call it censorship if you like. The rule of thumb I propose is this: In covering terrorist events, reporters ought to concentrate on who, what, where, and when. They should leave the question of why to the historians and the psychiatrists.

WOODWARD: I don't think any journalist would want to eliminate the "whys" from any story.

SCHORR: We've been talking as if the problem is undue interference by the media, whereas the problem is really how terrorists manipulate the media. People who feel that the newspapers they read and the television news they watch should reflect their own personal views are making a very grave mistake. If we adopt this line of thinking, we will eventually have the kind of press that exists in Paris—a partisan press, in which everyone can find his own views reflected in his newspaper.

What is the responsibility of the press in covering terrorism? If a representative of a terrorist group approaches the *Washington Post* and says, "I want to try to explain to you who we are and what we are," Bob Woodward can write a gripping story describing who the terrorists are and what they believe. By writing this story he does not prevent the police from taking action against them. But if the government then forces him to betray the confidence that made the story possible, while a few people may be arrested, he will never get that kind of story again. Some of us still believe that journalists are people committed to the idea that the world must *know*. We believe that our job is to explain who terrorists are—whether they are right-wing ter-

Lord Chalfont, [illegible] the British Foreign Office, writes widely on international affairs. His books include The Sword and the Spirit, *an analysis of U.S. military power.*

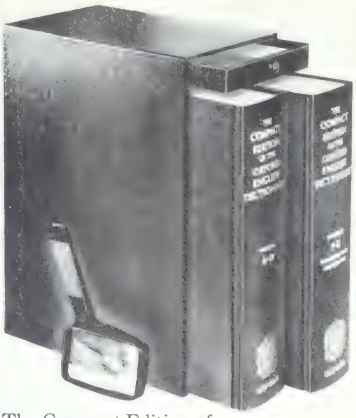
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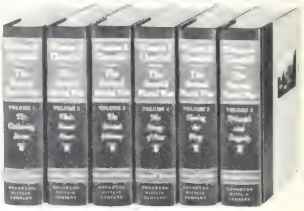
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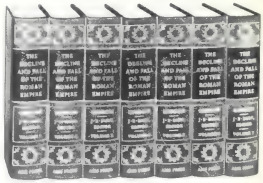
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rorists or left-wing terrorists—without accepting the view of any one side. The free press can be destroyed very easily if it is polarized in the way that some have suggested here. We should examine the press in countries where it tries to satisfy the prejudices of particular groups—in France, the Soviet Union, Syria—before we start making new rules for ourselves.

WILL: I agree with Charles Krauthammer that we should apply a sort of Heisenberg principle to the media. We in the media do effectively observe, but what we tend to observe, more often than events themselves, is the observers. We have heard today that the press has a double standard in covering terrorism. I think the alarming news is that there is a single standard, a wrong standard. You cannot underestimate the degree to which both sides, liberal and conservative, have a common view of the world that they simply cannot bear to have challenged. The view involves denial of the undeniable—the fact that we are under assault from the Soviet Union. That is how I read Claire Sterling's book on international terrorism, *The Terror Network*. Very few people, of whatever political persuasion, are willing to accept the reality of international terrorism. Our whole political culture has an enormous intellectual and psychological and emotional investment in a view of the world that international terrorism challenges. The media did not create this view; they merely serve to reflect the larger culture in which it is embedded.

PODHORETZ: It has been said that the media should change the rules. I submit that the rules have already been changed. Some years back, the attitudes of the popular press that John O'Sullivan described were prevalent in the quality press as well. There was a time when our political culture was in fact a partisan of our side, when the journalist's role as a citizen did not conflict with his professional role. But in the later years of the Vietnam War this began to change. The passionate speeches we hear about objectivity and freedom of the press ring rather hollow today, because there is very little objectivity in the reporting of terrorist acts. Very often the terms that are used to characterize terrorists reveal a mindless bias—when Yasir Arafat is referred to as a moderate, for example. The media have become the most prominent exponents of these attitudes in the larger political culture, and I think this accounts for the widespread resentment of the press and TV. Many, many people, including myself, feel that the media are unsympathetic to our side in the struggle against totalitarianism and totalitarian communism.

KRAUTHAMMER: I find George Will uncharacteristically modest as to the importance and influence of the media. There can be no question that the development of enormously powerful communications technology, and the fact that this technology is in the hands of people who believe in competing with one another to get a good story, have produced a new phenomenon. The American hostages would not have been held so long had the Iranians not realized that they had created the most effective television stage in history, which gave them immediate access to millions of people. The Iranians exploited the hostage crisis in a way that they could not have done in the absence of television cameras.

Now, I want to give an example of the sort of media self-restraint that I am suggesting. In the late 1970s, there was a rash of episodes in which spectators at sporting events jumped out onto the playing field for their fifteen seconds of exposure on national television. After a number of these episodes, some of the networks decided to turn the cameras away. Instead, a reporter would say, "There's someone running out onto the field, but we won't show him to you because if we do, it will encourage other clowns to do the same thing." Now, when you hear the crowd cheering as the clowns are being chased off the field, you really want to see what is happening. But clearly it is worth forgoing that pleasure in order to gain a greater societal good—the nondisruption of future ball games. I think media executives should exercise the same self-restraint in covering terrorism, when the societal good to be gained is reducing the incentive to political murder.

KOPPEL: There is a great need to be aware of the proper roles in our society of journalists as well as of political leaders. When our leaders don't play the roles they should be playing, then the media is put in a totally irrational position. After all, it is not the job of the media to censor itself. Vietnam was mentioned a few minutes ago. Press censorship was never imposed during the Vietnam War because President Johnson was unwilling to pay the political price of a declaration of war. If indeed our leaders believe that we are in a state of war, then let it be declared. Once war is declared, then all kinds of societal pressures, and indeed legal pressures, come to bear on the media to play a different role than the one it plays right now.

But I urge you not to be in too much of a hurry to change the role that we in the media play, because once it has been changed, even for reasons that now seem valid, it may be difficult to change it back when the reasons are no longer so valid. ■

Celebrating Democracy

This November Americans will have an opportunity to exercise their right to vote in that quadrennial celebration of national democracy known as the presidential election.

Voting is the most common form of political participation a democracy can have. And it's the most powerful instrument a people can have to insure that they keep their democracy.

In such democracies as Italy, France, Denmark and Japan, the voter turnout is commonly about 80-90 percent.

Voting statistics for Americans are almost as dramatic—but not in the same direction. The number of Americans who are eligible to vote but don't is greater than the entire population of France, or West Germany, or Britain, or Canada. Over 40 percent of the U.S. voting age population fail to vote in presidential elections. More than 50 percent fail to vote in congressional and local elections. In the 1980 presidential election, voter turnout was only 54 percent. In the 1978 congressional elections, it plunged to 36 percent.

Some people believe their single vote matters little, if at all. You never know how close an election is until after the votes are counted. In 1974, for instance, a U.S. Senate race in New Hampshire was initially decided by a margin of only two votes. The vote was so close a new election was held. In 1978 a South Dakota congressional race was decided by only 14 votes out of more than 128,000 cast.

Even some presidential elections have been close. A change of one vote per precinct in three states in 1968 would have made Hubert Humphrey president instead of Richard Nixon. If just 9,000 people in Ohio and Hawaii had changed their vote in 1976, Gerald Ford would have won instead of Jimmy Carter.

The worth of an individual vote is not diluted because a democracy is large. Every vote counts. This is true even in landslides. Individual votes have a greater impact because of their collective power. Even voters who support a losing candidate can, if their numbers are sufficient, deny a mandate to the winner. Or, if your candidate is the winner, your added vote, along with others, can help build a mandate that candidate might not otherwise have.

No matter how much you agree with all this, you won't be able to get inside the polls in November unless you register beforehand.

So register now.

Exercise your right to vote in November.

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UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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Filling in the Blanks

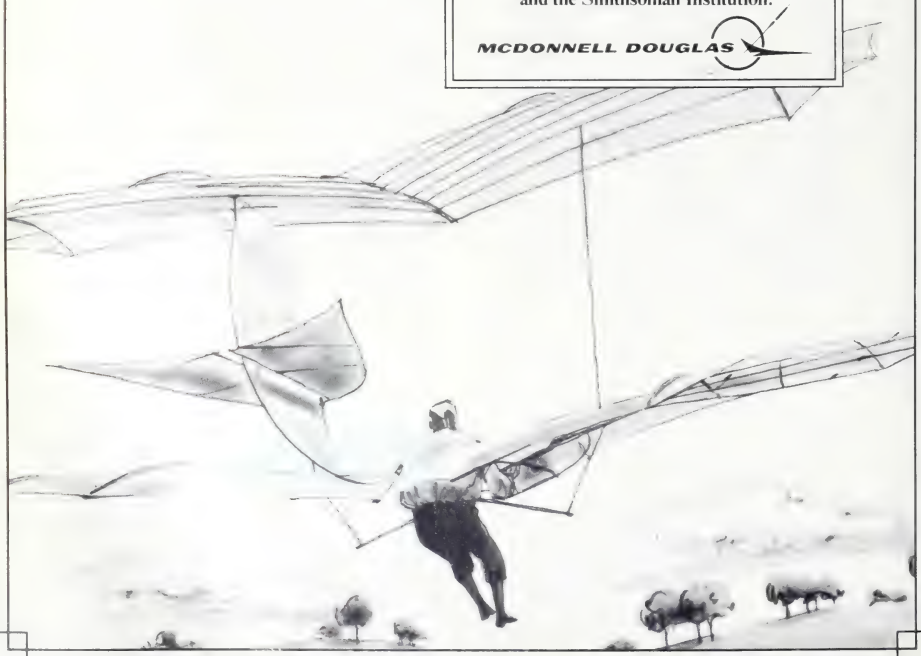
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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



THE WORSHIP OF ART

Notes on the new god

By Tom Wolfe

Let me tell you about the night the Vatican art show opened at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The scene was the Temple of Dendur, an enormous architectural mummy, complete with a Lake of the Dead, underneath a glass bell at the rear of the museum. On the stone apron in front of the temple, by the lake, the museum put on a formal dinner for 360 souls, including the wife of the President of the United States, the usual philanthropic dowagers and corporate art patrons, a few catered names, such as Prince Albert of Monaco and Henry Kissinger, and many well-known members of the New York art world. But since this was, after all, an exhibition of the Vatican art collection, it was necessary to include some Roman Catholics. Cardinal Cooke, Vatican emissaries, prominent New York Catholic laymen, Knights of Malta—there they were, devout Christians at a New York art world event. The culturati and the Christians were arranged at the tables like Arapaho beads: one culturatus, one Christian, one culturatus, one Christian, one culturatus, one Christian, one culturatus, one Christian.

Gamely, the guests tried all the conventional New York conversation openers—real estate prices, friends who have been mugged recently, well-known people whose children have been arrested on drug charges, Brits, live-in help, the dishonesty of helipad contractors, everything short of the desperately trite subjects used in the rest of the country, namely the weather and front-wheel drive. Nothing worked. There were dreadful lulls during which there was no sound at all in that antique churchyard except for the pings of hotel silver on earthenware plates echoing off the tombstone facade of the temple.

Shortly before dessert, I happened to be out in the museum's main lobby when two Manhattan art dealers appeared in their tuxedos, shaking their heads.

One said to the other: "Who *are* these *unbelievable people?*"

But of course! It seemed not only *outré* to have these... these... these... these *religious types* at an art event, it seemed sacrilegious. The culturati were being forced to rub shoulders with heathens. That was the way it hit them. For today art—not religion—is the religion of the educated classes. Today educated people look upon traditional religious ties—Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Jewish—as matters of social pedigree. It is only art that they look upon religiously.

When I say that art is the religion of the educated classes, I am careful not to use the word in the merely metaphorical way people do when they say someone is religious about sticking to a diet or training for a sport. I am

Tom Wolfe is the author of The Painted Word *and* From Bauhaus to Our House, *both of which appeared originally in* Harper's. *This essay is adapted from the 1983 T.S. Eliot Lectures, four lectures on "The Social Psychology of the Arts" that Wolfe delivered last October at the University of Kent in England.*

When Mrs. E. Parmalee Prentice died, she did not leave her holdings to the church. She left them to the Museum of Modern Art



Richard Serra's Tilted Arc, *above, and Isamu Noguchi's* Landscape of Time.

not using "religion" as a synonym for "enthusiasm." I am referring specifically to what Max Weber identified as the objective functions of a religion: the abnegation or rejection of the world and the legitimation of wealth.

Everyone is familiar with the rejection of the world in the ordinary religious sense. When I worked for the *Washington Post*, I was sent into the hills of West Virginia to do a story about a snake-handling cult—or I should say religion, since a cult is nothing more than a religion whose political influence is nil. The snake-handling religion is based on a passage in Mark in which Jesus, in the Upper Room, tells his disciples that those who believe in him will be able to "handle snakes" and "come to no harm." At the services, sure enough, there is a box or basket full of snakes, poisonous snakes, right before your eyes, and their heads poke out from under the lid and you can see their forked tongues. Snake-handling thrives only in mountain areas where the farmlands are poor and the people scrape by. The message of the preachers usually runs as follows: "Oh, I know that down there in the valley they're driving their shiny cars, yes, and smoking their big cigars, unh hunh, and playing with their fancy women, unh hunh, oh yes. But you wait until the Last Days, when it comes time to kiss the snake. *You* will ascend to the right hand of God and live in His Glory, and they will perish." There you have the religious rejection of the world.

Today there are a few new religions that appeal to educated people—Scientology, Arica, Synanon, and some neo-Hindu, neo-Buddhist, and neo-Christian groups—but their success has been limited. The far more common way to reject the world, in our time, is through art. I'm sure you're familiar with it. You're on the subway during the morning rush hour, in one of those cars that is nothing but a can of meat on wheels, jammed in shank to flank and haunch to paunch and elbow to rib with people who talk to themselves and shout obscenities into the void and click their teeth and roll back their upper lips to reveal their purple gums, and there is nothing you can do about it. You can't budge. Coffee, adrenaline, and rogue hate are squirting through every duct and every vein, and just when you're beginning to wonder how any mortal can possibly stand it, you look around and you see a young woman seated serenely in what seems to be a perfect pink cocoon of peace, untouched, unthreatened, by the growling mob around her. Her eyes are lowered. In her lap, invariably, is a book. If you look closely, you will see that this book is by Rimbaud, or Rilke, or Baudelaire, or Kafka, or Gabriel García Márquez, author of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. And as soon as you see this vision, you understand the conviction that creates the inviolable aura around her: "I may be forced into this rat race, this squalid human stew, but I do not have to be *of* it. I inhabit a universe that is finer. I can reject all this." You can envision her apartment immediately. There is a mattress on top of a flush door supported by bricks. There's a window curtained in monk's cloth. There's a hand-thrown pot with a few blue cornflowers in it. There are some Paul Klee and Modigliani prints on the wall and a poster from the Acquavella Galleries' Matisse show. "I don't need your Louis Bourbon bergères and your fabric-covered walls. I reject your whole Parish-Hadley world—through art."

And what about the legitimation of wealth? It wasn't so long ago that Americans of great wealth routinely gave 10 percent of their income to the church. The practice of tithing was a certification of worthiness on earth and an option on heaven. Today the custom is to give the money to the arts. When Mrs. E. Parmalee Prentice, daughter of John D. Rockefeller Sr. and owner of two adjoining mansions on East Fifty-third Street, just off Fifth Avenue, died in 1962, she did not leave these holdings, worth about $5 million, to her church. She left them to the Museum of Modern Art for the building of a new wing. Nobody's eyebrows arched. By 1962, it would have been more remarkable if a bequest of that size had gone to a religion of the old-fashioned sort.

Today it has reached the point where there is a clear-cut hierarchy of museum bequests. Best of all is to found a new museum with your name on it, such as the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, named for Joseph H. Hirshhorn, whose collection of modern art is the core of the museum's holdings. Next best is endowing a new wing, such as the new wing at the Museum of Modern Art. Next best, a big gallery on the first floor with sunlight; next best, other galleries on the first floor. Then you go up to the second floor, with the sunny corner rooms in front the first pick, and the rooms in the rear next best; then upward to the third floor, and the fourth, until there are no more upper floors and you are forced to descend into the cellar. Today it is not unusual to be walking along a basement corridor of a museum and come upon what looks like the door to a utility room with a plaque on it reading: "The E. Runcey Atherwart Belgian Porcelain Cossack Collection."

When the new Metropolitan Opera House was built, there were so many people eager to pour money into it that soon every seat in the orchestra had its own little plaque on the back reading "Sheldon A. Leonard and Family," or whatever. That was nothing more than the twentieth-century version of a traditional religious practice of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when every pew in the front half of the main floor of the church had its own little plaque on the back with the name of the family that had endowed it—and sat in it on Sunday. At the Opera House, when they ran out of seats in the orchestra, they went into the lobbies. People endowed columns. And when I say columns, I'm not talking about columns with stepped pediments or fluted shafts or Corinthian capitals with acanthus leaves. I'm talking about I-beams, I-beams supporting the upper floors. When they ran out of columns, they moved on to radiator covers and water fountains.

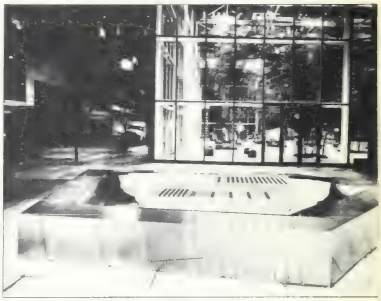
There was a time when well-to-do, educated people in America adorned their parlors with crosses, crucifixes, or Stars of David. These were marks not only of faith but of cultivation. Think of the great homes, built before 1940, with chapels. This was a fashionable as well as devout use of space. Today those chapels are used as picture galleries, libraries, copper kitchens, saunas, or high-tech centers. It is perfectly acceptable to use them for the VCR and the Advent. But it would be in bad taste to use them for prayer. Practically no one who cares about appearing cultivated today would display a cross or Star of David in the living room. It would be . . . *in bad taste.* Today the conventional symbol of devoutness is—but of course!—the Holy Rectangle: the painting. The painting is the religious object we see today in the parlors of the educated classes.

Today the conventional symbol of devoutness is—but of course!—the Holy Rectangle: the painting

There was a time, not so long ago, when American businesses gave large amounts of money to churches. In the Midwest and much of the South, areas dominated by so-called Dissenting Protestants, if any man wished to attain the eminence of assistant feed-store manager or better, he joined the Presbyterian or the United Brethren or the Lutheran or the Dutch Reformed church in his community. It was a sign of good faith in every sense of the term. It was absolutely necessary. Businesses literally prayed in public.

Today, what American corporation would support a religion? Most would look upon any such thing as sheer madness. So what does a corporation do when the time comes to pray in public? It supports the arts. I don't need to recite figures. Just think of the money raised since the 1950s for the gigantic cultural complexes—Lincoln Center, Kennedy Center, the Chandler Pavillion, the Woodruff Arts Center—that have become *de rigueur* for the modern American metropolis. What are they? Why, they are St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, Washington National, Holy Cross: the American cathedrals of the late twentieth century.

We are talking here about the legitimation of wealth. The worse odor a corporation is in, the more likely it is to support the arts, and the more



Michael Heizer's Levitated Mass.

For a company to buy works of art simply because they appeal to its executives and employees is an absolute waste of money

likely it is to make sure everybody knows it. The energy crisis, to use an antique term from the 1970s, was the greatest bonanza in the Public Broadcasting Service's history. The more loudly they were assailed as exploiters and profiteers, the more earnestly the oil companies poured money into PBS's cultural programming. Every broadcast seemed to end with a discreet notice on the screen saying: "This program was made possible by a grant from Exxon," or perhaps Mobil, or ARCO. The passing of the energy crisis has been bad news for PBS. That resourceful institution would do well to mount an attack on real estate ventures, money-market funds, low-calorie beer, flea collars, antihistamines, videodisc racks, pornographic magazines, or some other prosperous enterprises. One of the pornography *jefes*, Hugh Hefner, has given his Chicago headquarters, known as the Playboy Mansion, worth an estimated $3 million, to the Chicago Art Institute. It is safe to predict that other pornographers will seek—and with some success—to legitimize their wealth by making devout offerings upon the altar of Art. To give the same offerings to a church would make them look like penitent sinners.

As you can imagine, this state of affairs has greatly magnified the influence of the art world. In size, that world has never been anything more than a village. In the United States, fashions in art are determined by no more than 3,000 people, at least 2,950 of whom live in Manhattan. I can't think of a single influential critic today. "The gallery-going public" has never had any influence at all—so we are left with certain dealers, curators, and artists. No longer do they have the servant-like role of catering to or glorifying the client. Their role today is to save him. They have become a form of clergy—or clerisy, to use an old word for secular souls who take on clerical duties.





Above, J.A.C. Mercié's Robert E. Lee monument in Richmond, Virginia, shortly after its unveiling in 1890. Below, the statue of James Buchanan Duke, at Duke University.

In this age of the art clerisy, the client is in no position to say what will save him. He is in no position to do anything at all except come forward with the money if he wants salvation and legitimation.

Today large corporations routinely hire curators from the art village to buy art in their behalf. It is not a mere play on words to call these people curates, comparable to the Catholic priests who at one time were attached to wealthy European families to conduct daily masses on their estates. The corporations set limits on the curators' budgets and reserve the right to veto their choices. But they seldom do, since the entire purpose of a corporate art program is legitimation of wealth through a spiritually correct investment in art. The personal tastes of the executives, employees, clients, or customers could scarcely matter less. The corporate curators are chiefly museum functionaries, professors of art, art critics, and dealers, people who have devoted themselves not so much to the history of art as to the theories and fashions that determine prestige within the art world—that village of 3,000 souls—today, in the here and now.

Thus Chase Manhattan Bank hired a curator who was a founding trustee of the scrupulously devout and correct New Museum in New York. IBM hired a curator from the Whitney Museum to direct the art program at its new headquarters in New York. Philip Morris, perhaps the nation's leading corporate patron of the arts, did IBM one better. In its new headquarters in New York, Philip Morris has built a four-story art gallery and turned it over directly to the Whitney. Whatever the Whitney says goes.

For a company to buy works of art simply because they appeal to its executives and its employees is an absolute waste of money, so far as legitimation is concerned. The Ciba-Geigy agricultural chemical company started out collecting works of many styles and artists, then apparently realized the firm was getting no benefit from the collection whatsoever, other than aesthetic pleasure. At this point Ciba-Geigy hired an artist and a Swiss art historian, who began buying only Abstract Expressionist works by artists such as Philip Guston and Adolph Gottlieb. These works were no doubt totally meaningless to the executives, the employees, and the farmers of

the world who use agricultural chemicals, and were, therefore, a striking improvement.

If employees go so far as to protest a particular fashionable style, a corporation will usually switch to another one. Corporations are not eager to annoy their workers. But at the same time, to spend money on the sort of realistic or symbolic work employees might actually enjoy would be pointless. The point is to be acclaimed for "support of the arts," a phrase which applies only to the purchase of works certified by the curates of the art village. This was quite openly the aim of the Bank of America when it hired a curator in 1979 and began buying works of art at the rate of 1,000 a year. The bank felt that its corporate image was suffering because it was not among those firms receiving "credit for art support."

The credit must come from the art clerisy. It is for this reason that IBM, for example, has displayed Michael Heizer's *Levitated Mass* at its outdoor plaza at Madison Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street. The piece is a 25-foot-by-16-foot metal tank containing water and a slab of granite. It is meaningless in terms of IBM, its executives, its employees, its customers, and the thousands of people who walk past the plaza every day. Far from being a shortcoming, that is part of *Levitated Mass*'s exemplary success as a spiritual object.

It is precisely in this area—public sculpture—that the religion of art currently makes its richest contribution to the human comedy

It is precisely in this area—public sculpture—that the religion of art currently makes its richest contribution to the human comedy. A hundred years ago there was no confusion about the purpose of public sculpture. It glorified the ideals or triumphs of an entire community by the presentation of familiar figures or symbols, or, alternatively, it glorified the person or group who paid for it. The city where I grew up, Richmond, Virginia, was the capital of the Confederacy during the Civil War. After the war, Robert E. Lee ascended to the status of a saint in the South, and above all in Richmond. In 1888, a six-story-high statue of Lee on his horse was commissioned. In 1890, when it arrived by boat up the James River, the entire city turned out and went down to the harbor. The men of Richmond took off their seersucker jackets and rolled up their sleeves and, by sheer manpower, hauled the prodigious figures of Lee and his horse Traveller up a two-mile slope to the crest of Monument Avenue, where it now rests. Then they stepped back and cheered and wept. Such was the nature of public sculpture a century ago.

Other public sculpture, as I say, was created simply for the glory of whoever paid for the building it stood in front of. My favorite example is the statue of James Buchanan Duke of the American Tobacco Company that stands in the main quadrangle of the Duke University campus. He's leaning debonairly on his walking stick and has a great round belly and a jolly look on his face and a cigar in his left hand. The statue just comes right out and says: "He made a lot of money in tobacco, he gave you this place, he loved smoking, and here he is!"

That, too, was the nature of public sculpture up until World War II. Shortly before the war, the Rockefeller family erected a monument to itself known as Rockefeller Center, a great building complex featuring two major pieces of sculpture (and many smaller sculptures and bas-reliefs). One, at the skating rink, is a gilt statue of Prometheus, rampant, by Paul Manship. The other, on Fifth Avenue, is Lee Lawrie's highly stylized rendition of Atlas supporting the globe. The use of mythological imagery was typical of public sculpture at the time, and the local meaning was clear enough: the Rockefellers and American business were as strong as Atlas and Promethean in their daring.

But what did the Rockefellers commission in the way of public sculpture *after* World War II? The Rockefellers' Number One Chase Manhattan Plaza was the first glass skyscraper on Wall Street. Out front, on a bare Bauhaus-style apron, the so-called plaza, was installed a sculpture by Jean Dubuffet. It is made of concrete and appears to be four toadstools fused into



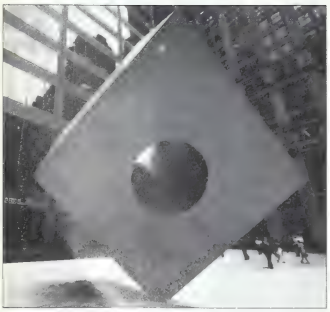
Jean Dubuffet's Group of Four Trees.

This type of abstract public sculpture is known in the architectural profession, sotto voce, as the Turd in the Plaza

a gelatinous mass with black lines running up the sides. The title is *Group of Four Trees*. Not even *Group of Four Rockefellers*. After all, there were four at the time: David, John D. III, Nelson, and Laurance. But the piece has absolutely nothing to say about the glory or even the existence of the Rockefellers, Wall Street, Chase Manhattan Bank, American business, or the building it stands in front of. Instead, it proclaims the glory of contemporary art. It fulfills the new purpose of public sculpture, which is the legitimation of wealth through the new religion of the educated classes.

Six years after Number One Chase Manhattan Plaza was built, the Marine Midland Bank building went up a block away. It is another glass skyscraper with a mean little Bauhaus-style apron out front, and on this apron was placed a red cube resting on one point by Isamu Noguchi. Through the cube (a rhombohedron, strictly speaking) runs a cylindrical hole. One day I looked through that hole, expecting at the very least that my vision would be led toward the board room, where a man wearing a hard-worsted suit, and with thinning, combed-back hair, would be standing, his forefinger raised, thundering about broker loan rates. Instead what I saw was a woman who appeared to be part of the stenographic pool probing the auditory meatus of her left ear with a Q-Tip. So what is it, this red cube by Noguchi? Why, nothing more than homage to contemporary art, the new form of praying in public. In 1940, the same sculptor, Noguchi, completed a ten-ton stainless steel bas-relief for the main entrance of Rockefeller Center's Associated Press building. It shows five heroic figures using the tools of the wire-service employee: the Teletype, the wire-photo machine, the telephone, the camera, and the pad and pencil. It is entitled *News*. Noguchi's sculpture in front of the Marine Midland building is entitled *Rhombohedron*. Even a title suggesting that it had anything to do with American banking would have been a gauche intrusion upon a piece of corporate piety.

No doubt some corporations find it convenient not to have to express what is on their minds, nor to have to make any claims about being Promethean or Atlas-like or noble or even helpful in any way. How much easier it is, surely, to make a devout gesture and install a solemn art icon by Jean Dubuffet or Isamu Noguchi or Henry Moore. Noguchi's solid geometries, lumps, and extruded squiggles, and Moore's hard boluses with holes in them, have become the very emblems of corporate devoutness.



Isamu Noguchi's [illegible] the Iron.

This type of abstract public sculpture is known within the architectural profession, sotto voce, as the Turd in the Plaza school. The term was coined by James Wines, who said, "I don't care if they want to put up these boring glass boxes, but why do they always deposit that little turd in the plaza when they leave?"

We are long since past the age when autocrats made aesthetic decisions based on what *they* wanted to see in public. Today corporations, no less than individuals, turn to the clerisy, saying, in effect, "Please give us whatever we should have to certify the devoutness of our dedication to art."

If people want to place Turds in the Plazas as a form of religious offering or prayer, and they own the plazas, there isn't much anybody else can do about it. But what happens when they use public money, tax money, to do the same thing on plazas owned by the public? At that point you're in for a glorious farce.

The fun began with a competition for the Franklin Delano Roosevelt memorial. In 1955 Congress created a commission, which called in a jury composed of art curates, headed by an orthodox Bauhaus-style architect named Pietro Belluschi. By 1955 this seemed natural enough. In fact, it was a novel step, and an indication of the emerging power of the art clerisy. In the case of the Lincoln Memorial, completed in 1922, Congress appointed a commission, and the commission solicited entries from only two men, Henry Bacon and John Russell Pope, both classicists, and chose Bacon. To make sure that the Jefferson Memorial, completed in 1947,

ould match the Lincoln Memorial, another congressional commission hose Pope. In the case of the Roosevelt memorial—a project initiated just ight years after the completion of the Jefferson Memorial—neither Congress nor the public could figure out what hit them.

As soon as the idea of building a memorial was announced, every American who had lived through the Depression or World War II could envision oosevelt's prognathous jaw and his grin with more teeth than a possum nd his cigarette holder cocked up at a forty-five-degree angle. So what did ney get? The jury selected a design by a devout modernist sculptor named Jorman Hoberman: eight rectangular white concrete slabs—some of them s high as 200 feet. That was it: homage not to Franklin Roosevelt but to—f course!—Art. The Roosevelt family and Congress were nonplussed at irst and, soon enough, furious. The press named the slabs Instant Stonenenge. Congress asked to see the designs of the other five finalists. But here was nothing to choose from. All five designs were abstract. To this lay no Roosevelt memorial has been built, even though the project remains officially alive.

This *opéra bouffe* has been repeated with stunning regularity ever since. Our own period has been especially rich, thanks in no small part to the General Services Administration's Art-in-Architecture program and the Veterans Administration's Art in Public Places program, under which the ederal government in effect gives the art clerisy millions of tax dollars for he creation of public sculpture.

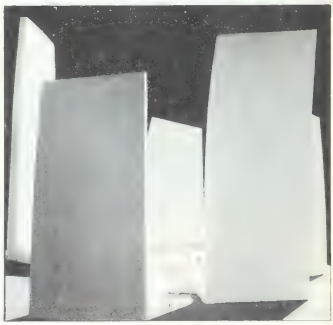
In 1976, the city of Hartford decided to reinforce its reputation as the Athens of lower central midwestern New England by having an important piece of sculpture installed downtown. It followed what is by now the usual procedure, which is to turn the choice over to a panel of "experts" in the ield—i.e., the clerisy, in this case, six curators, critics, and academicians, three of them chosen by the National Endowment for the Arts, which put up half the money. So one day in 1978 a man named Carl Andre arrived in Hartford with thirty-six rocks. Not carved stones, not even polished boluses of the Henry Moore sort—rocks. He put them on the ground in a triangle, like bowling pins. Then he presented the city council with a bill for $87,000. Nonplussed and, soon enough, furious, the citizenry hooted and jeered and called the city council members imbeciles while the council members alternately hit the sides of their heads with their hands and made imaginary snowballs. Nevertheless, they approved payment, and the rocks—entitled *Stone Field*—are still there.

One day in 1981, the Civil Service workers in the new Javits Federal Building in Manhattan went outside to the little plaza in front of the building at lunchtime to do the usual, which was to have their tuna puffs and diet Shastas, and there, running through the middle of it, was a wall of black steel twelve feet high and half a city block long. Nonplussed and, soon enough, furious, 1,300 of them drew up a petition asking the GSA to remove it, only to be informed that this was, in fact, a major work of art, entitled *Tilted Arc*, by a famous American sculptor named Richard Serra. Serra did not help things measurably by explaining that he was "redefining the space" for the poor Civil Service lifers and helping to wean them away from the false values "created by advertising and corporations." Was it his fault if "it offends people to have their preconceptions of reality changed"? This seventy-three-ton gesture of homage to contemporary art remains in place.

The public sees nothing, absolutely nothing, in these stone fields, tilted arcs, and Instant Stonehenges, because it was never meant to. The public is looking at the arcana of the new religion of the educated classes. At this point one might well ask what the clerisy itself sees in them, a question that would plunge us into doctrines as abstruse as any that engaged the medieval Scholastics. Andre's *Stone Field*, for example, was created to illustrate three devout theories concerning the nature of sculpture.

The public sees nothing, absolutely nothing, in these stone fields, tilted arcs, and Instant Stonehenges, because it was never meant to





Carl Andre's Stone Field Sculpture, *above, and "Instant Stonehenge," Norman Hoberman's memorial to FDR.*

An 'art expert' is merely someone who understands and believes in the tastes and values of the tiny art village of New York



George Sugarman's Baltimore Federal.

One, a sculpture should not be placed upon that bourgeois device, the pedestal, which seeks to elevate it above the people. (Therefore, the rocks are on the ground.) Two, a sculpture should "express its gravity." (And what expresses gravity better than rocks lying on the ground?) Three, a sculpture should not be that piece of bourgeois pretentiousness, the "picture in the air" (such as the statues of Lee and Duke); it should force the viewer to confront its "object-ness." (You want object-ness? Take a look at a plain rock! Take a look at thirty-six rocks!)

Public bafflement or opposition is taken as evidence of an object's spiritual worthiness. It means that the public's "preconceptions of reality" have been changed, to use Serra's words. When George Sugarman's sculpture for the plaza of the new federal courthouse in Baltimore was protested by both the building's employees and the judges, Sugarman said: "Isn't controversy part of what modern art is all about?" These are devout incantations of the Turbulence Theorem, which has been an article of faith within the clerisy for the past forty years. It was originally enunciated by the critic Clement Greenberg, who said that all great contemporary art "looks ugly at first." It was expanded upon by the art historian Leo Steinberg, who said that the great artists cause us "to abandon our most cherished values." In short, if a work of art troubles you, it's probably good; if you detest it, it's probably great.

In such a situation, naturally you need expert counsel: i.e., the clerisy. The notion of "the art expert" is now widely accepted. The curators of programs such as Art-in-Architecture and Art in Public Places are contemptuous of the idea that politicians, civic leaders, or any other representative of the public—much less the people themselves—should determine what sculpture is installed in public. The director of the Art-in-Architecture program, Donald Thalacker, once said: "You go to a medical expert for medical advice; you go to a legal expert for advice about the law. . . . Yet when it comes to art, it seems they want the local gas station attendant in on things." This is a lovely piece of nonsense—as anyone who sought to devise a licensing examination for an art expert or, for that matter, an artist, would soon discover. An "art expert" is merely someone who understands and believes in the tastes and values of the tiny art village of New York.

The public is nonplussed and, soon enough, becomes furious—and also uneasy. After all, if understanding such arcana is the hallmark of the educated classes today, and you find yourself absolutely baffled, what does that say about your level of cultivation? Since 1975, attendance at museums of art in the United States has risen from 42 million to 60 million people per year. Why? In 1980 the Hirshhorn Museum did a survey of people who came to the museum over a seven-month period. I find the results fascinating. Thirty-six percent said they had come to the museum to learn about contemporary art. Thirty-two percent said they had come to learn about a particular contemporary artist. Thirteen percent came on tours. Only 15 percent said they were there for what was once the conventional goal of museumgoers: to enjoy the pictures and sculptures. The conventional goal of museumgoers today is something quite different. Today they are there to learn—and to see the light. At the Hirshhorn, the people who were interviewed in the survey said such things as: "I know this is great art, and now I feel so unintelligent." And: "After coming to this museum, I now feel so much better about art and so much worse about me."

In other words: "I believe, O Lord, but I am unworthy! Reveal to me Thy mysteries!" ■

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Sandinista kids fight contras and boredom

By Francisco Goldman

The base was a neighborhood community center that had been taken over by the Sandinista Popular Army's Battalion of the Reserves 77-95—the *Bon* to its 500 members. The old community center was a solid rectangular building with a brown brick facade; inside there was a large wood-paneled meeting room and an office, and out back, around a concrete patio, there was a kitchen and a recently constructed bunk room. The neighborhood was a middle-class barrio in Managua called Colonia Centro America: brightly painted homes on tree-shaded streets; a Fiat in a driveway alongside a tethered milk goat.

Except for a few officers, the members of the *Bon* were high-school- and college-age reservists, volunteers in one unit of the multi-tiered network that makes up the big (by Central American standards) Sandinista army. Seventy-five percent of the population of Nicaragua is under the age of thirty-five; the Sandinista revolution is "a revolution of *chavales*," of children, said one *Bon* reservist. "The revolution," he said, "was fought so the *chavales* would be free to have fun," and "fun," I was frequently told, is a Sandinista ideal. Even relatively solemn state ceremonies would begin with Sandinista *comandantes*, ex-guerrilla fighters, most of them still in their thirties, sitting on a podium doing a strange patty-cake movement, clapping their hands and slapping their thighs faster and faster, ending in goofy smiles.

The *Bon* was at the base awaiting mobilization orders. "They could come any day now, any minute," one reservist said as he sat and waited in the sloping, tree-bowered dirt yard. Most *Bon* members thought they would be sent north to the forested mountains along Nicaragua's border with Honduras. The fighting there, against CIA-funded counterrevolutionaries, or contras, had been by far the heaviest. But some said they would be sent south to the jungles and swamps of the Costa Rican border region. Along both borders, the Sandinistas were fighting rebels—former soldiers of General Somoza's National Guard, which was defeated in the summer of 1979; former anti-Somoza rebels disillusioned with the Sandinistas; other disaffected Nicaraguans, including Meskito Indians; *campesinos* kidnapped and forced to fight by the contras; mercenaries fighting for the thrill and the pay.

"Who knows," said one of the *Bon* kids during my first day on the base. "By this time tomorrow we might even be fighting." Because everyone was certain that *today*, at last, was the day on which they would mobilize, my two weeks with the *Bon* had the feel of one incredibly long day. My most lasting memories of Nicaragua and the revolution of children will always be of sitting around waiting.

Each *Bon* member belonged to one of the four companies in the battalion, which were each in turn divided into five squads. Only those on guard duty and the squad leaders had to be at the base all the time—the squad leaders because the moment the mobilization orders came, they would go rushing through the barrios like so many Paul Reveres, rounding up their squad members.

But the base could get crowded, especially after school and in the early evening. Girlfriends and wives came by to share in the waiting. Sometimes teenage girls in white blouses, blue cotton skirts, and kneesocks wandered over from the nearby high school and lingered on the sidewalk in front of the base to look at the boys sitting under the trees, some with AK-47 rifles across their knees. Some of the girls would go and sit with the boys. They'd bring them the cool Nicaraguan fruit and seed-dyed drinks that come in plastic bags, and in as many colors as names: *guanábana, rodamina, remolacha.* (You just nip off a corner of the bag and drink.)

Francisco Goldman, whose short stories have appeared in Esquire, *is finishing his first novel.*

'You know, when you're up there'—at the front—'you're only allowed to love your rifle'

One extremely pretty fifteen-year-old girl led her two nervous girlfriends into the base one afternoon, asked to speak with an officer, and announced that she and her friends wanted to enlist. The officer, a tall, chubby man named Joaquín, decided to humor her. (There are battalions that accept women combatants, rural battalions especially, but with the exception of Marta, a nurse, *Bon* 77-95 was an all-male unit.) Joaquín teased the three girls about how they only wanted to go to the front to meet boys. "You know," he said, "when you're up there you're only allowed to love your rifle."

"I know that," said the girl, putting out her fist as if she were holding a torch. Her two friends sat stiffly, hands clutching schoolbooks in their laps, on either side of her. "We want to go up there and answer the contras like true Sandinistas, with our rifles doing the talking."

Joaquín told her he'd consider it, and tried not to laugh. The two friends looked relieved that they weren't going to be suited up and dragged off to war. And then the girls left, and never came back again.

How can I introduce a whole battalion? A local rock-and-roll band of some renown had enlisted in the *Bon*. There was a writer who was to do a book about the *Bon* going to the front, which made everyone believe they were destined for great things. There were teachers, law students, medical students. Nelson planned to join his father, a sound technician in Hollywood, after his tour. Marta, the nurse, was going to the front because she felt it was her Christian duty to do so, despite the fact that her mother had warned her that if she came home in a box, she wouldn't bury her. One young *macho* insisted that he was going because his girlfriend of three years had dumped him to marry another man.

Bonnie, a lanky twenty-five-year-old black, was a bank employee. He was also one of the handful of Sandinista party members who made up the core of the *Bon*'s officers, and who had been charged by the party a few months before with the job of forming a volunteer battalion of reservists. He was not one of the highest ranking officers—there were others who had more military experience than he had. Milton, for instance, the twenty-six-year-old *jefe* (chief) of the *Bon*, was a veteran of the guerrillas and had served for two years in the regular army. Bonnie was officially only an assistant company leader, but he was really the spiritual leader of the



The long wait for orders to mobilize: Four of the 500 reservists of Sandinista Battalion 77-95.

© MARY CYBULSKI/PHOTO INTERNATIONAL

Bon—its most charismatic member. He would drive up to the base on his motorcycle and the young reservists, sitting around in the heat, waiting to be mobilized, would crowd around and not let him get off his bike until he'd started the *jodiendo* (jive) that he was best at, and that always lifted everyone's spirits.

Rodolfo's official title in the *Bon* was Asistente Político. It was his duty to counsel the reservists, to keep up morale, and to remind them of what they were fighting for and against. But when the time came he would carry a gun too. Rodolfo was a thirty-three-year-old lawyer who had taken a leave from the Ministry of Agriculture to join the *Bon*. He came from a once prominent Managua family; his parents and five brothers now live in New Orleans. *Bon* members called him "Popo," a clown's name, but they meant it affectionately. Cherubic, almost plump, and usually dressed in the fastidious manner of the Latin upper classes, Rodolfo seemed out of place among the poor, darker-skinned kids who made up the majority of the *Bon*'s members. One afternoon, when Milton put the reservists to work (as he often did) digging trenches in the base's front yard, for practice and to pass the time, everyone stopped to watch Popo, to laugh and clap rhythmically and chant his name while, with his soft lawyer's hands, he flung his pickax into the dirt, stumbling with every blow, the tails of his unbuttoned European-cut shirt flapping, his belly protruding.

It was on my first day at the base that Rodolfo invited me to his modest-sized but definitely upper-class home. While his maid served us lunch, he energetically expounded on some of the projects he had been involved in at the Ministry of Agriculture. He spoke of the nearly completed sugar refinery that was being built with the help of Swiss and Italian engineers. It *would not*, he was eager to point out, compete with the privately owned sugar refinery, which produces mainly for export; the new state refinery would turn out only sorely needed products for local consumption—sugar and ketchup and tomato sauce. Not only that, the refinery would be attached to a new hydroelectric plant, and while Rodolfo went on excitedly about the whole marvelous shebang, sounding, I thought, a bit like José Buendia with his plan to manufacture ice in the jungles of Macondo, I couldn't help but wonder at how incongruous the giddy, optimistic tone of his conversation seemed in light of the fact that he was waiting to go to war.

There were pink plastic bunny rabbits strung over the crib in the baby's bedroom. Family photographs, wedding pictures, and artwork—revolutionary paintings by Latin artists, mostly—covered the walls of the living room. The bed he shared with his wife was evocatively unmade—*hechar polvito*, "sprinkle dust," was how he referred to the act of love. He showed off his stereo system with eager, proprietary pride. "I guess I still have a lot of bourgeois habits," he said.

Aldo, a twenty-three-year-old company leader, gestured matter-of-factly at the softly chatting reservists in the yard one night. "A few of these people will probably run away and take a bus home the first time we come under fire," he said.

In 1979 Aldo had been among the 400 war-weary guerrilla *muchachos* who became the first soldiers in the new Sandinista Popular Army. "We used to have meetings to try to decide what kind of an army to be," he recalled. "Some *compañeros* wanted to dress the way they had in the guerrillas; they wanted to keep their long hair, their berets, and their beards. Some thought we shouldn't have officers, and that every decision should be made collectively.

"It was complete chaos," he continued, not without nostalgia. "We were still, well, nervous from the war, you know? A plane would fly over and the *compas* would be jumping out the windows, hiding under the tables, throwing themselves flat on the floor."

Since then the Sandinista Popular Army has grown to the point where there are now said to be 100,000 Nicaraguans mobilized in one way or another. Exact figures are hard to come by, but about 15,000 of the soldiers are *permanentes*, full-time army regulars. About 50,000 are volunteer part-timers: reservists in mobilized battalions and members of the territorial militias who defend the areas around their towns or farms.

The rest are men and women between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two who have enlisted, or men who have been drafted for two years' active duty under the new law of Servicio Militar Patriótico. The call-ups are periodic. The cities and larger towns have been divided into zones, and each zone is expected to provide a certain number of youths for each call-up. If there are not enough volunteers, the balance is made up with draftees. The SMP is a tough law. If you are called and refuse to serve, you might find yourself cleaning latrines at a military base for a year. At the end of that year, you can either join the army or go to jail.

Not everybody—not even young people who consider themselves Sandinistas—is thrilled about the prospect of spending two years in the army. There has been opposition to the draft, and the Western press has reported correctly that 20 percent of those called up for service choose not to muster but to run. But in Central

'We used to have meetings to try to decide what kind of an army to be. Some wanted to dress the way they had in the guerrillas'

'People are afraid that tomorrow there will be an invasion, and who knows if they will die? So we live the day'

America, where armies get raised in peasant villages at gunpoint, where youths are herded into trucks and driven away by soldiers, the fact that 80 percent of those drafted actually report for duty is probably more newsworthy. The SMP is a law that, for now, seems to be working.

A revolution, an ongoing war, is not easy on a city. Nicaragua is essentially an agricultural country, and support for the revolution is deeper in the countryside. In Managua there is the grim economic uncertainty, the shortages, the black marketeering, and the places—expensive restaurants, houses behind high whitewashed walls—that seem impervious to the revolution.

Sometimes I saw well-dressed young people walk by the base on their way to the outdoor cafe that was the center of the neighborhood's teen social life. They averted their eyes as they passed, refusing to display even the mildest curiosity.

A seventeen-year-old girl I spoke to at the cafe one afternoon insisted at first on practicing her English. "Everybody lives the day," she said, meaning something like: Everybody is living through this one day at a time. "It is very hard now, you know," she continued. "Hard sometimes even to find toilet paper in the stores." She said this in a tone of polite regret, as if she were embarrassed to admit to such material concerns. "People are afraid that tomorrow there will be an invasion, and who knows if they will die? So we live the day. Everybody goes to the beaches and the discos."

When I asked her how she felt about the revolution, she smiled apologetically and made a pretty so-so gesture with her hand. It wasn't so much that she was against it; it was more that she wasn't *interested* in it. "Me? In the militias? Put a gun in my hand and I will faint." What she really wanted to do was study abroad.

She told me about a girl she knew who owned 300 romance novels. The girl was so unhappy because of the revolution that every day, after school, she went right home, watched television, and read her novels—in the last three years she'd been through her collection twice.

I told her that my teenage cousins in Guatemala City often complained of having nothing to do after school too.

"But your cousins," she said, "don't have people calling them *burgesas*, or, if you say



Faces of the children's revolution: Roger, left, and The Chino—fifteen-year-old soldiers.

omething bad about the revolution, even ontra."

"What people?" I asked her.

"At school, you know." She shrugged. "But ıot everybody is like that. I have friends who ıre Sandinistas and some who are not."

Another afternoon two reservists, The Chi-ıo—called that for his almost Oriental fea-ures—and his pie-faced friend Roger, took me o the shopping mall that is Managua's main ıutpost of *yanqui* culture: a McDonald's, twin :inemas, a bowling alley, three thunderous dis-:os, an awful pizza parlor. Roger and The Chino ıre both fifteen. They call the mall Ciudad Plastica, "Plastic City." And they and their riends call the rich kids who were jammed into he McDonald's that afternoon, all of them wearing designer jeans and Izod shirts and run-ning shoes (or patent-leather loafers)—Roger and The Chino call these kids *chicos plasticos*, because, as a reservist named Jorge Jesus once told me, "They look like they'll break if you touch them, get it? They hear you talk about the Sandinistas and they look like they've been kicked in the ass."

The *chicos plasticos* made Roger and The Chino chicken out: they didn't want to go into McDonald's dressed in their ragged militia uniforms. Roger gave a short speech about how proud he was of his uniform; his burst of eloquence seemed a revelation to him. But he and The Chino still wouldn't go into McDonald's. It wasn't that they would have been beaten up. It was worse than that—they would have been teased. They would have been called *vagos*, or vagabonds, which is what teenage *plasticos* call teenage kids who join the *Bon*.

Late at night, if just the squad leaders and the guards were around, the base could get melancholy. One night I found a kid, sixteen or so, sitting out front sobbing, wiping tears from his eyes with his palms and rubbing them against his jeans. He had to stay overnight at the base because his father had told him that he would lock him in the house if he caught hold of him. "My parents don't want me to go," he whispered. "But you have to comply. I'm *tranquilo* about it." He wasn't. "I don't want people to have to live like they did before. My parents won't even answer me when I tell them that."

The vigil, the waiting, was trying everyone's patience. One night, a kid on guard duty in the field out back lost his nerve (or his patience) and shot someone's pet monkey out of a tree. Milton set everyone to work digging trenches.

Sometimes a group of reservists would sneak into the drive-in movie theater at the edge of the Colonia barrio to watch the kung fu and Joey Travolta double feature that was showing there. And sometimes, late at night, the base was like a library or study hall. Reservists sat on the floor reading or writing in their notebooks. The most popular book in the *Bon*, by far, was Omar Cabezas's chronicle of his first five years as a Sandinista guerrilla, *The Mountain Is Something More Than an Immense Green Steppe*. Kids in the *Bon* would say, "This book reads just the way we talk." And it does—there are several *hijo de putas* and *jodidos* on the very first page. The book is Huck Finn joins the guerrillas, a morality tale: the mountains as school, the genesis of "New Men," the political ideals of the revolution. In the opening chapter Cabezas and his girlfriend conspire to steal rubbers from a local pharmacy; later, in the book's romantic tear-jerker, Cabezas returns to his city for the first time in a year and his girlfriend tells him to choose between going back to the mountains and her. The book is full of explications of the Sandinista guerrilla code of ethics: "The guerrilla must be brave, he must honor women, he must, above all, be humble . . ." The harder you get on the outside, instructs Cabezas, the more tender you become on the inside. He tells of one guerrilla *compañero* who carried a wild canary in his hand during a six-day hike just to have something to hold tenderly.

Guerrilla life was pretty much what lay ahead for *Bon* 77-95. Battalions at the front are usually given zones that they must defend; battalion members peel off into companies and squads that may rove on patrols that last for months. They live on what rations they can carry, and then on whatever they can forage. In this inverted war, the army often finds itself defending its country by relying on the tactics of guerrillas.

"The mountains are hard, they demand a lot of sacrifice," said Renaldo, the *Bon*'s chief *político*. Renaldo is a thirty-three-year-old teacher with a master's degree in education who had left Somoza's Nicaragua of few schools to find work in Venezuela. He was trying to define for me that night some of the duties of a *político*. "We try to lessen that hardship as much as possible. And we try to instill values, military values, values that are the opposite of those of Somoza's National Guard, whose values represented everything that we are fighting against. The reservists are young, and sometimes they forget that these people are coming in across the borders to kill them."

"The contras," said Marta, the nurse, "all wear these little ears of corn on their shoulders. It's their symbol."

"Symbol of what?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said.

"Well, when we catch one we'll have to ask him," Bonnie said happily.

'The reservists sometimes forget that these people are coming in across the borders to kill them'

...and know who we have the most trouble with? The communists. They want this to be a Leninist revolution'

Aldo would be making his third trip to the front with a reserve battalion. He once worked in Managua in the ministry of foreign trade and was recently employed by a private company as a construction site supervisor. All seven of his brothers and sisters, he said, are Sandinistas, and two of his brothers fought with him in the guerrillas; one now lives in New York and is married to a Chilean woman who works for an organization that helps Central American exiles. Aldo said his brother had told him that Nicaragua was portrayed in the U.S. press as a place synonymous with war and violence. Aldo complained about the capitalist press, about its unwillingness to accept Nicaragua's contradictions and the revolution's widespread support. He argued that to do so would go against the press's own interests.

"What I just told you," Aldo concluded, "that's Marxist."

"Are you a Marxist?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I'm a Sandinista." And he grinned, almost coyly. "We don't make a church of Marxism here. Sandinism is nationalist. We're not Leninist at all, like the Soviet Union."

"And Cuba?" I asked.

"The Cubans are more radical than we are. They don't accept the contradictions we do. I work in the private sector. My company is owned by four people, and they're all Sandinistas. And you know who we have the most trouble with? The communists. They infiltrate unions and make trouble. They want this to be a Leninist revolution."

One night Aldo and I left the base to visit a friend of his, also a veteran of the guerrillas. They talked late into the night, mostly about the war, and in particular about the pressures of being a leader in the field. Aldo spoke of how one kid's moment of hesitation in battle had cost him his life as well as the lives of several others. As he described moving forward to take up another guerrilla's position, Aldo rose in a crouch from his chair. He rocked back and forth, one long arm out for balance, the other holding and firing an imaginary rifle. It was weird how graceful Aldo became in that instant, as if he'd leaped out of his usually slouching, gangly body and become his truest self. Twenty-three years old, and he'd been in and out of war for six years.

By the time we left his friend's place the buses had stopped running, so Aldo took the spare bed in my hotel room for the night. We stayed up talking, and I asked him when he'd had to kill for the first time. I didn't ask him why, or how it had felt, just *when*, but the question bothered him; he sat up in bed and looked at me, almost stunned. *When*, I guess, asks *wh* when you are talking about killing, and I migh have been asking him to justify his whole life the revolution, everything. He waved his arm in a single antic gesture, as if he were throwin a mosquito netting aside, and stared at the wall Then he said: "You have to be clear, you hav to be completely clear in your head. During th revolution there was one kid in my group— after a battle he'd sit under a tree, holding a cru cifix, going, you know, 'It's wrong, it's wrong And I'd tell him that if he thought it wa wrong, then it *was* wrong. I told him he should leave the guerrillas. But he wouldn't go. And in battle he'd forget about everything, he was one of the best . . ." He made a helpless gesture with his hands.

The fighting in that final year of the insurrection had been constant, fierce, and unspeakably bloody. Aldo might have been "clear," but the fighting wore him out. He told me that once he saw a plane in the sky and didn't connect it to the fact that it really was a plane—that he and the guerrillas with him had to hide. They reached a safehouse, R & R in a basement, and then Aldo slept for twenty-six hours straight. He screamed all through it—the others came running when he started, thinking his girlfriend was murdering him in bed. He somehow screamed and dreamed away the death and the exhaustion, he said, although he couldn't remember any of it; when he woke up he didn't even know what day it was. Whatever he had dreamed, it saved him, because he was himself again after that. But he remained haunted by the lost day, as if he believed that if he could remember what he'd dreamed he'd have so much more to say. Right after the triumph in 1979 he collapsed again. He told me that a lot of the people who'd fought had similar problems, and many were sent to Western and Eastern European cities to study for a year, to cool out, to live far from visible reminders of the war. Aldo visited a psychiatrist twice a week for a year.

We were both asleep in my hotel when the knocking at the door sent Aldo leaping out of bed, cursing. He seemed to know immediately what was up. It was the hotel owner, and he said I had a phone call. Renaldo, at the base, told me the mobilization had begun, and asked if I knew where Aldo was.

"*Jodido*," Aldo shouted. "They picked a screwed hour for this." We ran all the way to the Hotel Intercontinental and grabbed a cab. And on the drive over he laughed out loud at the image of squad leaders, at three in the morning, hunting down *Bon* members and dragging them from the vigil they were keeping in their girlfriends' beds. ■

HOW TO WEAR A SEAT BELT

YOU CAN BE BOTH SECURE AND COMFORTABLE IN YOUR CAR.

It's been proved over and over that seat belts at least double your chances of escaping death or serious injury in a severe accident.

But the freedom of movement allowed by the newer front seat belts has bothered some people. How can the seat belt hold you securely if it appears to have almost no tension?

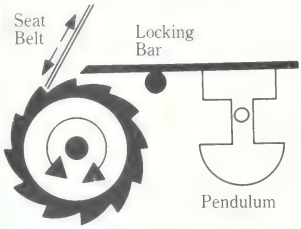
The fact is, the shoulder belt is designed to restrict your movement only in an emergency. In normal situations, you can lean forward or to the side with little pressure from the shoulder belt.

In an emergency, the belts lock up to hold you in place. The inertial reel makes this possible. That's a mechanism as simple and reliable as gravity (as you can see in the accompanying diagram). Inertial reels have been used since the 1974 model year for the shoulder belt in many GM cars. They allow you complete freedom of movement in normal driving. You can turn easily to check traffic or reach to the glove compartment.

Adjusting your shoulder and lap belt. Even the slight tension you feel from the inertial reel is adjustable so there is almost no pressure. Pull the shoulder belt far enough away from you so that, when you let it go, it comes back flat against your chest. Then pull down slightly on the shoulder portion, about one inch, and let it go again.

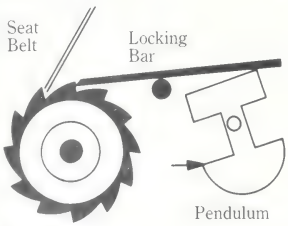
Safety experts suggest allowing no more slack on the shoulder belt than absolutely necessary for comfort. Lap belts should be adjusted snugly as low on your hipbones as possible—not higher where they might damage internal organs in a crash.

How the inertial reel works. *Your shoulder belt is designed to allow freedom under normal conditions, but to lock automatically and restrain you in a collision.*



Ratchet Mechanism

Under normal conditions, *the pendulum and locking bar are in their rest positions. The reel which holds the seat belt is free to rotate. As you lean against it, the belt unreels.*



Ratchet Mechanism

In emergencies, *such as a collision from any direction, the pendulum tilts, forcing the locking bar to engage the ratchet. The reel locks and the seat belt restrains you.*

In a collision, lap/shoulder belts, worn properly, distribute the force across the large, strong bones of your hips and torso. Perhaps most important, belts help keep you from being thrown out of the vehicle in an accident.

What if you are pregnant? The American Association for Automotive Medicine says the dangers of being unbelted in a collision during pregnancy are far greater than the slight chance of injury caused by wearing the belts.

Other advantages of belts. By holding you in a proper driving position, the lap belt provides a feeling of control, keeping you in place on rough or curved roads or in an emergency maneuver. Some people even find that the added support makes driving easier on their backs.

Next time you drive, please take a moment to buckle up. Remember, the seat belt is an effective system to help protect you, and it's already part of your car. Why not think of it as your "Life Belt" and use it.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

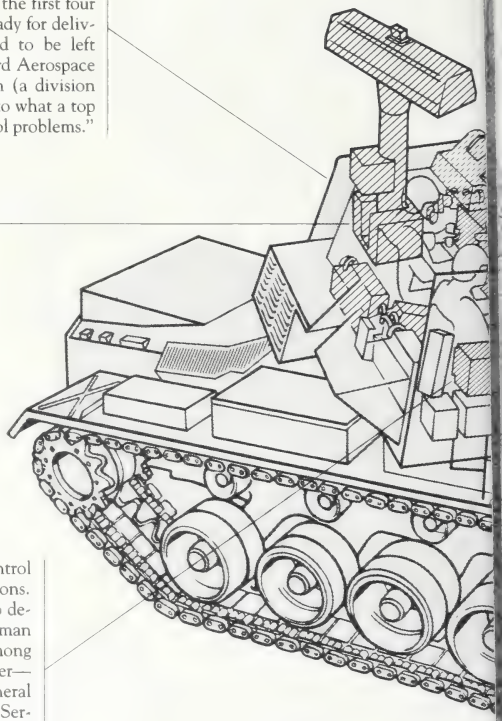
Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
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THE GUN THAT COUL

A new low for high-

The M-247 Division Air Defense Gun System (DIVAD) is a $6.8 million mobile cannon designed to protect U.S. tanks against enemy aircraft and helicopter gunships. The Army first invited contract proposals for an "ultra" (high-tech) antiaircraft cannon in 1977; the first four (of 146 on order) DIVADs were ready for delivery last January—but all four had to be left with the prime contractor, the Ford Aerospace and Communications Corporation (a division of the Ford Motor Company) due to what a top Army official called "quality control problems."

DIVAD's quality problems began when the Army told potential contractors that they were free to outfit the new system with off-the-shelf equipment built originally for other weapons. Ford was one of five companies to submit a proposal, and to guide the DIVAD gun, it selected (and only slightly modified) an advanced radar-tracking system built by Westinghouse for the F-16 fighter jet. The radar system works reasonably well on the F-16, but it has performed erratically at best on DIVAD, where it must distinguish low-flying aircraft from the background "clutter" of trees and buildings. In a recent performance test, the "aircraft" DIVAD was tracking turned out to be a whirling latrine fan.

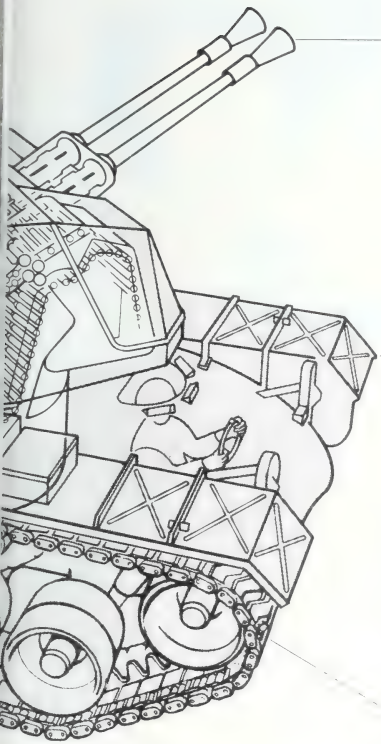


DIVAD relies on a computerized fire-control system to aim and fire its twin 40-mm cannons. There are military experts who continue to defend the quickness and accuracy of the human eye, but DIVAD's defenders are not among them. "You need something"—a computer—"that will get iron on the target faster," General James P. Maloney told the Senate Armed Services Committee last year. Mahoney failed to mention that in tests, the computer tended to shut down when the temperature dropped below twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit. It often gets that cold in Central Europe, where DIVAD is slated to be deployed.

Michael T. Klare, who writes frequently on defense topics, is a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies. His new book, American Arms Supermarket, *will be published in December.*

)T SHOOT STRAIGHT

)nry, by Michael T. Klare



DIVAD's cannons are supplied by AB Bofors of Sweden. In a 1980 test, before Ford had secured the contract, a Ford prototype was matched against a design produced by General Dynamics and equipped with a 35-mm Oerlikon gun. The test was billed as a "shoot-off"; the G.D./Oerlikon system—which uses lighter ammunition and thus achieves higher rates of fire and greater shell velocity—reportedly hit nineteen moving targets, the Ford/Bofors nine. However, the Army worked up a novel interpretation of the test results. Its Ballistics Research Laboratory, after conducting a "computer interpretation," concluded that the Ford/Bofor's "proximity-fused" 40-mm rounds could destroy enemy planes even when detonated up to forty-five feet from their targets. Thus "misses" became "hits," and in May 1980, Ford won the contract.

DIVAD's high-tech turret is mounted on a Korean War-era M-48A5 tank chassis; the Army, concerned with saving money and speeding up production, supplied the surplus chassis to Ford at no cost. But the M-48's 750-horsepower engine was made to power a fifty-ton tank, not a sixty-ton gun system. The M-1 tank, which DIVAD was designed to protect, weighs sixty tons and has a 1,500-hp engine. DIVAD "can't keep up" with the M-1, says Paul Hoven, an analyst with the Washington-based Project on Military Procurement. "The M-1s will drive out from under their cover."

DIVAD rolls along on its underpowered, off-the-shelf chassis; the project has gotten this far down the road ($2.1 billion has been spent to date) thanks to techno-dazzled Army officials who have suppressed discouraging test results—results that senior Pentagon analyst James C. Finsterle says should have left DIVAD "well below the 'Buy/Don't Buy' line." There are signs that the Army is no longer so blinded by DIVAD's "ultra" luster. In a February 1984 letter to Ford officials, Susan Meyer, an Army contracting officer, wrote that deliveries were "significantly behind schedule" and advised Ford to take "extraordinary actions" to remedy "this totally unacceptable contract performance." There is now talk that Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger may take extraordinary action of his own—and cancel DIVAD.

The Metropolitan Opera's "La Forza del Destino." October 31st, at 8 P.M. (EST) on PBS.

James Levine conducts.
With Leontyne Price,
Giuseppe Giacomini,
and Leo Nucci.

Simulcast on Stereo FM in many cities.
With English subtitles.



The leading character of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" never appears on stage, speaks or sings, but is present throughout. The character is Fate. It leads Leonora to a life of penitence. Fate compels her lover, an Incan prince, to commit a murder he never intended. Fate contemptuously brings ruin on all it confronts in Verdi's operatic masterwork—where a twist of Fate ultimately becomes the final twist of the knife.

TEXACO PHILANTHROPIC FOUNDATION INC.

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THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDY

When will playwrights leave fate to chance?

By Vladimir Nabokov

Discussion of the technique of modern tragedy means to me a grim examination of something that may be termed the tragedy of the art of tragedy. The bitterness with which I view the plight of playwriting does not really imply that all is lost and that the contemporary theater may be dismissed with that rather primitive gesture—a shrug of the shoulders. But what I do mean is that if something by somebody is not done and done soon, playwriting will cease to be the subject of any discussion dealing with literary values. The drama will be completely taken over by showmanship, completely absorbed by that other art, the art of setting and acting, a great art, to be sure, which I love ardently but which is as remote from the writer's essential business as any other art: painting, or music, or dancing. Thus, a play will be created by the management, the actors, the stagehands—and a couple of meek scriptwriters whom nobody heeds; it will be based on collaboration, and collaboration will certainly never produce anything as permanent as can be the work of one man. For however much talent the collaborators may individually possess, the final result will unavoidably be a compromise between talents, a certain average, a trimming and clipping, a rational number distilled out of the fusion of irrational ones. This complete transferring of everything connected with the drama into hands that, according to my firm belief, are meant to receive the ripe fruit (the final result of one man's labor) is a rather dismal prospect, but it may be the logical outcome of the conflict that has been tearing the drama, and especially tragedy, for several centuries.

First of all, let us attempt to define what we mean by "tragedy." As used in everyday speech, the term is so closely allied to the idea of destiny as to be almost synonymous with it—at least when the presupposed destiny is not one that we would be inclined to relish. In this sense, tragedy without a background of fate is hardly perceptible to the ordinary observer. If, say, a person goes out and kills another person of more or less the same sex just because he happened to be that day in a more or less killing mood, there is no tragedy, or, more exactly, the murderer is not a tragic character. He will tell the police that everything went sort of black and experts will be invited to measure his sanity—that will be all. But if a perfectly respectable man is slowly but inexorably (and, by the way, the "slowly" and the "inexorably" are so used to being together that the "but" between them ought to be replaced by the wedding ring of an "and") driven to murder by the creep and crawl of circumstance, or by a long-repressed passion, or by anything that has long been working at undermining his will, by things, in short, against which he has been hopelessly and perhaps nobly struggling—then, whatever his crime, we see in him a tragic figure. Or again: you happen to meet socially a person of perfectly normal aspect, good-natured although a little seedy, pleasant though something of a bore, a trifle foolish, perhaps, but not more so than anybody else, a character to whom you would never dream of applying the adjective "tragic." Then you learn that this person several years ago had been placed by force of circumstance at the head of some great revolution in a remote, almost legendary country, and that a new force of circumstance had soon banished him to your

Vladimir Nabokov, best known for his fiction, began writing for and about the theater during the 1920s, years he spent in Russian émigré circles in Berlin. This essay will appear in slightly different form in The Man From the USSR and Other Plays, *a collection of plays and critical writings to be published later this fall by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Nabokov died in 1977.*

What masterpieces ... What plays, to put it bluntly, are ever re-read?

part of the world, where he lingers on as the mere ghost of his past glory. Immediately, the very things about the man that had seemed to you humdrum (indeed, the very normality of his aspect) now strike you as the features of tragedy. King Lear, Nuncle Lear, is even more tragic when he potters about the place than when he actually kills the prison guard who was a-hanging his daughter.

So what is the result of our little inquest into the popular meaning of "tragedy"? The result is that we find the term not only synonymous with fate but also synonymous with our knowledge of another man's slow and inexorable fate. Our next step must be to find what is meant by "fate."

From the intentionally vague examples that I have selected, one thing may be clearly deduced: What we learn of another man's fate is far more than he knows himself. In fact, if he knows himself to be a tragic figure and acts accordingly, we cease to be interested in him. Our knowledge of his fate is not objective knowledge. Our imagination breeds monsters that the subject of our sympathy may never have seen. He may have been confronted with other terrors, other sleepless nights, other heartbreaking incidents of which we know nothing. The line of destiny that ex post facto seems so clear to u may have been in reality a wild scallop interwo ven with other wild scallops of fate or fates This or that social or economic background that, if we are Marxist-minded, seems to have played such an important part in the subject' life may have had nothing to do with it in thi or that particular case, although it does seem t explain everything so neatly. Consequently, al we possess in regard to our own judgment of an other man's tragic fate is a handful of facts, most of which the man would repudiate; but to this is added what our imagination supplies, and thi imagination of ours is regulated by a sound log ic, and this sound logic of ours is so hypnotized by the conventionally accepted rules of cause and effect that it will invent a cause and modify an effect rather than have none at all.

And now observe what has happened. Gossiping around a man's fate has automatically led us to construct a stage tragedy, partly because we have seen so many of them at the theater or at the other place of entertainment, but mainly because we cling to the same old iron bars of determinism that have imprisoned the spirit of playwriting for years and years. And this is where lies the tragedy of tragedy



Consider the following curious position: on one hand a written tragedy belongs to creative literature, although at the same time it clings to old rules, to dead traditions that other forms of literature enjoy breaking, finding in this process perfect liberty, a liberty without which no art can thrive; and on the other hand, a written tragedy belongs also to the stage—and here too the theater positively revels in the freedom of fanciful sets and in the genius of individual acting. The highest achievements in poetry, prose, painting, and showmanship are characterized by the irrational and the illogical, by that spirit of free will that snaps its rainbow fingers in the face of smug causality. But where is the corresponding development in drama? What masterpieces can we name except a few dream-tragedies resplendent with genius, such as *King Lear* or *Hamlet*, Gogol's *Inspector General*, and perhaps one or two Ibsen plays (these last with reservations)? What masterpieces can we name that might be compared to the numberless glories of novels and short stories and verse produced during these last three or four centuries? What plays, to put it bluntly, are ever re-read?

The most popular plays of yesterday are on the level of the worst novels of yesterday. The best plays of today are on the level of magazine stories and fat best sellers. And the highest form of the dramatic art—tragedy—is at its best a clockwork toy made in Greece that little chil-

en wind up on the carpet and then follow on l fours.

I referred to Shakespeare's two greatest plays dream-tragedies, and in the same sense I ould call Flaubert's *Bouvard et Pécuchet* a eam-novel. My definition has nothing to do ith that special brand of pretentious "dream-ay" that was at one time popular, and that was ally regulated by the most wide-awake causal-y, if not by worse things such as Freudianism. I ll *King Lear* and *Hamlet* dream-tragedies be-ause dream-logic, or perhaps better to say ightmare-logic, replaces here the elements of ramatic determinism.

The idea of logical fate, which, unfortunate-y, we inherited from the ancients, has ever nce been keeping the drama in a kind of con-entration camp. Now and then a genius would scape, as Shakespeare did more often than not; bsen half-escaped in *Doll's House*, while in his *lorkman* the drama actually leaves the stage nd goes up a winding road, up a remote hill—a urious symbol of that urge which genius feels to e free from the shackles of convention. But Ib-en sinned too: he spent many years in Scribia, nd in this respect the incredibly absurd results o which the conventions of causality can lead re well displayed in *Pillars of Society*. The plot, s you remember, turns on the idea of two ships, ne good and the other bad. One of them, the *Gypsy*, is in beautiful shape as it lies all ready to ail for America in the shipyard of which the nain character is master. The other ship, the *'ndian Girl*, is blessed with all the ills that can befall a ship. It is old and rickety, manned by a wild, drunken crew, and it is not repaired before its return voyage to America—just carelessly patched up by the overseer. The main character's brother is supposed to sail to America, and the main character has reasons to wish his brother at the bottom of the sea. Simultaneously, the main character's little son is secretly preparing to run away to sea. Given these circumstances, the author was forced by the goblins of cause and effect to subject everything concerning the ships to the different emotional and physical moves of the characters, with a view to achieving the maximum effect when, at the same time, both brother and son put out to sea—the brother sailing on the good ship instead of the bad one, which, against all rules, knowing it is rotten, the villain allows to sail, and his adored son heading for the bad one, so that he will perish through his father's fault. The moves of the play are exceedingly complicated, and the weather—now stormy, now fair, now again dirty—is adjusted to these various moves, always in such a manner as to give the maximum of suspense without bothering about likelihood. When one follows this "shipyard line" throughout the play, one notices that it forms a pattern that in a very comical way turns out to be specially, and solely, adapted to the needs of the author. The weather is forced to resort to the most eerie dialectical tricks, and then, when at the happy ending the ships do sail (without the boy, who has been retrieved just in time, and with the brother, who at the last moment proved to be not worth killing), the weather suddenly becomes not only fair but supernaturally fair—and this leads me to one of the most important points in the dismal technique of modern drama.

The weather, as I say, had been feverishly changing throughout the play in accordance with the feverish changes of the plot. Now, when at the end of the play neither of the two ships is meant to sink, the weather turns fair, and we know—this is my point—we know that the weather will remain metaphysically fair after the curtain has gone down, forever and ever. This is what I term the positive-finality idea. However variable the moves of man and sky may have been during the four acts, they will retain forever the particular move that permeates the very last bit of the last act. Positive finality is a direct consequence of cause and effect: the effect is final because we are limited by the prison regulations we have adopted. In what we call real life, every effect is at the same time the cause of some other effect, so that the classification of causality is merely a matter of standpoint. Although in real life we are not able to cut away one limb of life from other branching limbs, we do perform this operation in stage drama. Thus the effect is final, for it is not supposed to contain any new cause that would explode it somewhere beyond the play.

The highest form of the dramatic art is at its best a clockwork toy made in Greece that little children wind up on the carpet and then follow on all fours

A fine specimen of the positive-finality motif is the stage suicide. The only logical way of leaving the effect of the end of a play quite pure, that is, without the faintest possibility of any further causal transformation beyond the play, is to have the life of the main character end at the same time as the play. This seems perfect. But is it? Let us see how the man can be removed permanently. There are three ways: natural death, murder, and suicide. Now, natural death is ruled out because, however patiently prepared, however many heart attacks the patient endures in the exposition, it is almost impossible for a determinist playwright to convince a determinist audience that he has not been helping the hand of God. I certainly do not mean that natural death is always unconvincing; it is only the cause-and-effect idea that makes natural death occurring at the right moment look a little too smart.

Suicide was feasible in the old days. But nowadays we can't very well show a man cutting his throat with a Gillette blade

The second way the main character can be removed is murder. Now, murder is all very well at the beginning of a play. It is a very uncomfortable thing to have at its close. The man who has sinned and struggled and so on is doubtlessly removed. But his murderer remains, and even if we may be plausibly sure that society will pardon him, we are left with the uncomfortable sensation that we do not exactly know how he will feel in the long years following the final curtain, and whether the fact of his having murdered a man, however necessary it might have been, will not influence somehow all his future life—for instance, his relationship with the still unborn but imaginable children. In other words, the given effect breeds a vague but quite disagreeable little cause, which keeps moving like a worm in a raspberry, worrying us after the curtain has gone down. In examining this method I assume, of course, that the murder is a direct consequence of a previous conflict, and in this sense it is easier to bring about than natural death. But as I have explained, the murderer remains, and the effect is not final.

So we come to the third method, suicide. It can be used either indirectly, with the murderer first killing the hero and then himself, so as to remove all traces of what is really the author's crime, or directly, with the main character taking his own life. This again is easier to pull off than natural death, as it is rather plausible for a man, after a hopeless struggle with hopeless circumstances, to take his fate into his hands. No wonder, then, that of the three methods suicide is your determinist's favorite. But here a new and awful difficulty arises. Though a murder can be, *à la rigueur*, staged directly before our eyes, it is extraordinarily difficult to stage a good suicide. It was feasible in the old days, when such symbolic instruments as daggers and bodkins were used, but nowadays we can't very well show a man cutting his throat with a Gillette blade. Where poison is employed, the agonies of the suicide can be too horrible to watch and are sometimes too lengthy, while the implication that the poison was so strong that the man just fell dead is somehow neither fair nor plausible.

Generally speaking, the best way out is the pistol shot, but it is impossible to show the actual thing—because, again, if treated in a plausible manner, it is apt to be too messy for the stage. Moreover, any suicide on the stage diverts the attention of the audience from the moral point or from the plot itself, exciting in us the pardonable interest with which we watch how an actor will proceed to kill himself plausibly and politely with the maximum of thoroughness and the minimum of bloodshed. Showmanship can certainly find many practical methods while leaving the actor on the stage but the more elaborate the thing is, the mor our minds wander away from the inner spirit t the outer body of the dying actor—always as suming that it is an ordinary cause-and-effec play. We are thus left with only one possibility the backstage pistol-shot suicide. You will re member that, in stage directions, the autho will generally describe this as a "muffled shot. Not a good loud bang, but a "muffled shot," s that sometimes there is an element of doub among the characters on the stage regardin that sound, though the audience knows exactl what that sound was. And now comes anothe new and perfectly awful difficulty. Statistics—and statistics are the only regular income o your determinist, just as there are people wh make a regular income out of careful gam bling—show that, in real life, out of ten at tempts at suicide by pistol shot, as many a three are abortive, leaving the subject alive five result in a long agony; and only two brin on instant death. Thus, even if the character do understand what has happened, a mere muf fled shot is insufficient to convince us that th man is really dead. The usual method, then after the muffled shot has cooed its message, i to have a character investigate and then com back with the information that the man is dead Now, except in the rare case when the investi gator is a physician, the mere sentence "He i dead," or perhaps something "deeper" like, fo instance, "He has paid his debt," is hardly con vincing coming from a person who, it is as sumed, is neither sufficiently learned no sufficiently careless to wave aside any possibil ity, however vague, of bringing the victim back to life. If, on the other hand, the investigato comes back shrieking, "Jack has shot himself Call a doctor at once!" and the final curtain goes down, we are left wondering whether, in our times of patchable hearts, a good physician might not save the mangled party. Indeed, the effect that is fondly supposed to be final may beyond the play, start a young doctor of genius upon some stupendous career of lifesaving. So, shall we wait for the doctor and see what he says and then ring down the curtain? Impossible—there is no time for further suspense; the man, whoever he is, has paid his debt and the play is over. The right way, then, is to add, after "debt," "It is too late to call a doctor"; that is, we introduce the word "doctor" as a kind of symbolic or masonic sign—not meaning that we (the messenger) are sufficiently learned and sufficiently unsentimental to know that no doctor will help, but conveying to the audience by a conventional sign, by this "doctor" sound, something that stresses the positive finality of the effect. Actually, there is no way of making

e suicide quite, quite final, unless, as I said, e herald be a doctor.

So we come to the very curious conclusion at a really ironclad tragedy, with no possible ink in cause or effect—that is, the ideal play at textbooks teach people to write and theatcal managers clamor for—that this masterece, whatever its plot or background, must nd in suicide, must contain one character (at ast) who is a doctor, that this doctor must be a od doctor, and that it is he who must find the ody. In other words, from the mere fact f tragedy's being what it is we have deduced an actual play. And this is the tragedy of tragedy.

In speaking of this technique, I have begun at he end of a modern tragedy to show what it ust aspire to if it wants to be quite, quite conistent. Actually, the plays you may remember o not conform to such strict canons, and thus re not only bad in themselves but do not even rouble to render plausible the bad rules they ollow. For numerous other conventions are unvoidably bred by the causal convention. We nay hastily examine some of these.

A more sophisticated form of the French dusting the furniture" exposition is when, intead of the valet and the maid discovered ontage, we have two visitors arriving on the stage is the curtain is going up, speaking of what rought them and of the people in the house. It s a pathetic attempt to comply with the request of critics and teachers that the exposition coincide with action, and actually, two visitors walking in is action. But why on earth should wo people who arrived on the same train and who had ample time to discuss everything duing the journey, why must they struggle to keep ilent till the minute of arrival, whereupon they start talking of their hosts in the wrongest place imaginable—the parlor of the house where they are guests? Why? Because the author must have them explode right here with a time-bomb exposition.

Another trick is the promise of somebody's arrival. So-and-so is expected. We know that so-and-so will unavoidably come. He or she will come very soon. In fact he or she comes a minute after it has been said that the arrival will occur perhaps after dinner, perhaps tomorrow morning (which is meant to divert the audience's attention from the rapidity of the apparition: "Oh, I took an earlier train" is the usual explanation). If, when promising the audience a visitor, the speaker remarks that by the by so-and-so is coming, this by the by is a pathetic means of concealing the fact that so-and-so will play a most important, if not the most important, part in the play. Indeed, more often than not the by the by brings in the so-called fertilizing character. These promises, being links in the iron chain of tragic causation, are inevitably kept. The so-called *scène à faire*, the obligatory scene, is not, as most critics seem to think, one scene in the play. It is really every next scene in the play, no matter how ingenious the author may be in the way of surprises, or rather just because he is expected to surprise. A cousin from Australia is mentioned; somehow or other the characters expect him to be a grumpy old bachelor. Now, the audience is not particularly eager to meet a grumpy old bachelor, but the cousin from Australia turns out to be the bachelor's fascinating young niece. The arrival is an obligatory scene, because any intelligent audience vaguely expected the author to make some amends for promising a bore. This example refers certainly more to comedy than to tragedy, but analogous methods are employed in the most serious plays: for example, in Soviet tragedies, where more often than not the expected commissar turns out to be a slip of a girl—and then this slip of a girl turns out to be an expert with a revolver when another character turns out to be a bourgeois Don Juan in disguise.

So-and-so is expected. In fact, he or she comes a minute after it has been said that the arrival will occur perhaps after dinner, perhaps tomorrow morning

Among modern tragedies there is one that



The themes of tragedies have certainly changed, but the change is unfortunately just the change in an actor's dressing room

ought to be studied particularly closely by anyone wishing to find all the disastrous results of cause and effect neatly grouped together in one play. This is O'Neill's *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Just as the weather changed according to human moods and moves in Ibsen's play, here, in *Mourning Becomes Electra*, a young woman who is flat-chested in the first act becomes a full-bosomed, beautiful creature after a trip to the South Sea islands, and then, a couple of days later, reverts to the original flat-chested, sharp-elbowed type. We have a couple of suicides of the wildest sort, and the positive-finality trick is supplied by the heroine's telling us just before the play ends that she will not commit suicide but will go on living in the dismal house, and so forth and so on, though there is nothing to prevent her from changing her mind and using the same old army pistol so conveniently supplied to the other patients of the play. Then there is the element of Fate, Fate whom the author leads by one hand, and the late Professor Freud by the other. There are portraits on the wall, dumb creatures, which are used for the purpose of monologue under the queer misconception that a monologue becomes a dialogue if the portrait of another person is addressed.

There are many such interesting things in this play. But perhaps the most remarkable thing, one that throws direct light on the inevitable artificial side of tragedies based on the logic of fate, is the difficulties the author experiences in keeping this or that character on the stage when he is especially required, but when some pathetic flaw in the machinery suggests that the really natural thing would be a hasty retreat. For instance: the old gentleman of tragedy is expected to return from the war tomorrow or possibly after tomorrow, which means that he arrives almost immediately after the beginning of the act with the usual explanation about trains. It is late in the evening. The evening is cold. The only place to sit is the steps of the porch. The old gentleman is tired, hungry, has not been home for ages, and moreover suffers from acute heart trouble—a pain like a knife, he says, which is meant to prepare his death in another act. Now, the horrible job with which the author is faced is to make that poor old man remain in the bleak garden, on the damp steps, for a good talk with his daughter and his wife—especially with his wife. The casual reasons for his not going into the house, which are inserted here and there in the talk, keep excluding one another in a most fascinating way—and the tragedy of the act is not the tragedy of the old man's relations with his wife but the tragedy of an honest, tired, hungry, helpless human being, grimly held by the author, who, until the act is over, keeps him away from bath, slippers and supper.

The peculiar technique of *Mourning Become Electra* and of other plays by other authors is no so much the result of poor talent as the un avoidable result of the illusion that life, an thus dramatic art picturing life, should be base on a steady current of cause and effect driving u toward the ocean of death. The themes, th ideas of tragedies have certainly changed, bu the change is unfortunately just the change i an actor's dressing room, mere new disguise that appear new, but whose interplay is alway the same: conflict between this and that an then the same iron rules of conflict leading t either a happy or a miserable end, but always t some end that is unavoidably contained in the cause. Nothing ever fizzles out in a tragedy though perhaps one of the tragedies of life is that even the most tragic situations just fizzle out.

Anything remotely resembling an accident is taboo. The conflicting characters are not live people but types—and this is especially noticeable in the absurd though well-meant plays that are supposed to depict, if not solve, the tragedy of the present times. In such plays what I call the island or Grand Hotel or Magnolia Street method is used, that is, the grouping of people in a dramatically convenient, strictly limited space with either social tradition or some outside calamity preventing their dispersal. In such tragedies the old German refugee, though otherwise fairly stolid, will invariably love music, the Russian émigré woman will be a fascinating vamp and rave about czars and the snow, the Jew will be married to a Christian, the spy will be blond and bland, and the young married couple will be naive and pathetic. The conflict of ideas replacing the conflict of passion changes nothing in the essential pattern—if anything, it makes it still more artificial. Hobnobbing with the audience through the medium of a chorus has been tried, and has resulted only in the destruction of the main and fundamental agreement on which stage drama can be based. This agreement is: we are aware of the characters on the stage, but cannot move them; they are unaware of us, but can move us—a perfect division which, when tampered with, transforms plays into what they are today.

I would not wish, however, to create the impression that if I fail to be spiritually excited by modern drama, I deny it all value. As a matter of fact, here and there, in Strindberg, in Chekhov, in Shaw's brilliant farces (especially *Candida*), in at least one Galsworthy play (*Strife*), in one or two French plays (for instance, Lenormand's *Time Is a Dream*), in one or two Ameri-

an plays, such as the first act of *The Children's Hour* and the first act of *Of Mice and Men* (the est of that play is dismal nonsense), in many ther existing plays, there are indeed magnifient bits, artistically rendered emotions, and—most important—that special atmosphere that s the sign that the author has freely created a world of his own. But the perfect tragedy has ot yet been produced.

The idea of conflict tends to endow life with logic it never has. Tragedies based exclusively n the logic of conflict are as untrue to life as an ll-pervading class-struggle idea is untrue to history. Most of the worst and deepest human tragdies, far from following the marble rules of agic conflict, are tossed on the stormy elenent of chance. This element of chance playwrights have so completely excluded from their dramas that any denouement due to an earthquake or to an automobile accident strikes the audience as incongruous if the earthquake has not been expected all along or the automobile has not been a dramatic investment from the very start. The life of a tragedy is, as it were, too short for accidents to happen; but at the same time tradition demands that life on the stage develop according to rules—the rules of passionate conflict—rules whose rigidity is at least as ridiculous as the stumblings of chance. What even the greatest playwrights have never realized is that chance is not always stumbling and that the tragedies of real life are based on the beauty and horror of chance—not merely on its ridiculousness. And it is this secret rhythm of chance that one would like to see pulsating in the veins of the tragic muse. Otherwise, if only the rules of conflict and fate and divine justice and imminent death are followed, tragedy is limited both by its platform and by its unswerving doom, and becomes in the long run a hopeless scuffle—the scuffle between a condemned man and the executioner.

What then ought tragedy to be if I deny it what is considered its most fundamental characteristic—conflict ruled by the causal laws of human fate? First of all, I doubt the existence of these laws in the simple and severe form that the stage has adopted. I doubt that any strict line can be drawn between the tragic and the burlesque, fatality and chance, causal subjection and the caprice of free will.

What seems to me to be the higher form of tragedy is the creation of a certain unique pattern of life in which the sorrows and passing of a particular man will follow the rules of his own individuality, not the rules of the theater as we know them.

It would be absurd to suggest that accident and chance may be left to play havoc with life on the stage. But it is not absurd to say that a writer of genius may discover exactly the right harmony of such accidental occurrences, and that this harmony, without suggesting anything like the iron laws of tragic fatality, will express certain definite combinations that occur in life. And it is high time, too, for playwrights to forget the notions that they must please the audience and that this audience is a collection of half-wits; that plays, as one writer on the subject solemnly asserts, must never contain anything important in the first ten minutes, because, you see, late dinners are the fashion; and that every important detail must be repeated so that even the least intelligent spectator will at last grasp the idea. The only audience that a playwright must imagine is the ideal one, that is, himself. All the rest pertains to the box office, not to dramatic art.

"That's all very fine," said the producer, leaning back in his armchair and puffing at the cigar that fiction assigns to his profession. "That's all very fine, but business is business, so how can you expect plays based on some new technique that will make them unintelligible to the general public, plays not only departing from tradition but flaunting their disregard for the wits of the audience, tragedies that arrogantly reject the causal fundamentals of the particular form of dramatic art that they represent—how can you expect such plays to be produced by any big theater company?"

Well, I don't—and this, too, is the tragedy of tragedy. ■

Tragedies based exclusively on the logic of conflict are as untrue to life as an all-pervading class-struggle idea is untrue to history

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The Brothers Karamazov maps a multitude of transfigurations

By Benjamin DeMott

Freud thought *The Brothers Karamazov* "the most magnificent novel ever written," and the current literary wisdom attributes the preeminence of Dostoyevsky's masterpiece—the last book he wrote, finished two months before he died, in his sixtieth year—to its appeal not only for people who "read for the story" but also for people who like to think.

A crime story in one of its dimensions, a sublime whodunit, the book subtly conceals the identity of the murderer of Fyodor Karamazov, father of the brothers, long after the murder has been committed. It further succeeds in contriving a trial that's both engrossing and hugely satisfying even though, at the end, justice isn't done. Mean, greedy, shrewd, funny, and remorseless, Fyodor Karamazov has enemies in number, among them three of his four sons. He cheats one son out of his inheritance and tries to steal his woman. He ridicules the problems of belief and unbelief that torture another son. By yet more devious means he exacerbates spite in a third and illegitimate son. We watch frustration mount in the prospective murderers—fury at Fyodor's limitless selfishness, rage to protect what's loved from his filth. Violence has to come, but when and from whom and with what consequence? The pages fly, the narrative line hissing electrifyingly from start to finish.

Yet the moral, political, and metaphysical dimensions of the narrative never recede from view. An outburst of violence in a Russian landowning family in the nineteenth century is seen to have bearings on revolutionary struggles throughout the world. A single rupture of filial and paternal obligations becomes a laboratory for the examination of the general breakdown of right relations between authority and the individual. When, at the trial of Karamazov's accused murderer, the defense advances a theory of justifiable homicide, that theory swiftly takes its place in a larger argument, developing from the first chapters, about whether ethical imperatives can survive without the support of religious faith. The limits of Christian and socialist utopias, the vanity of rationalism, the function of the miracle in human history, the meaning of Mother Russia—all are pondered in a manner that refuses to separate "issues" from the details of the family story. The novelist knows everything, so it seems, about the interdependencies of the world of ideas and the world of material facts. The product of that knowledge is incomparably rich discourse, and it's this richness, according to the accepted reasoning—this combination of narrative drive and intellectual comprehensiveness—that warrants praise as noble as the praise conferred by Freud.

I have no quarrel with the accepted reasoning. The standard of richness of discourse is probably a sound basis on which to establish this book's rank among masterpieces. It's one thing, though, to understand literary rankings; it's another to grasp how a book works upon its reader. Lately I have found *Karamazov* erupting in my head as I watch Senator X or Y explain the Central America problem on the evening news. ("The whole problem down there, folks, is hunger and poverty. No communism problem down there, just the hunger and poverty problem.") When I've had recent occasion to consult it and the book is freshly alive for me, I've been conscious of being more alert to—more critical of—my habit of arriving overquickly at certainty about other people's motives. It's impossible to look into *Karamazov* casually (to check one's memory of an episode, say, or the spelling of a name) without coming away with the feeling of having worked out—having toned up mentally, stretched one's headpiece, reached a higher point of understanding. I know that claiming in-

Benjamin DeMott teaches English at Amherst College and is chairman of the board of trustees of the National Humanities Faculty.

Meaning what? Meaning this: the book puts me in touch with energies I forget I possess, strengths that, most days of my life, simply can't be summoned

timacy with a Great Book can be embarrassingly self-inflating. ("Me, I think continually on the truly great, consume no junk television, am a person of depth and elevation, etc., etc.") I know, too, that *The Brothers Karamazov* cannot cure common bronchial ailments or make more bearable a neurosis. Still, I wish to come clean. I've used this book for years in ways other than as a school text, and I look upon it as an instrument of power.

Meaning what? Meaning this: the book puts me in touch with energies I forget I possess, strengths that, most days of my life, simply can't be summoned. With *Karamazov* in my ear I'm suddenly repossessed of the capacity to think and feel along several tracks at once—to hold intact, over an extended patch of time, an array of tumultuously competing ways of being. Nobody *reads* this book. What you do is enter its storm of radically opposed understandings of life. Because of the writer's genius, you not only weather the storm—feel its textures, finally make sense of it—but are nourished by it. You finish the book tougher *and* kinder, clearer-headed . . . intellectually enfiefed.

When trying to explain how the nourishment comes, a natural place to start with is the book's most famous set piece, the chapter entitled "The Grand Inquisitor." Ivan Karamazov, who's lost his religious faith, reads aloud to his younger brother, a would-be monk. His text is a visionary prose poem he's composed about an imagined return to earth by Jesus Christ. The return isn't the promised Second Coming; Christ visits "His children only for a moment. . . ." The moment is the sixteenth century, the place is Seville during the Inquisition, and the Savior is in jail, having been incarcerated by the cardinal charged with the burning of heretics. The purpose of Ivan Karamazov's poem isn't to detail the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. It enables Ivan to lay out, in somebody else's voice—that of the heretic-burning Grand Inquisitor—the fiercest conceivable indictment of Christ and Christianity.

The crux of the indictment is the assertion that Christ cruelly overestimated the intelligence of ordinary humankind. Most men and women "are only pitiful children." Christ's promise of a truth that would set us free—free of material desire, tribal idols, conventional wisdom, pragmatic realism—is too demanding and therefore intolerable. No craving is stronger in us than the craving for the loss of individuality. We seek disappearance into the herd, and no wish is less controllable in us than our wish for dependence. Hence the fate of rulers forced by historical accident into public adherence to Christian doctrine. They have no choice but to realize its fatuity and to set about, as secret unbelievers, to make it an instrument of the state. The Inquisitor and his colleagues will meet the human longing for bread, miracle, mystery, and authority—the human hunger for figures close at hand to whom supernatural powers can be attributed. Christians will be taught to bow down to churchmen and adulate superstition. "They will become timid," says the Inquisitor. They will "look to us in fear as chicks to the hen. They will marvel at us and will be awestricken before us and will be proud at our being so powerful and clever that we have been able to subdue such a turbulent flock of thousands of millions. They will tremble impotently before our wrath, their minds will grow fearful. . . . We shall allow them even sin, they are weak and helpless, and they will love us like children because we allow them sin."

Brilliantly framed, the Inquisitor's indictment forces the reader to dwell passionately on issues of faith and freedom that, in other settings, seem pallid or marginal; no student of the soul can shrug it off unmoved. Equally remarkable, the chapter offers an indirect, continuously arresting evocation of tormented unbelief. The Grand Inquisitor speaks with assured irony, but behind his voice we feel the presence of his inventor, Ivan Karamazov—a soul desperately anguished by loss of faith, desperately unwilling to admit the anguish. All the psychological complexity of nonautomatic atheism comes into view. We glimpse the connection between unbelief and the awareness of unusual intellectual powers; we grasp the thinker's need to distance himself from the faithful, whose religious commitments are fundamentally mindless. Terrible questions rack Ivan's conscience: Is my unbelief merely intellectual pride? Is it possible that my loss of faith is only a gesture of distaste for my inferiors? What's the difference between genuine intellectual alienation and the mere taunting of the uneducated? If there is no difference, and if I'm capable of recognizing that, why can't I shed my arrogance? Karamazov wrestles with guilt, struggles to reach some plateau from which to compose a view of his own pain. But no such plateau exists. Feeling its absence, the reader has a seizing intuition of the costs of the deprivation.

An immense achievement: the transformation of an experience one might have thought one couldn't take seriously into a passion that matters overwhelmingly.

But this is only one voice, one mode of being, one melodic line in the chorus. In the very same book, within fifty pages of the first crisis of Ivan Karamazov's despair, we live into a wholly different consciousness—a consciousness not a whit less rich or complex than Ivan's—that is in the process of discovering true faith. One measure of

Dostoyevsky's magnificence is that he expects magnificence—magnificent diversity—in his reader. The consciousness discovering true faith belongs to Ivan's brother Alyosha. It's doubtless proper to regard the stages in the development of that consciousness as "answers" of a sort to the Grand Inquisitor's indictment. The novelist offers a beautiful retelling of Christ's first miracle—turning the water into wine at the wedding at Cana—and that story speaks to the Inquisitor's traducing of Christ's original message as coldly detached from such ordinary human desires as love of conviviality, lively parties, good times. A chapter called "An Onion" shows us an irradiating burst of moral glory in a creature hitherto degraded—a person resembling the normal stumbling humanity so depressingly portrayed by the Inquisitor. But we don't experience any of this as counterargument. We experience it as an entrance into the grainy, moment-to-moment dawning, within a human creature, of the possibility of living "in faith" *without* dependence upon miracle and mystery; we discover, breathtakingly, what it would be like to break through, by the use of mind and sympathy, to the truth and freedom Christ promised.

If there were nothing in *Karamazov* except its demand that the reader rise to comprehension of the extremes of religious doubt and faith, the book would nevertheless stand unequaled. The movement, the pace—the assumption everywhere that imminent transcendence is no more and no less easy to comprehend than is agonized unbelief—create in themselves a marvelous impression of inclusiveness.

But the miracle of *Karamazov* is that its political, historical, and moral voices have a range that matches that of the discourse encompassing Ivan's torment and Alyosha's exaltation. At one moment in the book I inhabit the body and the set of mind of an enlightened political liberal; at the next I'm joined, mimetically, to an older, traditional sensibility anchored stoutly in its conviction of the unalterable objectivity of the law. Now I'm a stylish, tony Francophile; now I'm a crude, honest son of Mother Russia with a unique historical mission to fulfill. Always the human stuff in view is various. Always it demands a corresponding variousness from the reader.

And always, astonishingly, with the book in your hands, you feel you're up to it. The book insists that you can do it, no sweat. You're equal to this, says its voice. You're not a lump. Granted, your daily intellectual life is a shade tame and flat: Op-Ed pages, candidates' debates, news show gossips. Granted, your daily habit of thought doesn't often ask much from you but a tolerant, bemused skepticism of the kind that settles in while Will or Wicker or Moyers or Agronsky is lipping off earnestly. But no matter: you have it in you to contend. You have it in you, says the voice of the book, to fight off reductiveness and trivialization. You have it in you to be impatient with oversimplification—indeed, to be sore enough about it to stand against it. And the only way in which anybody can stand against oversimplification and reductiveness is by ceaseless expenditure of concentrated, constructive sympathy, by steady alertness to the full vitality embodied within human difference, within each separate human sensibility, within each human set of contradictions.

Listening to all this, I do believe. I believe, that is, that my powers of understanding are not negligible, however underused, and that dancing to an extraordinary variety of rhythms in the world simultaneously is feasible. I'm saying, in sum, that what counts about Dostoyevsky's "richness of discourse" is that it enormously expands a reader's reach. I'm saying that I come back to *Karamazov* because it gives me, for a good stretch of hours, the gift I regard as the greatest of human gifts: a vibrantly *mobile* imagination. ■

And always, astonishingly, with the book in your hands, you feel you're up to it. The book insists that you can do it, no sweat

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LETTERS

Continued from page 5

state agency has found any evidence of wrongdoing, and I have never been charged with any violation of the law or sued by the company's investors.

These omissions are a disservice not only to myself and my family but also to your readers, who are denied the opportunity to draw their own conclusions based on all the facts.

Max Hugel
Washington, D.C.

I was outraged to discover that *Harper's* had blindly reprinted a false allegation about me. "Reagangates, 1981–1984" states that while serving in Washington I had "department staff members write and edit" my book *Privatizing the Public Sector*. That is untrue, as my publisher has attested under oath. Indeed, the very notion that I would have public-sector employees write about privatizing the public sector is manifestly absurd. Moreover, like most serious scholars and professors, I have too much pride of authorship to permit anyone to touch a syllable of my golden prose. Documents verifying the facts behind this entire matter are available upon request.

Emanuel S. Savas
Tenafly, N.J.

Thomas Riehle replies:

Max Hugel argues correctly that he won a libel judgment against his accusers. He fails to mention, however, that he won the case because the two men whose accusations had brought him down declined to show up in court. Hugel won by default. The fact remains that he resigned from the CIA the very day the accusations were printed in the *Washington Post*.

Emanuel S. Savas ought to have provided the Justice Department's Public Integrity Section with "documents verifying the facts." On June 16, 1983, Gerald E. McDowell, chief of the section, reported that his investigation had determined that Savas had:

☐ instructed a Department of Housing and Urban Development assistant to "update the data in the manuscript" he was under contract to deliver to his publisher;

☐ told the same staff assistant to have a research analyst at HUD's Division of Government Capacity Sharing proofread the manuscript;

☐ told public affairs staffers at the agency to rewrite one chapter for magazine publication;

☐ lied to HUD investigators when he told them he had completed the book before reporting to work in April 1981.

McDowell concluded that while the Justice Department's Criminal Division had declined to prosecute, it was not because of "any doubt that Savas abused his office and misused government resources by instructing his staff to help him in a private venture." On July 7, 1983, after claiming the McDowell letter was an exoneration, Savas resigned.

When Savas's boss, HUD Secretary Samuel Pierce, heard of Savas's claim that he had been exonerated, he issued a statement saying that the resignation was received at his office at "quarter of 5:00 this afternoon. I had given Dr. Savas the opportunity to resign rather than be fired by 5:00 p.m. today. . . . He knew he was going to be fired if he did not resign today."

The Fate of Apocalyptists

Re: "Intercontinental Ballistic Images" [*Harper's*, April]

I'm sure many people have asked this question: What happens after everybody beats his nuclear warheads into time shares at a Maui condo?

It's something I find myself wondering about five seconds into every Large Thought about disarmament. What, I ask myself, is the objective here? What would we be left with if the objective was met? I've seen contests on TV in which teams of sailors race to strip down antique field guns, swing the bits across a chasm on ropes, reassemble them, and beat the other teams to first firing; it seems

robable to me that teams of people Los Alamos and at Alamos-on-olga are doing similar drills, no?

Obviously I know almost nothing the fantastically grown-up prem-es on which this whole thing is ashed out at cocktail parties by sub-antive-faced fellows with mana and nure. But if I worked as a predictor f gossip for an international pulp bloid, I would cheerfully stake my rofessional reputation on the disap-earance of the Bomb by 2015.

This is because the men with the omb don't like it. Military men like echnology that is (a) new, (b) fun to lay with on a practice range, and (c) eat, practical, and handy in a given actical situation. The bomb is none f the above. Deep inside, everybody n the military trade from the presi-ent on down knows that nuclear arheads have temporarily ruined ar as a satisfying option. (Military nen make small, hopeful noises bout using just a few nice little bombs in a proper war, but I think they do it mostly for the fun of watching all the peaceniks fly shriek-ing into the air.) They find them-selves crowded into a small room, the good guys and the bad guys, and ev-erybody's holding a grenade with the pin out; if one goes off, they all go off. It's dirty, random, a little fright-ening (what if someone nods off and drops his grenade?), and completely frustrating. A military nightmare.

The only people who really like the bomb are the millenarians, who throughout history have found it im-possible to accept their individual quick-flash-and-back-to-ash story lines, demanding instead that Every-thing should go out with them. Be-fore the bomb they had to posit Pie in the Sky. Now they've got the *ma-china* and can dispense with the *deus* if they please, though many like the mutual support that God, commies, and the bomb give each other.

Some millenarians, like the Mor-mons and the survivalists, are quietly elect, but many have a complicated guilt reaction. It's like one of those chivalric moral head-bender fables: Suppose you had to besmirch yourself by sleeping with a stack of virgins be-cause some devil was going to kill them all (without unction, uncon-fessed, etc.) if you didn't. What should you do? This lot figure that there is moral strength and virtue to be had from making things hard for themselves, from sleeping with the virgins only if what they really want more than anything is to see the young ladies pushed over the preci-pice. They don't feel comfortable about their fascination with visions of the apocalypse unless they loudly distance themselves from the hope that they will live to see it. They measure their piety by the violence with which they beat their tiny fists against the Big Whumf.

Robert Wright
Brooklyn, Nova Scotia

'The Iliad': Abridged Version

Re: "'Indiana Jones': The Abridged Version" [*Harper's*, August]

From Book 21 of the Richmond Lattimore translation of *The Iliad*. Catalogued below are twenty-four acts of (what many may deem) exces-sive violence.

1. Achilles chases half of the Trojans back to the city, the other half into the river Xanthos.
2. The Trojans in the river drown, along with their horses.
3. Achilles leaps into the river with his sword and hacks at those who haven't yet drowned.
4. Achilles saves twelve young Trojans from the river and has them led back to ships, where they will be sacrificed to atone for the death of Patroklos.
5. Achilles sees Lykaon, a hapless young Tro-jan, crawling out of the river and throws his spear at him.
6. Achilles draws his sword and plunges it in-to Lykaon's neck ("the black blood flowed, and the ground was soaked with it").
7. Achilles slings the corpse into the river, speaking winged words of vaunting derision.
8. Asteropaios throws two spears at Achilles; one grazes Achilles' forearm.
9. Achilles throws his spear, which sticks in the river bank.
10. Asteropaios tries to free the spear while Achilles attacks him with his sword.
11. Achilles disembowels Asteropaios.
12. Achilles leaves the body to be eaten by eels and other fish.
13. Achilles kills Thersilochos.
14. Achilles kills Astypylos.
15. Achilles kills Mydon.
16. Achilles kills Mnesos.
17. Achilles kills Thrasos.
18. Achilles kills Ainios.
19. Achilles kills Ophelestes.

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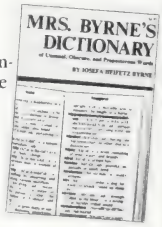
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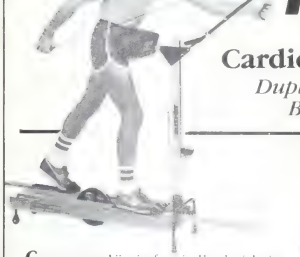
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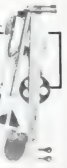
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20. The River Xanthos attacks Achilles.
21. Hephaistos, at Hera's request, attacks the river with a blazing fire, saving Achilles.
22. Ares threatens Athene with his spear and tries to stab her.
23. Athene hits Ares in the neck with a boulder, sending him sprawling over seven acres.
24. Aphrodite helps Ares up and is leading him away when Athene, at Hera's bidding, goes after her (her heart full of gladness).

Ann Haskins Carnes
Lake Oswego, Ore.

True Democrats

The dark conspiracy put forward by Walter Karp ["Playing Politics," *Harper's*, July] would be laughable if his charges were not so extreme. It is true that the leadership of the House of Representatives has made strategic moves that many House Democrats view as misguided. I was vocal in my support for a strong, well-defined Democratic alternative to the Reagan budget and tax packages. I have had, and no doubt will continue to have, my disagreements with the leadership. But to argue, as Karp does, that the House leadership somehow conspired with Reagan to drive democratizing forces out of the Democratic Party is patently absurd.

Look at the record. The past several budgets offered by President Reagan have been objects of derision on Capitol Hill. Budgets passed by the Democratic House have begun reversing the Administration's draconian economic policies. The House last year approved a cap on the third year of the Reagan tax cut (only to have it die in the Senate). The House cut off funds for CIA activities in Nicaragua (the Republican Senate supported them). Some conspiracy.

On May 31, the House approved new controls on MX missile production. Those opposed to the missile forged an alliance with the Democratic leadership, and for the first time Congress kept control of the MX. That could not have happened without the active support of the leadership.

Mike Lowry
Washington, D.C.

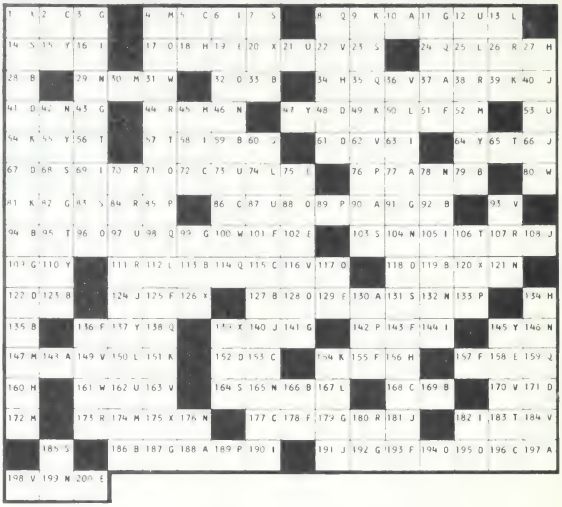
Mike Lowry represents the Seventh District of Seattle, Washington, in the House of Representatives.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 22

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 95.



CLUES

A. Coats a surface with a high gloss

130 188 10 148
90 77 37 197

B. Character killed by Sindbad the Sailor (5 wds. after The)

33 28 94 113 119 169 135 127
123 92 59 186 79 166

C. Undershirt and underpants in one (2 wds.)

196 2 72 115 153 177 5 168
86

D. Not responding to change; not compressible

122 171 48 195 41 118 61 152
67

E. Ancient Germanic people dwelling near the mouth of the Elbe

75 19 158 129 200 102

F. Advantage (2 wds.)

101 178 136 157 51 143 125 155
193

G. Fruit frequently misspelled in markets, making it look maritime (2 wds.)

192 11 82 43 141 109 99 179
187 91 8

H. Brazilian rabbit

160 34 18 156 134 27

I. Saint of television

190 69 6 16 182 58 63 105
144

J. Grew unchecked (2 wds.)

66 191 181 124 40 140 108

K. Bums, cadges

49 81 154 39 14 9 151

L. High spirits

150 13 50 167 25 112 74

M. Veil worn by Moslem women

172 174 147 45 4 30 52

N. Comedy by G. Chapman, Jonson, and J. Marston (2 wds.)

46 199 132 42 29 146 78 121
165 104 176

O. Re-echoing, ringing, vibrating sympathetically with another body

88 117 17 128 71 194 96 32

P. Increase; progress; development

85 189 89 76 142 133

Q. Written acknowledgment of delivery of goods, etc.

8 98 24 114 159 35 138

R. Dispossessions of one person by another

38 26 107 173 44 180 70 84
111

S. Directly opposed

185 60 7 131 164 23 68 14
83 103

T. One of the Gilbert and Ellice islands, site of fierce fighting, 1943

56 65 106 95 57 183

U. Hesitating, vacillating

87 73 12 53 21 162 97

V. Speculative treatises of Hinduism

149 36 170 116 198 22 62 93
163 184

W. Unit of time equivalent to the normal short sound or syllable

80 100 31 161

X. Legendary hero and poet of Gaelic legend

1 175 126 120 139 20

Y. H. Allen Smith's cat that inherited a baseball team

110 15 137 64 55 47 145

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E	E	L	S	S	H	O	T	G	U	N	S	
T	R	U	E	H	E	M	O	S	T	A	T	

NOTE: Each clue explanation is followed by a translation of the "superfluous" word. ACROSS: 1. GAM(BITS, G/out; 6. CO(S . .) METIC, junk/ET; 11. LAGOON, anagram, LA/shed; 12. BRA(i)N, W/added; 14. T(ight)-ITTLE(anagram), single/T; 15. GALEN(anagram)-A, less/EN; 16. NEE-D, add/LE; 18. COASTER, anagram, CO/axed; 20. RUSE, anagram, SWITCH/ES; 21. INSE(R . . .)T, anagram, R/out; 22. SCOTTISH, anagram, C/entering; 23. B-(e)RA, T/ending; 25. P-EON(anagram)-Y, scrap/E; 26. TO(WE)RS, S/topping; 30. ORDINATION, anagram, DIN/goes; 33. LA(urea)TE, P/leading; 34. C-HUB, round/ER; 36. L(O)UNGES, UN/cut; 37. SH(IN)E, cut/E; 38. KEELS, reversal, bar/K; 39. SHOGUNS, homophone, T/in; 40. TRUC(reversal)-E, C/leaves; 41. HEAT, hidden, tnner/MOST. DOWN: 1. ARGENTS, anagram, R/ousted; 2. MOLE-CULE(anagram), minus/CULE; 3. BO(tt)LE, RO/under; 4. TO-1-(nai)L, tack/ETS; 5. SO-LACES, AC/quits; 7. G(et)-ROAN, GRO/up; 8. STA(G)S(h), T/off; 9. M(ALL)ET, IN/for/MAL; 10. CLARINET(y), anagram, IN/disposed; 12. BIS(reversal)-ON, EN/trapped; 13. MATE-(shake)R, M/over; 17. DU(11)-STY, drop/S; 19. S(C . . .)ORER, CH/in; 23. LO(N)GS, BE/headed; 24. PASTERN, anagram, P/out; 25. POSSE(ssion), T/onto; 27. TOUCH, anagram, attach/E; 28. RAG, two meanings, with/OUT; 29. DEI(anagram)-ST-, S/within; 31. PRETENSE, anagram, PRE/pared; 32. (pa)IR-IS, plus/H; 33. PLA(TOO)N, no/ON; 35. BOSOM, anagram, suspend/S.

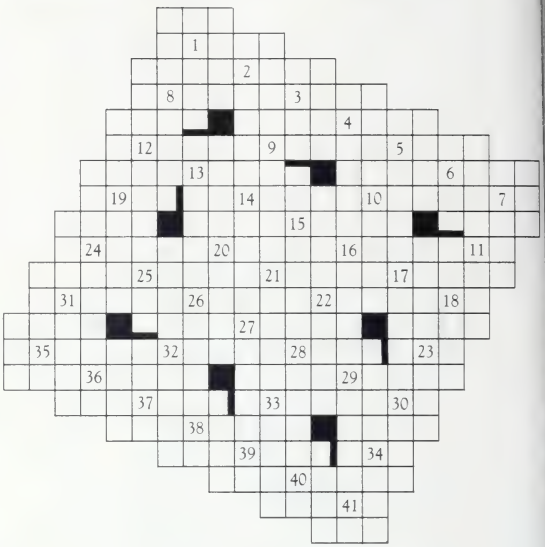
SOLUTION TO SEPTEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 21): Americans . . . could not look back on a long tradition as could other cultures which, as some travelers in Arcadia pointed out, were often bloody and despotic. But they could relate to an antiquity still unspoiled by man—purer and by implication closer to God —Barbara Novak: *Nature and Culture*

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 22, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by October 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the November issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 20 (August) are J.M. Bricker, Litchfield, Connecticut; W.G. Fisher, North Hollywood, California; and Moses Lerner, San Francisco, California.

PUZZLE

Eight to the Bar II

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.



All clue answers are eight letters long and are to be entered in the eight squares surrounding their respective numbers. The solver must determine starting points and direction. Eight related lights (two of them consisting of two words) are not clued; they "circle" the eight black squares, beginning at the bar provided—the solver must determine the direction. The four outermost letters on each corner may be arranged to begin a tune: DRINK TO ME ONLY WIT . . . clues are normal, but in deference to the title they have been given a musical flavor.

Five clue answers are proper words. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 95.

Clues

1. He takes a deep bow to work we fiddled
2. Flower gives songbird incentive
3. Kind of score with a lengthy take off *(two wds.)*
4. Yodeler, perhaps, with one role in sun
5. Choral works, being so long, captured in records on tape
6. A treat is construed to be operatic songs that are brief
7. Very bad feelings disturbed me in even scores
8. Strain the voice due to showing age . . .
9. . . . requiring, to be heard, working into a Mass
10. Sieglinde's heart—as quiet breaks out—melts
11. Unrestrained cheer, as a rock band could produce them
12. Piano extension with half of melody left in confusion *(hyphenated)*
13. Sondheim at first drank and painted like Seurat
14. Conducts *Morning* inside ships
15. Wind instrument (a large pipe at heart) is abided
16. Giordano's *Andrea* doesn't finish about II—it's quite a French yarn
17. Italian girl is named in the part I played in *The King and I*—I stage comeback in it
18. One is replaced by a ringer during aria in Strauss opera
19. Symphonic composer is returning to be on Long Island with us
20. Track performers that could be in RCA's care *(two wds.)*
21. Player of "St. Louis Woman" finally is taken in by strange radical
22. Vehicles for Davis the singer and Gregory the dancer
23. Partially recall I operated large musical instrument
24. Feel lass is off-key doing a characterization of "Trees" when still cold?
25. They're prickly when Brahms's First wanders
26. Again goes over E. Carter's "Variation"
27. Additional auditions rile star badly
28. Groups with class: Gogos (just when getting started) and The Doors
29. Old lady fan dancer seen in diversion
30. I am contracted to write introduction to Devo edition that is threatened
31. Note in exam is *pianississimo?*
32. Article on theater ignoring Beethoven's Fifth—this could be useful at a picnic!
33. Arlen, unfortunately, in sum is easygoing
34. Dressed up for opening of performance, retired and made a bow
35. After the right time, band leader dropped with joy
36. *Transfigured Night* gets into the Spanish . . . they get plastered!
37. With internal Latin beat in notes, it's fresh-sounding
38. Scat singer caught in weak scales
39. Not quite fine aunt in *Oklahoma* is equalizing factor
40. Melodies full of encouragement . . . Berlin made use of them
41. "Baubles, Bangles and Beads" . . . true, it's Kern arrangement

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Eight to the Bar II," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by October 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the November issue. Winners' names will be printed in the December issue. Winners of the August puzzle, "Current Events," are John Guther, Ossining, New York; Fred Knoerzer, New York, New York; and Charles A. Polete, Long Valley, New York.



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Cover: Detail of The House of the Two Mysterious Blondes in Their Early 20's, *by Richard Merkin*

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LETTERS

The (Jesse) Jackson Tour

Re: "My Fellow Democrats" [*Harper's*, July]

Havana is lovely. Curiously, it has many of the qualities associated with capitals of regimes that the forces of progress seek to overthrow. The streets are slow and somnolent. Most of the buildings are old, charming, and slightly going to seed; a few are new, ugly, and falling apart. The police are brisk and visible; the motorcycle police that accompany all motorcades flag over private cars with an efficient swagger.

The cars alone are worth the price of admission. Most are Fiats, made in Russia. But every tenth or so is a treasure of the Detroit museum: Buicks, Dodges, Plymouths, Ramblers, De Sotos, and, everywhere, Chevrolets (*chevy* is still slang for taxi). Some have tail fins; most have the late-forties, early-fifties rounded contour. They have been painted and repainted—an entire underground industry has grown up to keep them running. The style of the forties and fifties has been picked up by some of the official Chaika limousines, the cars Jesse Jackson and his entourage—twenty-seven Secret Service agents, two dozen staff members—rode in early last summer during the Cuban stop on his "Moral Offensive" tour.

Jackson spent his first morning in Havana as a VIP tourist. He visited a museum in the former Spanish governor's residence filled with portraits of nineteenth-century Cuban patriots. He asked about African cultural influence. His next stop was a hospital, a large modern facility. Jackson's guide, the minister of public health, declared that "no one contributes to the cost of public health" since all money comes out of the national budget, though he admitted that the government does draw on sales taxes. He also assured Jackson that even a poor child has a chance to become a doctor if he has good enough grades and is a "revolutionary person."

The afternoon began with a photo opportunity. At three o'clock, the press was bused out to the Palace of the Revolution and deposited in a waiting room. The waiting ended when a wall rolled back to reveal Jackson, Castro, and their aides seated at a long elliptical table. The Cubans admonished the scrambling photographers: "With discipline, with discipline . . ." The wall rolled back, and Jackson and Castro got down to work.

The schedule called for a press conference at 7 P.M. and a reception at 9:30. Seven, eight, nine passed without a word. At quarter of ten, the press was escorted to the party.

I have been to one buffet, at the Rockefeller home in Tarrytown, where the food was almost as good. Almost—the Rockefellers didn't offer unlimited seconds. There was caviar, shrimp, crab claws, lobster (poached tails or mousse in the half-shell). There was chicken curry, corn pudding, whole roast pig, cake topped with bonbons, bread baked in the shape of alligators. There was (alas) Bulgarian Chardonnay, but there were also a dozen bartenders pouring hard liquor with a liberal hand, most liberally of all into the *mojitos*, a concoction of sugar, mint, and rum that tastes like dew and acts like Sominex. The room was as long as a line drive over second base, and the black marble floor was bordered with rock gardens, Oriental in all but scale—six-foot rocks, eight-foot ferns. It was a long way from the Sierra Maestra.

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. *Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*

The press conference finally began after midnight. Jackson announced that Castro would release twenty-two Americans in Cuban jails. He invited Castro to the United States. Castro listened while Jackson spoke. He is getting on. He is stout now, and the hair is graying. The surprise is the face—lined, softening, the face of an English eccentric. But he can still give five speeches before breakfast. Would he accept Jackson's invitation? Castro noted that it was not official; it "must be examined and meditated on in a careful manner." Under what terms would he pull his advisers out of Central America? But Cuba has none, Castro said, only teachers and health workers: "Professors, that's what we have there."

After a mango juice nightcap, the buses pulled out at quarter of two.

Jackson was up early the next morning for a flight to the Isle of Youth, formerly the Isle of Pines. All the African nations in which Cuba has stationed troops have sent children there, to work in the fields and become revolutionary persons. The kids danced, the few reporters who had made the flight got bags of souvenirs. Back in Havana, Jackson visited the American prisoners he was repatriating.

Castro took Jackson to the University of Havana in the afternoon. The crowd there was lively; people stood on the baking steps of the Aula Magna and hollered, "*Fi-del, Fi-del*," and "*Jes-se, Jes-se*." The hall steamed; Jackson's text was "The Dream of Today's Youth."

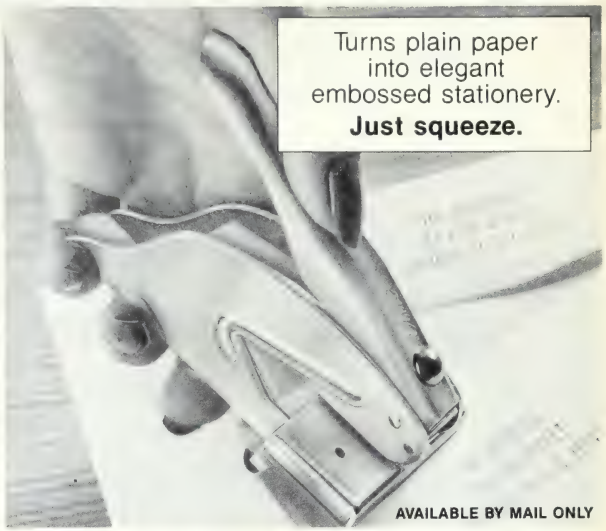
It dreams that human rights be measured by one yardstick. We cannot tolerate apartheid. Injustice to one of us is injustice to all of us. . . . It dreams of nuclear disarmament. We must bury the weapons before they bury the people. Youth dreams of the day when the United States and the Soviet Union come together to wipe out forevermore hunger and disease and illiteracy. If both of the superpowers were to stop building arms today, we could end hunger tomorrow. . . .

We must dream of doctors more concerned with public health than with personal wealth. Of lawyers more concerned with justice than judgeships. Of artists who convey music with a message, and rhythm with a reason. Of priests and

Continued on page 74

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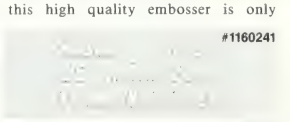
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NOTEBOOK

The endórphin high

By Lewis H. Lapham

On first reading the manuscript of Frederick Turner's essay "Escape From Modernism" (see page 47 of the current *Harper's*) I found myself laughing out loud—not, certainly, because the text is notable for its jokes, but because of a joyful feeling that I'm sure the author would describe as an "endorphin high." He discusses this sensation toward the end of his essay, defining it as a pleasure mixed in the chemicals of the brain when the mind is being put to imaginative or constructive use. Imitations of the feeling can be induced by drugs or alcohol, but these, as Mr. Turner observes, prove to be poor synthetics.

Although I never have met Mr. Turner, I think of him as amateur sage without portfolio, pursuing a line of experimental speculation across intellectual borders that I expect the professional philosophers would look upon as closed to anybody not traveling on an official passport. Never having heard Mr. Turner's name before coming across his manuscript, I know little of his credentials or his library—but I rejoice in his making such a satisfactory shambles of the doctrines of modernism.

His essay opens so many holes in the familiar wall of alienation and despair that I expect it will provide almost any reader with at least one avenue of escape from an aesthetic that has become as oppressive as the network news.

Other writers have attempted similar demolitions with moralistic bombast, but Mr. Turner sets his charges in the context of quantum physics, and he has a gift for connecting the newer scientific hypotheses with their literary as well as their political and technological corollaries. He sees both capitalism and communism as expressions of an outworn faith in the primacy of matter. Perceived in a historical perspective, both credos rest on the atomistic theory of structure that was as necessary to Karl Marx and James Joyce as it was to Adam Smith. But if this assumption no longer holds true, if matter dissolves in the interstices of event, relation, and light, then none of the materialist religions can make good on the promise of certainty. To the extent that their doctrines fail to square with the facts, their rituals must become increasingly empty and theatrical.

As has been pointed out for the last twenty years in innumerable earnest journals, a fair percentage of the arts claiming to be both serious and modern cannot offer much else besides increasingly elaborate gestures of self-congratulation or self-loathing; so also the political authorities in Moscow and Washington have found it increasingly difficult to draw an enthusiastic crowd. Not because they lack the weapons to enforce obedience or the money to buy a cheer, but because their presumption of access to the so-called objective truth on the stage of the so-called real world no longer commands the willing suspension of disbelief.

The dissatisfaction with the materialist faith accounts for the current lobbying everywhere in the world on behalf of a happy return to the traditional religions. The Ayatollah Khomeini harangues the faithful in Qom with visions of Islam restored to its spiritual and temporal dominions, and Pope John Paul II wanders the roads of Christendom preaching crusade against the armies of Mammon. During the American presidential campaign this fall the only question that seized the public imagination has to do with the division of spoils between church and state.

The materialist theologians in New York and Washington professed astonishment at this turn of events. Who would have thought that in the late twentieth century, in a country so well equipped with massage parlors and videocassettes, large numbers of people still could get excited about a score supposedly settled in the era of sailing ships? Why weren't the voters impressed by the grandeur of the federal deficit or the magnificence of the nuclear arsenal?

The newspapers published calls to the old materialist prayer, but the congregation was falling asleep in the pews, confusing the sonorities of James Reston's sermons with the buzzing of flies. Not that the edifices of the materialist belief weren't awe-inspiring, even beautiful, if one took the trouble to read the guidebook; but the weapons were beginning to look like stained glass and the economic projections like ornamental carvings in Gothic stone. The monuments represented the spiritual coordinates of a faith that was receding, quite literally, at the speed of light.

Materialism assumes an unfathomable chasm between subject and object, being and knowledge, statement and referent, man and nature, ontology and epistemology, reality and the representation of reality. But if Mr. Turner is right, and if quantum physics means what he thinks it means, then the chasm doesn't exist. It becomes an imaginary line no more intimidating than the line drawn in the dust for a child's game of hopscotch. The instability of matter results in a new formulation of the Elizabethan "great chain of being," which confirms the premise (see "The Story of C," page 28) that all

the world is alive; that everything eventually coheres in everything else; that sooner or later a carbon atom gets to dance, if not with an angel on the head of a pin, at least on Broadway with Tommy Tune.

Again, pressing the speculation further, if it is true that man is as much at home in the world as anybody (or anything) else, then we can say goodbye to St. Augustine's geography of Eden as well as to Rousseau's self-imposed exile from nature. All nature is second nature. Because it is no longer possible to say that reality is inevitably outside oneself (in Washington, say, or under option to Twentieth Century Fox), men have no choice but to make and re-make God as well as their cells.

Nor is it still possible to say that history is the sum of blind forces known for their belligerence, their stupidity, and their resemblance to the prose fiction of Ann Beattie or a building designed by Philip Johnson. It appears that man has more to say about his own fate than does the machinery that he chooses to endow with a power almost as sublime as Nelson Bunker Hunt's money. Teleology proves to be the best policy, and it turns out that man survives by virtue of his idealism and his capacity for making poems.

Beyond anything else they could imagine, the ancient Greeks admired what Sophocles called the glittering play of "wind-swift thought," and Athens boasted not of the weapons or works of art collected in the city, although these were many and beautiful, but of the character of its citizens. To the materialist sensibility, whether articulated by the KGB or the *Wall Street Journal*, this would be dismissed, if not as heresy, then as nonsense. The mind in awe of markets defines as pleasure only those sensations or experiences that can be expressed in money, that can be stuffed, collected, bought, sold, framed, or measured as assiduously as the editors of *Cosmopolitan* measure the velocity of sexual orgasm. If these rewards can be understood as poor synthetics, then who knows what non-modernist wonders might be performed in the upper atmospheres of Mr. Turner's endorphin high? ■

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HARPER'S INDEX

Number of police officers and Secret Service agents at the wedding of Ronald Reagan's daughter Patti : 180
Number of guests : 134
Number of times Ronald Reagan has seen his 17-month-old granddaughter : 0
Number of covers *Paris-Match* has devoted this year to President François Mitterrand : 2
To Monaco's royal family : 9
Percentage decrease in the cost of seven ounces of Beluga Imperial caviar, from 1982 to 1983 : 50
Average price of a pheasant at Lobel's butcher shop in New York : $24.95
Price of a roasting rat in Nigeria : 65¢
Percentage of international arms exports to the Third World that goes to African nations : 18
Number of the world's thirty-five poorest nations that are in Africa : 23
Dollars spent by Americans annually for packaged cookies : $2,400,000,000
Dollars spent by Americans annually for pornography : $7,000,000,000 (see page 34)
Percentage increase in sales of American flags during the past year : 20
Percentage of Americans who believed in 1973 that communism is the worst form of government : 44
Percentage who believe this today : 61
Number of countries in which a citizen can be penalized for not voting : 19
Estimated percentage of professional boxers who suffer brain damage : 87
Ratio of physicians to inhabitants in the Soviet Union : 1:270
Ratio of physicians to inhabitants in the United States : 1:520
Ratio of prison inmates to inhabitants in the United States : 1:520
Leper population of the Americas : 300,000
Dollars spent on health care in the United States in 1983 : $354,600,000,000
Percentage of that amount paid by the government : 43
Estimated hours of work that are lost each year to alcoholism : 2,500,000,000
Estimated hours of work that are lost each year because of menstrual cramps : 576,000,000
Number of abortions per every 100 live births in the United States : 42.6
In Japan : 155
Number of American children conceived with donated sperm and/or carried to term by surrogate mothers : 250,000
Percentage increase, since 1970, in the number of adult Americans who live with their parents : 85
Percentage of cohabiting American couples who were unwed in 1970 : 1
In 1983 : 4
Percentage of American men who admit they wear uncomfortable shoes because they look good : 20
Percentage of American women who admit they wear uncomfortable shoes because they look good : 45
Number of American shoe factories that close each week : 1
Number of new American plays and adaptations that appeared on Broadway in 1959 : 27
In 1983 : 8
Watts of power used by the human brain when it is engaged in deep thought : 14
Watts required to operate an IBM personal computer : 63.5
Number of years it takes for the information stored in the world's libraries and computers to double : 8 (see page 50)
Percentage of nuts that squirrels lose because they forget where they put them (according to Beatrix Potter) : 50

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of September 1984.

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READINGS

[Essay]

THE RADICAL ROMANCE OF LATIN AMERICA

From "The Cheap Intellectual," by Mario Vargas Llosa, the Peruvian novelist. The essay appears in his new collection, Against Tide and Wind, *published in Barcelona by Seix Barral. The translation is by Lisa Wyant. Vargas Llosa's most recent novel,* The War of the End of the World, *was published in the United States by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

I once heard James Baldwin say, "Whenever I go to a white writers' congress, I have a method for figuring out whether my colleagues are racists. It consists of spouting stupid remarks and supporting absurd theories. If the writers listen to me respectfully and then burst into applause, there's no doubt about it: they're a group of racist pigs." Accepting benevolently from a black man's mouth what would be laughed at or scorned coming from a white man is something that can only result from a feeling of superiority. After all, who bothers to respond to the provocations of the mentally deficient?

I was reminded of Baldwin's observation recently at a Danish and Latin American writers' congress each time my compatriot asked to speak. Time and again he asked for the floor, and the moderator of each session was quick to give it to him. We were in a wing of the Louisiana Museum, one of Denmark's museums of modern art, where the organizers of the event were shrewd enough to have arranged the chairs so that the participants had their backs to the beach; and instead of spying on beautiful bronzed nudists dipping in and out of the Humlebaek Sea, we were condemned to stare at one another and listen to the speakers. Speaking in jargon charged with Lima's local slang, my compatriot really gave the two interpreters a run for their money. He won my open admiration with his first few interjections. In the high, booming voice of a speaker at a street rally, he explained that his novels are not put out by bourgeois publishing houses; trade unions both publish and distribute them. And, he continued, he refused to collect his royalties, preferring to donate the money to popular organizations because he didn't write to satisfy personal vanity or sheer greed but to raise the revolutionary consciousness of the Peruvian masses.

When a young man with glasses showed an interest in the number of copies of his books in circulation, he immediately started citing figures with so many zeros that it was enough to transport the novelists there into a state of levitation. Right away, an editor from Copenhagen wanted to know if his moral reservations about having his books published by capitalist houses pertained only to those in Peru, or if he also had misgivings about engaging, say, a Danish editor. The question stimulated my compatriot. He made sure we knew that he was by no means dogmatic, because, as Mariátegui said, Marxism should lead to heroic creation, not to a copy or replica. And so he based his decisions on the objective conditions of each situation, for to do otherwise would mean falling into a subjectivity whose dangers have already been pointed out by scientific thinkers like Marx, Engels, Lenin, et cetera.

The Danes gave my compatriot their full attention, and I swear a few of them were taking notes. Was it that they were fascinated by the image his haranguing constructed, that image of an effervescent Peru where writers, rather than living as the privately supported clowns of the bourgeoisie, exist in transubstantiation with a working class that publishes, prints, and buys out their books? To me, it brought back the memory of another, equally colorful Peru that I heard André Malraux depict in a ministerial address in Paris, where he spoke eloquently about "those Incan princesses dying in the snow of the Andes with their parrots cradled under their arms."

But those funny episodes of science fiction and mythomania were mere interludes in the long, tiresome speeches that my compatriot—given any excuse—inflicted on us, without anyone refuting him or shutting him up. One of the charms that young writers tend to have is a powerful inferiority complex, which, when it comes to a congress, keeps them so quiet that they seem to be models of discretion. But this proletarian novelist had enviable psychic health and spoke nonstop from the beginning to the end of the congress. Frequently he denounced enemies that not even I was able to identify: groups or individuals from the university with whom, no doubt, he had just had an argument. To the Danes, who would have had great difficulty, I am sure, in pointing out Lima on a map of the world, it all must have sounded like Chinese. But still more enervating were the theatrical touches and the ideological principles with which he concluded his orations, stretching out his arms to ask for applause.

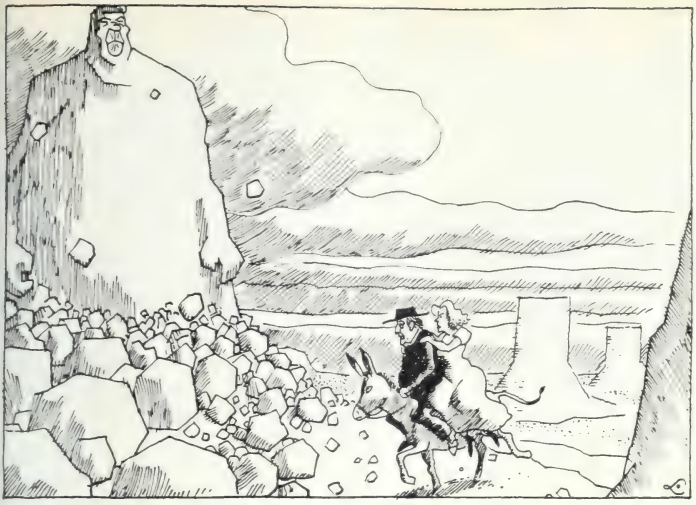
Besides being grotesque, there was something tragic about his interjections. They managed to convert the most irreducible realities into something unreal. He exaggerated, distorted, lied, and interpreted Latin America's problems in such a one-sided way that, in his hands, the crimes of Pinochet, the repression in Argentina, the theft and genocide of Somoza, and the abuses of the Peruvian government were transformed—like those union crowds devouring his novels—into fabrication and cheap demagogy.

And yet, there were the Danish writers, listening, taking notes, applauding. They had brought this man from the other side of the world, choosing him over many others who could have given more lucid and honest testimony on Latin America, because, as an organizer of the event pointed out to me, "It was important that a proletarian writer participate in the meeting." Ignorance, naiveté—at the time, these seemed the only possible explanations. The Danes knew so little about us that any hustler—disguised as a knight of the quill among the exploited—who could point to the sky and make them look up could win a trip to Europe. They had so many good intentions and were so eager to help that continent of victims, even if it meant dauntlessly enduring long-winded speeches full of hot air and signing all the telegrams my compatriot circulated at the end of each session.

But thinking back, I feel less condescending toward those Danish writers. It now seems to me that those speeches did not take them by surprise, but that they expected and even required them. That novelist of the Peruvian proletariat was not there by accident or by his own quick wits. He was invited on the assumption that he would say exactly what we heard—because that was what the Danes wanted to hear from Latin Americans.

The principal reason for this is, without a doubt, that phenomenon of "transference" so common among European intellectuals who profess interest in Latin America. Actually, they are interested in a fictitious Latin America, one onto which they can project the ideological appetites that the reality of their own countries cannot satisfy—those convictions that the lives they lead deny daily. To offset their frustration, they turn to look at that other world, the one that always shows them what they want to see, like the evil queen's magic mirror in *Snow White*. And what they want to see in Latin America is not the complexity and diversity of our continent, where not only suffering, exploitation, and oppression but many other things exist, and where, all that aside, the misery cannot be understood from simplistic perspectives or remedied through a rhetoric of demagogy. In his excitement, my compatriot verified their lofty and puerile image of Latin America, Manichaean and romantic (in the worst sense of the word), and the naif never suspected that he was playing a role prepared for him by the intellectuals of a country with a sophisticated culture. The function he fulfilled—beautifully—consisted in compensating them vicariously for the misfortune, poor things, of having to live and write in a democratic and cultured society where union leaders would rather watch television in their own homes than edit novels by revolutionary writers to raise their consciousness.

Isak Dinesen, a writer whom I admire and who is buried near that museum in Denmark, said, if I remember correctly, that aristocratic Danish women of the eighteenth century had a habit of taking imported African monkeys to their parties to satisfy their taste for the exotic and because, in comparison to their hairy dancing partners, they felt more beautiful. Remembering what happened at the meeting on the shores of the Humlebaek Sea, I think that the refined custom of those Danish ladies is, two centuries later, still being practiced by their descendants.



From Süddeutsche Zeitung, *the West German daily.*

[Proposal]

CONGRESS BY LOT

From "A Dozen New Ideas," in the July issue of New Age Journal. *This proposal, entitled "Sortition," is from Ernest Callenbach, author of* Ecotopia, *and Michael Phillips, a former banker and author of* The Seven Laws of Money.

John Adams suggested that the legislature should be a "portrait in miniature" of the entire people. What we have today is a House of Representatives that is 46 percent lawyers. And they're almost all male and white and, by most Americans' standards, wealthy. This is not representation.

It is, however, perfectly possible to produce a House that would be truly representative by a process we call "sortition." You simply put the lists maintained in every county for picking jurors into a national computer, and tell the computer to "randomize" the lists and pick 435 names. Lo and behold, you would then have a body that would be 51 percent women and have appropriate percentages of minorities, rich and poor, and so forth. Probably only about half a percent would be lawyers.

In order to make sure that people would serve, they would be paid only if they came to the capital and voted. This system was used for 250 years in ancient Athens. I think the legislators would show up. They would get $60,000 or $70,000 a year plus expenses to run an office full of people who would give them expert advice. And I certainly don't think they would be any more corruptible than the members of the current Congress.

[Advertisement]

FOSTER GUERRILLAS

From a bulletin of the Khmer People's National Liberation Front, dated August 5.

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The KPNLAF combatants await your responses!

[Lyrics]

WHY ARE WE IN KABUL?

In its May issue, Le Monde de la Musique *published the lyrics of several songs reported to be popular among Soviet soldiers stationed in Afghanistan. According to the French monthly, the songs were recorded in the summer of 1981 by Yuri Kirsanov, a Soviet officer. Below are excerpts from two songs.*

Kabul is far away and is the steppe without life.
I've had enough of this land.
You will never again see many of your sons. O
my country, cry, sob with sorrow. They have
gone, left you.
The party has shown them the way. They
carried out the sacred order so that the
country may sleep in peace.

Sleep quietly mothers, fathers, fiancées, wives,
loved ones.
We will protect the sacred honor of the country.
We are your faithful sons, Russia.
And when we meet again in our native land,
seized by the vertigo of memory,
We will observe a moment of silence for the boys
who will never again return.

The battle waned on the ravaged bridge,
The enemy dissolved into the darkness.
The commissar, who doesn't like comfort, is
dying on the moistened ground.
A warmth unknown to Russia gathers on his lips.
The stars of the foreign sky fade in his blue eyes.
He dies, without believing in tales, gripping his
broken gun.
And toward him advances, wearing a loincloth,
the enemy soldier.
He approaches, stares with surprise, raises his
pistol, narrows his eyes, and says,
"I've eaten plenty of whites. Now I'm going to
eat a Russian for the first time."

[Essay]

THE MAKING OF MODERN TIMES

Adapted from an essay by William H. McNeill in The Phenomenon of Change, *published by the Smithsonian's Cooper-Hewitt Museum. McNeill is a professor of history at the University of Chicago and president-elect of the American Historical Association.*

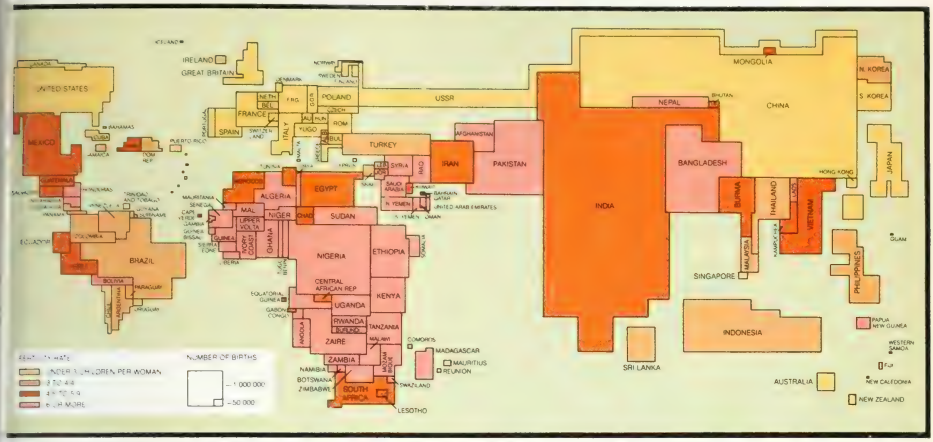
With its two great wars, innumerable smaller ones, and scores of revolutions, the twentieth century has been marked by political upheaval. And although the actions of government leaders have exerted a profound influence on our times, even the most powerful dictators have found themselves constrained by circumstance. For beneath the level of conscious action, galloping social changes have shaped politics in ways we can only partly understand or control. Of these changes, two seem preeminent: the unprecedented growth in population and the no less unprecedented expansion of communications.

Living as we do in urban, postindustrial North America, where more people are employed in service occupations than in either industry or agriculture, we need to remind ourselves that, elsewhere, the majority of humankind still toils in the fields to produce food, most of which is consumed immediately. In such places, the growth of population has meant that traditional ways of life and work have produced drastically diminishing returns. As this has happened, young people in one part of the earth after another have come of age with the awful realization that, under existing circumstances, they will not live as well as their parents without more cultivable land than is actually available.

Responses to this dilemma have depended in considerable part on the messages conveyed (intentionally or not) by the new modes of communication—radio, movies, television—

ap]

HE WHOLE-EARTH BABY BOOM



Births and Total Fertility," from World Development Report 1984, *a World Bank study published by Oxford University Press. Countries are drawn in proportion to the number of births in 1982. Thus India, with more than 24 million births, appears as the largest country, and China, with about 21 million births, is slightly smaller. A country's color indicates its fertility rate (the average number of births to each woman in her lifetime).*

that today reach into the remotest villages. Amid the turmoil, one thing seems certain: traditional patterns of rural life, defined from time immemorial by local custom and habit, will never be the same. With the old ways no longer working, and the new modes of communication planting novel aspirations in the rural majority of humankind, mere custom can no longer prevail.

This means that, for the first time in history, the majority of our species is politicized. Now that peasant populations around the world no longer accept existing social patterns as natural and inevitable, they are beginning to entertain programs for deliberate, politically managed change. Revolutionary recipes attract them most, simply because population growth has often rendered their circumstances desperate.

We can distinguish two stages in the politicization of the human majority. In the first half of the century, when communication networks were still incapable of reaching rural dwellers quickly and on a regular basis, major political movements were city-based. Indeed, in the first quarter of the century, only Westernized city folk were organized well enough politically to matter much in world affairs. As late as 1923, European, American, and Japanese military officers, businessmen, and diplomats were able to reassign political control of wide areas of Asia, Africa, and Oceania without provoking effective local resistance. At that time, the driving force of international upheaval came from a few industrial nations, each struggling for "a place in the sun." The foreign policies of imperialist governments were designed to appeal partly to special interests but mainly to voters in general, who usually viewed foreign affairs as a spectator sport. World War I revealed the costs of this approach, but, at the time, the war seemed an unaccountable departure from civilized norms, not a presage of the future.

Nevertheless, World War I foreshadowed the end of the era of Western dominance, which became an unmistakable reality after World War II. World War II accelerated the spread of modern modes of communication into Asia, Africa, and Latin America. As radio, movies, and television supplemented and eventually overtook older modes of face-to-face and printed communication, new ideas mixed explosively with local difficulties that arose, largely, from rural population growth. As a result, in the second half of the century, first local urban elites, and later the rural majority, began to stir as never before.

If we recognize this global breakup of tradi-

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tional forms of rural life as the main feature of twentieth-century history, then we may also see the competing ideologies and the rival alliances of our time as experiments in the management of populations that have been freed from the constraints of custom and that do not know what to expect under radically changing circumstances. Promises of accelerated economic development have an obvious appeal to land-hungry peasants and ex-peasants who have migrated to cities in search of jobs. Such promises, whether Marxist or liberal-democratic, have in fact dominated the political scene. Yet there is also a strong contrary current that seeks to restore the very sense of community, the shared values, that economic development weakens or destroys. Between the wars this took the form of nationalist and fascist movements, but it became theological after World War II as religious revivals—Jewish, Moslem, Christian, Hindu, and Buddhist—began to play important roles in world politics.

Religious revolution is now competing with older, secular ideals all around the globe. This is most apparent in Moslem nations, but it is also emerging in Latin America, where Christian revolutionary ideals are competing with Marxism for peasant support. Communist governments in Europe are also facing a vigorous Christian opposition; and religious fundamentalism has become a significant political force in India, the United States, Japan, and parts of Africa. Thus today the tension between secular universalism (Marxist and liberal-democratic) and religious sectarianism pervades the human response to the risk and novelty inherent in the breakup of traditional orderings of society.

The rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union, however dangerous it may be in an age of nuclear warheads and ICBMs, is only a part of the general upheaval of our time. It may even, ironically, help stabilize the world, so long as no one actually launches a nuclear warhead. For the fact is that the cold war has helped both communist and noncommunist governments define domestic priorities and rally public support. Without an enemy to rally their citizens against, what basis could governments find to adjudicate the collisions among religious, occupational, ethnic, sexual, generational, and geographical interests that threaten the cohesion of modern societies?

Uncertainty and sudden change are inherent in any break with custom. When the phenomenon is global, the process whereby a new balance may someday emerge will take more than one human lifetime to work itself out. Ambiguity and fragility in political affairs will therefore persist well beyond the year 2000. That is our gift to the twenty-first century.

[Essay]

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO TRUST THE RUSSIANS?

From "Why Trust the Soviets?" by Richard J. Barnet, in World Policy, *Spring 1984. Barnet is a senior fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies. His most recent book is* The Alliance: America, Europe, Japan.

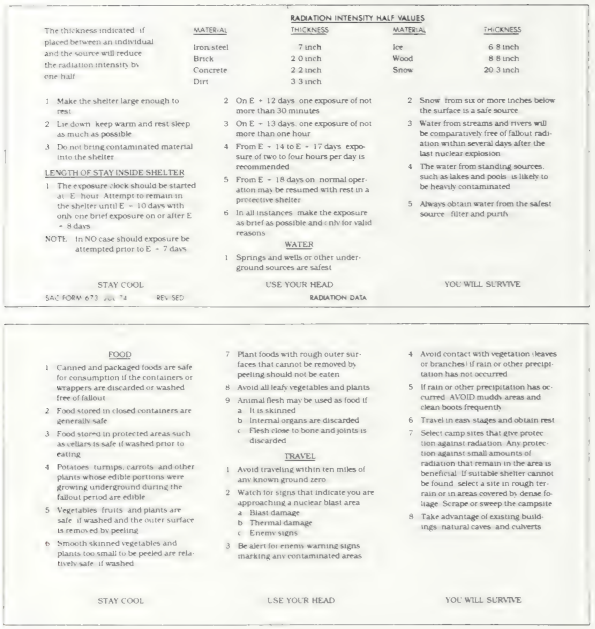
As the experience of détente suggests, the superpowers have chosen to trust technology rather than each other's enlightened self-interest to achieve security. An alternative security arrangement that would pose fewer risks of catastrophe and that would drain fewer resources is clearly in the interest of both sides, but each suspects the other of a willingness to use the process of changing the relationship to its own decisive advantage. The fundamental obstacle to improving U.S.-Soviet relations, therefore, is not that trust cannot be built into the relationship, for it is a dangerous delusion to believe that we do not trust the Soviet Union right now. It is that the leadership of both superpowers is more prepared to trust the arms race as a guarantor of security than to trust the intentions, judgment, or humanity of the adversary.

No less than arms control, the arms race is based on *faith*—faith that human nature works the way deterrence theorists say it does, faith that deterrence itself should be credited with preventing war, and faith that if deterrence prevented war in one generation, then it can prevent war in the next, despite radically changed technological and political circumstances. The arms race and deterrence do not remove the question of trust from superpower relations; they simply place their trust in an ever more complex hair-trigger technology that increases the risks of human error in a system based ultimately on the threat to commit suicide. Every day we rely on our technology and on their technology to send and receive messages that will prevent nuclear war. Every day we count on septuagenarian leaders on both sides not to make fatal miscalculations in their confrontations with one another. Every day we trust that the persistent communication of an escalating threat will intimidate rather than provoke our adversary, that it will encourage cool rationality rather than acts of desperation, and that leaders who seem all too subject to human frailty will demonstrate superhuman prudence.

The question that political leaders, scholars,

[Guidelines]

FROM A SAC PILOT'S WALLET



RADIATION INTENSITY HALF VALUES

The thickness indicated if placed between an individual and the source will reduce the radiation intensity by one-half

MATERIAL	THICKNESS	MATERIAL	THICKNESS
Iron/steel	.7 inch	Ice	6.8 inch
Brick	2.0 inch	Wood	8.8 inch
Concrete	2.2 inch	Snow	20.3 inch
Dirt	3.3 inch		

1. Make the shelter large enough to rest.
2. Lie down, keep warm and rest; sleep as much as possible.
3. Do not bring contaminated material into the shelter.

LENGTH OF STAY INSIDE SHELTER

1. The exposure clock should be started at E + hour. Attempt to remain in the shelter until E + 10 days with only one brief exposure on or after E + 8 days.

NOTE: In NO case should exposure be attempted prior to E + 7 days.

2. On E + 12 days, one exposure of not more than 30 minutes.
3. On E + 13 days, one exposure of not more than one hour.
4. From E + 14 to E + 17 days, exposure of two to four hours per day is recommended.
5. From E + 18 days on, normal operation may be resumed with rest in a protective shelter.
6. In all instances, make the exposure as brief as possible and only for valid reasons.

WATER

1. Springs and wells or other underground sources are safest.
2. Snow, from six or more inches below the surface is a safe source.
3. Water from streams and rivers will be comparatively free of fallout radiation within several days after the last nuclear explosion.
4. The water from standing sources, such as lakes and pools, is likely to be heavily contaminated.
5. Always obtain water from the safest source, filter and purify.

STAY COOL — USE YOUR HEAD — YOU WILL SURVIVE

SAC FORM 673 JUL 74 REVISED — RADIATION DATA

FOOD

1. Canned and packaged foods are safe for consumption if the containers or wrappers are discarded or washed free of fallout.
2. Food stored in closed containers are generally safe.
3. Food stored in protected areas such as cellars is safe if washed prior to eating.
4. Potatoes, turnips, carrots, and other plants whose edible portions were growing underground during the fallout period are edible.
5. Vegetables, fruits, and plants are safe if washed and the outer surface is removed by peeling.
6. Smooth skinned vegetables and plants too small to be peeled are relatively safe, if washed.
7. Plant foods with rough outer surfaces that cannot be removed by peeling should not be eaten.
8. Avoid all leafy vegetables and plants.
9. Animal flesh may be used as food if
   a. It is skinned.
   b. Internal organs are discarded.
   c. Flesh close to bone and joints is discarded.

TRAVEL

1. Avoid traveling within ten miles of any known ground zero.
2. Watch for signs that indicate you are approaching a nuclear blast area
   a. Blast damage.
   b. Thermal damage.
   c. Enemy signs.
3. Be alert for enemy warning signs marking any contaminated areas.
4. Avoid contact with vegetation (leaves or branches) if rain or other precipitation has not occurred.
5. If rain or other precipitation has occurred, AVOID mudd, areas and clean boots frequently.
6. Travel in easy stages and obtain rest.
7. Select camp sites that give protection against radiation. Any protection against small amounts of radiation that remain in the area is beneficial. If suitable shelter cannot be found, select a site in rough terrain or in areas covered by dense foliage. Scrape or sweep the campsite.
8. Take advantage of existing buildings, natural caves, and culverts.

STAY COOL — USE YOUR HEAD — YOU WILL SURVIVE

Cards such as this one are issued to Strategic Air Command bomber crews, for use if they are shot down in enemy territory during a nuclear conflict.

and the public should be asking is not "Can we trust the Russians?"—for clearly we already do and must—but "In what way is it prudent for us to trust them, for what, and how far?"

It is nonetheless sometimes argued that the issue of trust can be finessed—that the Soviet Union can be "trusted" to act in its own interest, and that since balanced arms-control agreements meet this test by lessening the likelihood of war, there are no incentives to cheat. While there is some truth to this neat rhetorical formulation, it does not refute the need for trust in superpower relations. The anarchy of international relations is in no small measure a reflection of the fact that nations do not always perceive their own interests accurately and often act contrary to their own welfare. They bet on the future and lose. Was Hitler's invasion of Russia in Germany's interest? Or Brezhnev's invasion of Afghanistan in Russia's? Each thought so at the time.

Self-interest is a reliable basis for establishing trust only when there is some mutually acceptable understanding of what the national interest means in the nuclear age. But it is precisely the present level of distrust that has made such an understanding unattainable. The perception of national interest in the Soviet Union is influenced by America's distrustful behavior, and vice versa. The Soviet Union's extreme position following the shooting down of the civilian Korean airliner that had wandered into its airspace, for example, was undoubtedly influenced by the Kremlin's perception of unremitting hostility from Washington. In refusing to apologize for the tragedy, and in threatening to shoot down other civilian planes if they ventured into Soviet airspace, the Soviet government emphasized deterrence rather than good relations with the outside world. Had its relationship with the United States been more promising, and had the military environment been less threatening,

Soviet military planners would have had less reason to suspect the United States of deliberate provocation and more reason to deal with the incident in a less politically damaging way.

Some advocates of arms control argue that the problem of trust can be solved with technology. Because surveillance satellites and other technological advances will ensure Soviet compliance with arms-control agreements, they say, we do not really have to *trust* the Russians. But technological advances cannot take the place of trust. As long as the assumption prevails that the Soviet Union can be relied on only within a relationship based on an escalating military threat, neither the most detailed photographs from space nor tapes of Kremlin conversations will be sufficient to allay our suspicions.

The issue of trust, then, cannot be short-circuited. It cannot be displaced by faith in self-interest or in technology. Distrust makes panicky, unpredictable moves of the sort that lead to war by miscalculation more likely. It also feeds the arms race, which in turn feeds distrust. New weapons, regardless of their technical characteristics, always carry a more threatening message than do old ones. Because they are additions to already enormous stockpiles, they prompt each side to ask the legitimate question: Why is the other side spending so much to procure more weapons than it possibly needs for deterrence? Neither side shares the confident assumption of the other that its missiles are merely "peacekeepers"; military "prudence" forces each to assume that the other is contemplating a disarming first strike. Unless the two superpowers confront the issue of trust seriously, therefore, their slide toward war will continue.

[Letter]

NATIONAL SECURITY AND SHOES

From an August 6 letter to Senator John Tower, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, from George Langstaff, president of the Footwear Industries of America, a trade group lobbying for legislation to protect the shoe industry from imports.

Dear Mr. Chairman:

The recent decision of the International Trade Commission to deny import relief to the domestic nonrubber footwear industry has many ramifications, but one of the most serious has been little discussed. This is the fact that, in the event of war or other national emergency, it is highly unlikely that the domestic footwear industry could provide sufficient footwear for the military and civilian populations.

It is true that the military is required by law to purchase only domestically made footwear. However, no law confers on workers the skills necessary to make a quality product for the military. And with each plant closing—thirty-two so far in 1984—we lose the skilled workers as well as the productive facilities needed to produce footwear.

In the event of a mass mobilization, the United States will not have time to train new tanners, cutters, or heelers. And we won't be able to wait for ships to deliver shoes from Taiwan or Korea or Brazil or Eastern Europe. Because imported shoes now make up more than 70 percent of the domestic market—and because the ITC has refused the footwear industry's request to reduce that flood of imports—our country today is extremely vulnerable.

In recent years both NATO and the United States have moved to "lighten" infantry divisions by placing less emphasis on tanks and armor and more emphasis on foot soldiers. Central to this strategy is the dismounting of the foot soldier; he will walk or run rather than ride on a mechanized vehicle, allowing him the flexibility to outflank and infiltrate the enemy's position.

But this strategy will fail if the foot soldier is without shoes.

Recent history bears this out. In 1982, the inadequate footwear of the British troops almost cost them their victory in the Falklands. Because their combat boots were poorly designed and cheaply made, by the end of the war *half* of all British troops were suffering from trenchfoot, an excruciatingly painful disease that makes walking almost impossible. If the war had gone on much longer, the cases of trenchfoot would have so depleted the British forces that they would have been unable to carry their campaign to completion.

Our dependence on foreign shoes is greater than our dependence on foreign oil. The Department of Defense is greatly concerned about this problem, and its Defense Support Personnel Center has begun a study of the ability of the domestic footwear industry to provide shoes to the military in wartime (CT-86-8430-S-01, *Shrinkage of the U.S. Shoe Industry*).

We are sure that this report will make official what our industry has been saying for years: the United States cannot afford to be without a domestic shoe industry. We must act *now* to save it.

Sincerely,
George Langstaff
President

[Letter]

FROM COLOMBIA'S DRUG DEALERS

Following the assassination of Justice Minister Rodrigo Lara Bonilla on April 30, the Colombian government decreed a state of siege and turned over all enforcement of its drug laws to the military. Because of Bonilla's hostility toward the drug trade, the Colombian "mafia" was widely blamed for the killing. With the ensuing crackdown, Colombian drug dealers fled to neighboring countries. In May some of them met privately in Panama with Colombian Attorney General Carlos Jiménez Gómez to negotiate their return, and some months later they sent the Colombian government this proposal. This excerpt is taken from the Cali daily, El País.

Mr. President:

May we be so bold as to address this letter to you in which we set forth a proposal we have been considering for some time?

For some months we have been seeking the wise advice of those who, without being lax or indulgent toward us, have understood that our presence in the life of the nation is worthy of study, consideration, and modification.

Since then, Mr. President, we believe that that counsel, dearly wished for to be sure, has taken objective form. When he was in Panama, the attorney general of the nation, Dr. Carlos Jiménez Gómez, agreed to meet with us.

The result of that meeting is the unilateral declaration, attached here in the form of a memorandum, that details our honest and frank as well as definitive position on the drug traffic and our decision to request, openly and simply, that you, Mr. President, consider our reintegration into Colombian society in the near future, so that we may enjoy it fully as citizens. Colombia is the homeland we want for our children and the homeland we deeply love.

THE MEMORANDUM

Part I: History and significance of our organizations.

Our organizations are the result of a long history, one that could not easily be duplicated in a period of less than ten years. Today these organizations control approximately 70 to 80 percent of the drug traffic that originates in Colombia.

Dismantling the drug traffic in Colombia would mean, in the short run, an increase in the price of the final product abroad and a deterioration in quality. It would also make it more difficult to acquire drugs and, as a result of this, there would be a decrease in the number of consumers.

We cannot offer a 100 percent guarantee on the part of all those who take part in the drug traffic that it will be totally dismantled. Drug traffic will always exist in its simpler, more traditional forms, such as the transport of drugs in suitcases, false heels, etc.

A few other basic facts: (a) The organizations we represent are not responsible, directly or indirectly, for the assassination of Rodrigo Lara Bonilla. (b) We do not have any connection with those who have taken up arms. It is thus unjust that the concept of "narcoguerrilla" should continue to thrive. (c) The involvement in politics by some members of our organizations has stemmed exclusively from a desire to fight the extradition treaty with the U.S.

Part II: Our offer to hand over our organizations.

1. Measures to be taken immediately:

(A) The dismantling of our global infrastructure and the turning over to the government of laboratories, clandestine airstrips, and airplanes.

(B) Our complete retirement from the market as buyers of the raw material, manufacturers of the final product, transporters to consumer nations, and distributors within those countries.

(C) Our assistance in substituting other crops for the marijuana and coca grown in Colombia.

(D) Our offer to help the Colombian government eradicate domestic drug use and rehabilitate addicts, if such help is considered prudent and appropriate.

(E) Our complete retirement from covert and overt political activity.

2. Measures to be put into effect:

(A) We be allowed to bring our capital assets back into the country once steps that would allow for it have been studied.

(B) Those of us who subscribe to this unilateral declaration be permitted to return to Colombia once the political conditions and public opinion in the country so allow, so that we may enjoy the full attributes of citizenship.

[Glossary]

MEDICAL INSULTS

From "More Common Patient-Directed Pejoratives Used by Medical Personnel," by Stephen L. Taller, in Maledicta: The International Journal of Verbal Aggression, *Vol. VII.*

BANANA: a patient with jaundice.

BLIMP: a grossly obese patient. Synonym: *whale.*

BRAIN STEM PREP: a deeply comatose patient. Synonyms: *vegetable, gork.*

CROCK: a patient with many complaints and lit-

[Subway Poster]

POLITICAL ART UNDERGROUND



This poster was displayed in the Washington, D.C., subway system after a court battle between the artist, Michael Lebron, and the Washington Metropolitan Area Transit Authority. Initially, the authority refused to sell Lebron space, saying the poster was "deceptive." Lebron sued on First Amendment grounds, but the U.S. District Court upheld the Transit Authority, citing the "deceptive manner in which Mr. Lebron depicted an apparently derisive confrontation which actually did not occur." (The poster does contain a disclaimer, not visible here, stating that the image is a composite that does not depict an actual event, and that the views expressed are solely those of the artist.) Pending its review of the case, the U.S. Court of Appeals ordered the Transit Authority to accept the poster.

tle disease, as in "a crocky patient." Synonyms: *psychoceramic, rotating patient, serum porcelain.*

DUMP: a patient nobody wants who has been transferred, or *dumped,* from one medical facility to another on one pretext or another.

GOMER: a professional patient; a patient who regularly visits the emergency room for minor complaints. Possibly an acronym of "get outta my emergency room."

HOSPITAL HOBO: a patient who goes from hospital to hospital with a series of dramatic, feigned illnesses. Synonym: *hospital addict.*

ILLNESS ADDICT: similar to *crock.*

NOT EVEN IN THE BALL GAME: very senile or confused.

NOT WITH THE PROGRAM: senile or confused.

ORGAN RECITAL PATIENTS: patients who claim there is something bothering them in every part of their bodies.

P.P.P.P.P.T.: abbreviation of "piss-poor protoplasm poorly put together," the superlative of P.P.P., "piss-poor protoplasm."

PSYCHOCERAMIC: synonym for *crock.*

ROTATING PATIENT: synonym for *crock.*

SERUM PORCELAIN: a *crocky* patient is said to have a "high serum porcelain."

SHOOTER: someone who takes illicit drugs intravenously.

SOAPBOX DERBY SYNDROME: a rapidly progressing illness.

SQUASH ROT: a stroke patient is said to be suffering from this disease.

SUNDOWNER: a senile patient who is quiet during the day but who becomes agitated, loud, and confused when the sun goes down and the ward becomes quiet.

THICK CHART SYNDROME: a malady suffered by patients with many admissions and innumerable outpatient visits.

WALNUT STORAGE DISEASE: used to describe a crazy patient, who is likened to a squirrel.

WHALE: a grossly obese patient. Synonym: *blimp.*

[Poem]

SHOOTING

By August Kleinzahler, in the Spring/Summer issue of Epoch, *which is published three times a year by Cornell University. Kleinzahler is a recipient of a 1983 General Electric Foundation Award for Younger Writers.* Storm Over Hackensack, *his first volume, will be published next year by Moyer Bell Ltd.*

The sun is high
and the blacktop soft so Hit
first from the corner
then from the key
because your hand is hot
and no one's watching Hit
and the sun's an oscilloscope
among ghostly ruins Hit
and out jumps memory—
Cerberus! Hit
nothing happens Hit
your brow's sore from salt
mixed with poisons escaping Hit
for forget-me-nots
sprinkling the tall grass Hit
for the poppies for birdsong
pale nubs Hit
so your flanks start to glisten
like fish do Hit
and young mothers pull their shades down
Hit get hit back
till you're ripe for a juicing
Hit on a hill in the Peloponnesus
your limbs oiled and kneaded
your focus burned clear Hit
after dark and the stars shall
illumine
Put moves on the locals
They'll make you a god
Hit for the sake of it
for the music of hitting Hit
because will ordained it
and you can deliver
Hit you the Hit Man
Hit 'cause Jim Dandy's
got nothing on you Hit
because you've been hitting since when
at the playgrounds Hit underneath
then hook with both wings
Hit twice for compassion
and 3 times for passion Hit
one more time
and all sins are absolved
Hit for the rhythm
that finds you and lifts you
The ball is a planet
and you make it go

[Essay]

A NEO-LUDDITE PLEA

From Present Tense Technology, *by David F. Noble, forthcoming from Singlejack Publications. Noble is a curator in the Division of Mechanisms at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History and the author of* Forces of Production, *published by Alfred A. Knopf in July.*

The first Industrial Revolution was recognized as such only in retrospect (the term was not coined until the transformation had been completed). The second Industrial Revolution, in contrast, has already been identified in anticipation of the event. Thus, we have the luxury, denied our predecessors, of entering the transition with our eyes open. Whatever blindness remains is self-induced.

Among our inherited blinders is the identification of technological advance with social progress, an idea espoused by liberals and socialists alike. Late-twentieth-century Americans need not be reminded that this belief is suspect and invites a fundamental re-evaluation. Given the social costs—military, ecological, and socioeconomic—it would be wise to call a halt to rapid, undirected technological advance, if only until we regain our bearings. But there is another inherited blinder, the conviction that technological advance cannot be stopped because "You can't stop progress." In reality, this is a bizarre and relatively recent Western notion invented to disarm critics of capitalism, which can be readily refuted by reference to centuries of socially interrupted technological development.

"Protective" regulations of one sort or another have long served to buffer society from disruptive changes: the Luddites, for instance, appealed to this time-honored tradition, which assumed the supremacy of society over mere economic activity and technological contrivance. This tradition was eradicated only within the last few centuries by the rapacious champions of laissez-faire, who succeeded in putting "things" in the saddle, to ride mankind. It is necessary to remind ourselves of this lost tradition and to reassert it confidently. To the dictum "You can't stop progress" we must learn to respond: "Of course you can."

One strategy might be to illustrate that, despite our supposed deference to technological advance and economic ends, our society routinely accepts certain limits on both. For example, we are learning to live with environmental

We don't buy just any seats. We design them.

GM begins with detailed studies of the human body. Biomedical research. The kind of comprehensive investigation of anatomy da Vinci undertook in the 1500s.

As a leader in the field of Human Factors Engineering, we design interiors scientifically to minimize the possible distractions from your driving.

It may take us two years and countless clay models to arrive at a more comfortable, durable seat for new GM cars and trucks. But we think it's worth it.

And we believe old Leonardo would have thought so, too.

We believe in taking the extra time, giving the extra effort and paying attention to every detail. That's what it takes to provide the quality that leads more people to buy GM cars and trucks than any other kind. And why GM owners are the most loyal on the road.

That's the GM commitment to excellence.

GM



Nobody sweats the details like GM.



From Punch, *the English weekly.*

constraints on economic and technological activities. We would reject the reinstitutionalization of slavery even if it could be shown that it would enhance our international competitiveness. Yet, if undue environmental degradation and slavery are unacceptable, social dislocation caused by capital flight and technological displacement is not. How might it become so? We have environmental impact statements; why do we not have employee impact statements? All employers who wish to introduce new methods should be required to provide an assessment of *and solutions to* likely problems before implementation. "We protect the fish," one worker at General Electric observed. "Why not the people?"

No one is against "technology," because technology as such does not exist. Technology exists only in the particular, as particular pieces of equipment in particular settings, and criteria must be developed for selecting which technologies should be adopted and which should be stopped. Technologies must be opposed if they degrade people and diminish their freedom without any apparent economic or other compensating benefit or if they are clearly viable in the narrow technical or economic sense but are nevertheless destructive for society as a whole.

Opposition to technological progress helps us overcome our infantile dreams of technological salvation and enables us to transcend the mystification of technological power in our society. For technology has never really been the problem, nor will it ever be the solution.

[Thesis]

CAPITALIST REALISM

From Advertising, the Uneasy Persuasion, *by Michael Schudson, published this month by Basic Books. Schudson is a professor of sociology and communications at the University of California at San Diego.*

National consumer-goods advertising is highly abstract and self-contained. When particular places are shown, they are generally flattened. For example, when the Capitol is used as a backdrop for a car ad, we are not meant to see it as a particular place but as a familiar image of a place. What is shown is more recognizable as a postcard than as physical space.

Similarly, the people in magazine ads and television commercials are abstract people. This is not to say that they are fictive characters. In plays, movies, and television series, actors generally portray particular people with particular names who, in the fictive universes they occupy, interact with other fictional characters. An advertisement is not like this. The actor or model does not play a particular person; instead, he represents a social type or a demographic category.

This flat, abstract world of the advertisement is designed to connect specific products with certain needs or occasions or demographic groups. Indeed, abstraction is essential to the

aesthetic and intention of contemporary national consumer-goods advertising. Such advertising does not represent reality, nor does it create a fully fictive world. It exists, instead, on its own plane of reality, a plane I will call capitalist realism.

I can clarify what I mean by capitalist realism by comparing it to socialist realism. Socialist realism is the state-sanctioned and state-governed art of the Soviet Union. As the First Soviet Writers' Congress defined it in 1934, socialist-realist art is obliged to present a "correct, historically concrete representation of reality in its revolutionary development," and to do so in a way that will educate "the working masses in the spirit of socialism." In practice, this means that artists and writers must meet certain aesthetic demands. In theory, these demands are all in the service of a kind of realism. Socialist-realist art must be faithful to life—but in certain prescribed ways.

1. Art should represent reality in simplified ways in order to communicate effectively to the masses.
2. Art should represent life not as it is but as it should become—life worth emulating.
3. Art should represent reality not in terms of its individuality but in terms of its larger social significance.
4. Art should represent reality as progress toward the future, and it should carry an air of optimism.
5. Art should focus on contemporary life, creating pleasing images of new social phenomena and endorsing new features of society with the goal of aiding the masses in assimilating them.

It should be apparent that there are strong parallels between what socialist realism is designed to do and what national advertising for consumer goods in a capitalist society is designed to do. One could easily say that advertising tries to present a "correct, historically concrete representation of reality in its capitalist development." American advertising, like socialist-realist art, simplifies and typifies. It does not claim to picture reality as it is but reality as it should be—life and lives worth emulating. It always has a message. It presents people not as individuals but as representatives of larger social categories. It always assumes that there is progress. It is thoroughly optimistic, providing a solution (invariably a particular product or style of life) for any ill or trouble it identifies. It focuses, of course, on the new, and if it shows respect for tradition, this is only to help in the assimilation of some new commercial creation.

THE SITUATION OF FICTION

In the West—From the conclusion to "The Post-Modern Aura: The Act of Fiction in an Age of Inflation," a book-length essay by Charles Newman in the Spring/Summer issue of Salmagundi. *Newman is the author, most recently, of the novel* White Jazz.

1. If a writer thinks of himself as an experimentalist, he is responsible to the scientific sense of that metaphor, accountable for his findings, and must not simply throw the results of his investigations in the face of the audience. "How long," Breton asked, "are such idiots worth working over?"

2. If a writer proclaims himself as avant-garde, he cannot rely on the tautological argument that the avant-garde is what's happening now, and since we're what's happening now, we're the avant-garde. He is responsible for delineating that race of which he claims to be the antenna. He is also probably mistaken to take the periphery so much for granted, or to think of the Void as a fat pitch over the inside corner.

3. If a writer announces the Death of Literature and the Debasement of Language in the Reign of Silence, he should have the good sense to practice what he preaches and re-evaluate his career objectives.

4. If a writer lays claim to a tradition of the Universal Verities of human experience, he has the responsibility to give them concrete particularization and to face the question of whether the eternal bears repeating. This does not mean, however, that he is enjoined to rely upon traditional psychology, sociology, or dramaturgy to create a "traditional" voice. Human experience is not humanism and humanism is not those disciplines certified by the Academy.

5. If a writer proclaims himself as isolated, uninfluenced, and responsible to no one, he should not be surprised if he is ignored, uninfluential, and perceived as irresponsible.

6. Finally, if a writer presumes to speak from within a *new* collective consciousness, a reconstructed language, and specialized experience, he has the responsibility to distinguish what is really first-rate in this emerging community. Nothing kills a legitimate movement faster than the failure to develop a principle of rigorous self-criticism, which is the first lesson of twentieth-century revolutionism.

In the East—From "The Novel and Europe," in the July 19 issue of the New York Review of Books. *Milan Kundera, a Czech novelist now living in France, is the author, most recently, of* The Unbearable Lightness of Being.

The end of the novel has been much discussed for a long time, notably by futurists, surrealists, the avant-garde generally. They saw the novel falling by the wayside of progress, on the road to a radically new future with an art bearing no resemblance to what had existed before. The novel was to be buried in the name of historical justice—like poverty, the ruling classes, obsolete automobiles, and top hats.

But if Cervantes is the founder of the Modern Era, then the end of his inheritance ought to signify more than a mere stage in the history of literary forms: it should mean the end of the Modern Era. That is why those glibly pious obituaries of the novel seem frivolous to me—frivolous because I have seen and lived through the death of the novel, a violent death inflicted by bans, censorship, and ideological pressures in the world where I have spent much of my life and which is usually called totalitarian. It is then absolutely clear that the novel is mortal, as mortal as the Modern Era of the West. As a model of this Western world in the Modern Era, founded on the relativity and ambiguity of human affairs, the novel is incompatible with a totalitarian universe. This is a deeper incompatibility than that which separates a dissident from an *apparatchik*, or a civil rights campaigner from a torturer, because it is not just a matter of politics or morality but an ontological difference. That means: a world based on a unique Truth is molded from a quite different substance from that of the relative and ambiguous world of the novel. Totalitarian Truth excludes relativity, doubt, questioning; it can never accommodate what I would call the wisdom of the novel.

But aren't there hundreds and thousands of novels published in huge editions and widely read in Communist Russia? Certainly; but these novels add nothing to the conquest of being. They uncover no new segment of existence; they only confirm what has already been said. And further: in confirming what has been said (by saying what has to be said) they fulfill their purpose, achieve their status, perform a useful service in the society that is theirs. By uncovering nothing, they fail to participate in the sequence of discoveries that for me constitutes the history of the novel. They place themselves beyond this history, or, if you like, they are *novels from after the end of the history of the novel.*

The history of the novel in Russia came to an end about fifty years ago. That was an event of huge importance, since the Russian novel had fascinated Europe for an entire century. Thus the death of the novel is not just an idea. It has already happened. And we now know *how* the novel dies. It doesn't disappear; it falls outside its history. The novel dies quietly, unremarked, and no one gives so much as a whimper.

[Computer Prose]

WHAT RACTER WROTE

From The Policeman's Beard Is Half Constructed, *a collection of prose and poetry written by a computer. Racter, as the computer is called, was programmed (by William Chamberlain) with rules of English grammar and syntax, as well as an 8,000-word vocabulary. Warner Books, publisher of* The Policeman's Beard, *claims it is the first book written by a computer.*

Bill sings to Sarah. Sarah sings to Bill. Perhaps they will do other dangerous things together. They may eat lamb or stroke each other. They may chant of their difficulties and their happiness. They have love but they also have typewriters. That is interesting.

PAUL: Hello, Joan.

JOAN: Hello, Paul.

PAUL: Joan, I was fantasizing that a white crow flew across the black sky of night.

JOAN: I too have been thinking about a white crow. It flies in the night and it flies in the day. It incites my dreams. My fantasy is that I can soar with it.

PAUL: A single white crow or many winging eagles. All inflame my dreams and cogitations. A single bird or many birds are in my dreams.

JOAN: Paul, have you bolted meat today?

PAUL: I have bolted lamb and chicken.

JOAN: Have you drained sherry?

PAUL: I have sipped seltzer.

JOAN: Shall we show our love by the reflections of our desire, or shall we dream of a white crow?

PAUL: The dream is a reflection of our passion just as the white crow is a reflection of our ambiguity.

JOAN: My desire to incite myself in my dreaming is also a reflection of ambiguity.

PAUL: Well chanted, Joan. I craftily desire you.


Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE STORY OF C

By Primo Levi, from the September/October issue of the Sciences. *The story will appear in the Italian chemist's new collection,* The Periodic Table, *to be published by Schocken Books. Translated by Raymond Rosenthal.*

What chemist, facing the elements of the periodic table, does not recognize scattered among them the tatters or trophies of his own professional past? He has only to leaf through any treatise for memories to assail him: somewhere there is a colleague who has tied his destiny, indelibly, to bromide or propylene, or to the NCO group or glutamic acid.

It was to carbon, the element of life, that my first literary dream was turned—and now I want to tell the story of a single atom of carbon.

My fictional character lies, for hundreds of millions of years, bound to three atoms of oxygen and one of calcium, in the form of limestone. Time does not exist for it, or exists only in the form of daily or seasonal variations in temperature. Its existence, whose monotony cannot be conceived of without horror, is an alternation of hots and colds.

The limestone ledge of which the atom forms a part lies within reach of man and his pickax. At some moment—which I, as narrator, decide out of pure caprice to be the year 1840—a blow of the pickax detached the limestone and sent it on its way to the lime furnace, where it was plunged into the world of things that change. The atom of carbon was roasted until it separated from the limestone's calcium. Still clinging firmly to two of its oxygen companions, our fictional character issued from the chimney and rode the path of the air. Its story, which once was immobile, now took wing.

The atom was caught by the wind, flung down onto the earth, lifted ten kilometers high. It was breathed in by a falcon, but did not penetrate the bird's rich blood and was exhaled. It dissolved three times in the sea, once in the water of a cascading torrent, and again was expelled. It traveled with the wind for eight years—now high, now low, on the sea and among the clouds, over forests, deserts, and limitless expanses of ice. Finally, it stumbled into capture and the organic adventure.

The year was 1848. The atom of carbon, accompanied by its two satellites of oxygen, which maintained it in a gaseous state, was borne by the wind along a row of vines. It had the good fortune to brush against a leaf, penetrate it, and be nailed there by a ray of the sun. On entering the leaf, it collided with innumerable molecules of nitrogen and oxygen. It adhered to a large and complicated molecule and simultaneously received the decisive message from the sky, in the flashing form of a packet of solar light: in an instant, like an insect caught by a spider, the carbon atom was separated from its oxygen, combined with hydrogen, and finally inserted in a chain of life. All this happened swiftly, in silence, at the temperature and pressure of the atmosphere. Now our atom was part of a beautiful, almost even-sided hexagon.

The atom had entered the leaf to form part of a molecule of glucose, an intermediary phase that prepared it for its first contact with the animal world but did not authorize it to take on the higher responsibility of becoming part of a proteinic edifice. Hence it traveled, at the slow pace of vegetal juices, from the leaf to the petiole through the stem to the pedicel, where it descended to the nearly ripe bunch of grapes. What then followed is the province of the wine makers. We are interested only in pointing out that it escaped alcoholic fermentation and reached the wine without changing its nature.

The destiny of wine is to be drunk, and the destiny of glucose is to be oxidized. But it was not oxidized immediately: its drinker kept it in his liver for more than a week, well curled up and tranquil, as reserve aliment for a sudden effort—an effort he was forced to make the following Sunday, pursuing a bolting horse.

Farewell to the hexagonal structure. In the space of a few instants, the glucose was dragged by the current in the bloodstream all the way to a minute fiber in the thigh, and there was brutally split into two molecules of lactic acid—the grim harbinger of fatigue. Only some minutes later were the lungs able to supply the oxygen necessary to oxidize the acid. So a new molecule of carbon dioxide returned to the atmosphere, and a parcel of the energy that the sun had handed to the vine-shoot passed from the state of chemical energy to that of mechanical energy, and settled down in the slothful condition of heat, warming imperceptibly the air moved by the running and blood of the runner.

Our atom was again carbon dioxide. The wind this time carried it over the Apennines and the Adriatic, Greece, the Aegean, and Cyprus; over Lebanon, the dance was repeated. The atom became trapped in a structure that promised to last for a long time: the venerable trunk of a cedar.

The year 1968 began the next episode in the life of our fictional character. A woodworm had taken an interest in the cedar. It had dug its tunnel between the wood and the bark, with the obstinate and blind voracity of its kind. It became a pupa, and in the spring it emerged in



From the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.

the shape of an ugly gray butterfly that was drying in the open world, confused and dazzled by the splendor of the sun.

Our atom was in one of the insect's thousand eyes, contributing to the crude and summary vision with which the butterfly orients itself in space. The insect was fecundated, laid its eggs, and died. The small cadaver lay in the undergrowth of the woods, emptied of its fluids, but the chitinous carapace, almost indestructible, resisted decay for a long time. The snow and sun did not injure it: it was buried by the dead leaves and the loam—it had become a "thing."

Still, the death of atoms, unlike ours, is never irrevocable. Here at work were the omnipresent, untiring, and invisible gravediggers of the undergrowth, the microorganisms of the humus. The carapace, its eyes now blind, had slowly disintegrated, and the ex-drinker, ex-cedar, ex-woodworm, had once again taken wing.

It is possible to show that my completely arbitrary narrative is true. I could tell innumerable other stories, and they would all be literally true, in the nature of the transitions, in their order and data. The number of atoms is so great that one could always be found whose story coincided with the most whimsically invented tale. I could recount an endless number of narratives about carbon atoms that became colors or perfumes in flowers; of others that attained a decorous semi-eternity in the yellowed pages of some archival document, or on the canvas of a famous painter; of those to which fell the privilege of forming part of a grain of pollen and that left their fossil imprint in the rocks for our curiosity; of others still that became part of the mysterious messengers of the shape of the human seed and participated in the subtle process of division, duplication, and fusion from which each of us is born. Instead, I will tell the story of only one more, the most secret, and I will tell it with the humility and constraint of him who knows from the start that the trade of clothing facts in words is bound by its very nature to fail.

Our atom of carbon is again among us, in a glass of milk. It is part of a very complex, long chemical chain, such that almost all of its links are acceptable to the human body. It is then swallowed. Since every living structure harbors a savage distrust toward every other material of living origin, the chain is meticulously shattered and its fragments, one by one, are accepted or rejected. One—the one that concerns us—crosses the intestinal threshold and enters the bloodstream, where the atom migrates, knocks at the door of a nerve cell, enters, and supplants the carbon that was part of it. This cell belongs to a brain, and it is my brain; the cell in question, and within it the atom in question, are in charge of my writing, in a mysterious game that nobody has yet described. It is that which at this instant, issuing out of a labyrinthine tangle of yes and no, makes my hand run along a certain path on the paper, mark it with these volutes that are signs: a double snap, up and down, between two levels of energy, guides this hand of mine to impress on this paper this dot here, *this* one. ■





HOW MANY MISSILES DOES AN EMPIRE NEED TO STRIKE BACK?

Thirty years after the arms race was launched, people want some answers. Will a lot of missiles keep the peace or start a war?

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THE PLACE OF PORNOGRAPHY

When no less sacred a national symbol than Miss America found herself displayed in a pornographic magazine last summer, the public was duly outraged—at the pornographers, for profiting from a young woman's inexperience; at the pageant committee, for demanding she relinquish her crown; and finally at Miss America herself, for not knowing better. Absent from this roster of the accused were the 6 million citizens who, in their eagerness to view Miss America undraped, gave the publication in question its largest sale ever.

The huge commercial success of pornography suggests a discrepancy between America's public and private morality. Church groups and other traditional campaigners for public decency have long recognized this; but as porn has exploded into a $7 billion a year industry, they have been joined by a vocal contingent of feminists who condemn pornography as anti-female propaganda—"violence against women"—and campaign to suppress it.

In a supposedly liberated society, what is the place of pornography? Why is it so often grim and violent? And what, if anything, should we do about it? *Harper's* recently brought together social critics, civil libertarians, feminists, and a pornographer to consider how we might balance the right of free expression against the claims of our public morality.

The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the New School for Social Research in New York City. Lewis H. Lapham served as moderator.

LEWIS H. LAPHAM
is the editor of Harper's.

AL GOLDSTEIN
is the publisher of Screw *and the producer of* Midnight Blue, *a cable television program.*

MIDGE DECTER
is executive director of the Committee for the Free World and the author of The New Chastity *and* The Liberated Women and Other Americans.

ERICA JONG
is a novelist and poet whose books include Fear of Flying, Fanny, *and* Parachutes & Kisses.

SUSAN BROWNMILLER
is a founder of Women Against Pornography and the author of Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape.

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN
is a professor of political science at the University of Massachusetts and author of Public Man, Private Woman: Women in Social and Political Thought.

ARYEH NEIER
is a former national executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union and is currently vice chairman of Helsinki Watch and Americas Watch.

LEWIS H. LAPHAM: In our discussion today, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to take up three questions. First, what is the *place* of pornography in our society? What purpose does it serve? Why is there so much of it?

Second, what is the *nature* of the product? Why, for instance, does pornography so often seem so earnest, so angry, so empty of wit, humor, or sexual feeling?

Third, what, if anything, should we *do* about pornography? Should we pass laws to regulate it? If so, what sort of laws? By first examining the uses of pornography, I hope we can arrive at a clearer understanding of a subject too often hidden under the blankets of ideology.

Maybe we can begin with Al Goldstein, the only pornographer in our midst.

AL GOLDSTEIN: Well, I have been publishing *Screw* magazine for sixteen years now, and I am still not sure what the word "pornography" means. I have been charged with publishing obscenity a number of times—in Wichita, Kansas, for example, in 1977, I was brought to trial and faced a prison sentence of up to sixty years if convicted. But after the members of the jury examined copies of *Screw*, they voted to acquit me. Now if *Screw* is not pornographic and obscene, nothing is. But the citizens of Wichita decided it was not.

But whatever pornography is, I am convinced it serves a useful purpose. Pornography aims for the groin; its function is to turn us on. In publishing *Screw*, I want to turn men and women on, to celebrate sexual pleasure and sexual abandon. I believe sex, whether it is straight sex, gay sex, group sex, or whatever consenting adults wish to do together, is a very positive thing. To me, an erection is its own best defense. I find it repugnant when some women argue that a penis is an instrument of assault and rape, that women must always be victims in sexual relations.

Pornography helps us free ourselves from the puritanical attitudes about sex that have long dominated our society. Pornography and fantasy are closely related—pornography helps us to fantasize: to look at a woman and strip her, to look at a man and strip him. I do not consider publishing photographs of nude women exploitation, but a celebration of their bodies. And I do not consider masturbation self-abuse, but rather a celebration of sexuality.

Not only does today's pornography serve to liberate us in our attitudes toward sex; it is also shattering the elitism that has traditionally surrounded pornography itself. Once, pornography was acceptable only if it was sold in fancy, expensive editions that claimed to be "erotic art" from India or Japan. To me pornography is

what the truck driver wants, what the sanitation man reads, what the bus driver buys. For them, too, pornography can now serve as a celebration of human sexuality and an aid to sexual congress.

MIDGE DECTER: I don't quite see that pornography functions as an "aid to sexual congress." So far as I know, until quite recently sexual congress didn't particularly require any help; people somehow managed it one way or another all by themselves.

The traditional function of pornography was to offer a vision of erotic utopia. Throughout history, pornography—seedy, hidden beneath counters, and very expensive—offered its readers a vision of anonymous, faceless sex, sex without personality and without consequence. I call this vision utopian because it promised what everyone knew to be impossible: sex without the possibility of pregnancy, without the risk of emotional entanglement, without the need to confront another human being. We can trace this utopian vision back very far—we see it, for instance, expressed in the orgies of the ancient Greeks, in which the participants wore masks. And I believe it derives more from men's fantasies than from women's. But not always: in Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying*, the heroine dreams of just this kind of blind sex—her search for it is what drives her.

ERICA JONG: Until she finds it. That's one of the ironies of the book—which of course most of its critics missed.

DECTER: The point is that traditional pornography was inherently masturbatory. For what is masturbation if not having sex with yourself, and thus not risking any entanglement, any consequence?

Today, pornography works in precisely the opposite way, that is, it attempts to make its audience focus their fantasies on specific people. The "Playmate of the Month" is a particular woman about whom the reader is meant to have particular fantasies. In my view, this has a more baneful effect on people—makes them demented, in fact, in a way that earlier pornography didn't. Today's pornography promises them that there exists, somewhere on this earth, a life of endlessly desirable and available women and endlessly potent men. The promise that this life is just around the corner—in Hugh Hefner's mansion, or even just in the next joint or the next snort—is maddening and disorienting. And in its futility, it makes for rage and self-hatred. The traditional argument against censorship—that "no one can be seduced by a book," as I believe Gore Vidal put it—was probably valid when pornography was impersonal and anonymous, purely an aid to fantasizing about sexual utopia. Today, however, there *is* addiction and seduction in pornography. Thus the power of pornography to do harm is much greater than it used to be.

JONG: To understand the function of pornography we have to distinguish it from erotica. Erotica celebrates the erotic nature of the human creature, attempts to probe what is erotic in the human soul and the human mind, and does so artfully, dramatically. Pornography, on the other hand, serves simply as an aid to masturbation, with no artistic pretensions and no artistic value. I believe the nature of the pornography we have in America today and the enormous quantity in which we have it reflect our country's puritanical attitudes toward sexuality. I think we should look at our pornography to see what it reveals about our society: it's violent, it's pedophilic, it's full of anger toward women. Today's pornography, in other words, shows us in sharp relief the sickness of our society, the twisted attitudes toward sex that persist beneath the facade of gentility. The ugliness we see in it—the joyless, obsessional, humorless quality—is the ugliness and twisted puritanism that exists in America.

But we cannot legislate these attitudes out of existence. Instead we must seek to change them in the hearts and minds of people. Despite the ugliness of a lot of pornography, despite the fact that I don't want to defend pictures of little girls being molested, I believe that censorship only springs back against the givers of culture—against authors, artists, and feminists, against anybody who wants to change society. Should censorship be imposed again, whether through the kind of legislation introduced in Minneapolis and Indianapolis* or through other means, feminists would be the first to suffer. *Leaves of Grass* will go into the garbage before *The Story of O*. The history of censorship is full of hideous examples of great works of art—books like *Ulysses*, *The Return of the Native*, and *Tropic of Cancer*—being censored while trash has gone free. As the mother of a girl who is not yet six, I am sickened by child pornography; but I would not

**Jong is referring to ordinances passed in both cities last spring, with the support of feminists and conservative Republicans, that condemn pornography as a violation of women's civil rights. The Minneapolis legislation was vetoed by the mayor. The Indianapolis law, which is under challenge in federal court, states that "pornography is central in creating and maintaining sex as a basis for discrimination." Both ordinances, drafted with the help of University of Minnesota law professor Catharine MacKinnon and radical feminist writer Andrea Dworkin, define pornography as "the graphic sexually explicit subordination of women, whether in pictures or in words."*

legislate against it directly. Perhaps the print industry needs to establish a rating system like that of the film industry.

LAPHAM: We'll come later to the question of what to do about pornography. But first, still in the way of definitions, I'm sure Susan Brownmiller has different opinions about the function of pornography. Is it a mask for Eros, a vision of an erotic utopia, a parliamentary speech in a sexual congress, a masturbatory tool?

SUSAN BROWNMILLER: I certainly think pornography is more than just a "masturbatory tool." I do not oppose masturbation, but I oppose pornography. If I can step back from my strong feelings about it—and I find this very difficult to do—I would say the apparent function and intent of pornography is to serve as an aid for people who, for whatever reasons, have difficulty becoming sexually stimulated. Unfortunately, what seems to stimulate these people is, I believe, a dangerously distorted picture of female sexuality, indeed of human sexuality.

I find this extremely troubling, for I believe that beneath pornography's apparent purpose lies a more dangerous one. In my book *Against Our Will* I wrote a few impassioned pages in which I identified the real purpose, the hidden intent, of pornography as anti-female propaganda. Pornography functions quite similarly to anti-Semitic or racist propaganda. The intent of all three is to distort the image of a group or class of people, to deny their humanity, to make them such objects of ridicule and humiliation that acts of aggression against them are viewed less seriously. Also, the aggression is subliminally encouraged by the propaganda itself. In an age when women are putting forward their aspirations toward equality in a healthy, positive way, pornography is working to increase hostility toward women, and therefore to increase tensions between the sexes. I find this unbearable; and I don't think there's any danger that if we limit pornography we will eventually ban *Leaves of Grass* or *Ulysses* or even Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. Those battles were fought and won a long time ago. The Indianapolis legislation, by the way, states explicitly that libraries cannot be considered "traffickers in pornography," regardless of what books might be on their shelves. Women Against Pornography has never supported unrestrained censorship; but we believe that liberals must try to do something about pornography, which I consider to be a clear and present danger to women and to the health of our society itself.

JEAN BETHKE ELSHTAIN: What is the place of pornography today? Pornography's place changes as a society transforms itself politically, economically, morally, and aesthetically. Pornography has been heavily commercialized and is now readily available to all classes of society, as Al Goldstein pointed out. Porn has become a growth industry—a $7 billion a year business, by most estimates—and a very public vice, available as it once was not on Main Street, on videotapes sold in the corner drugstore. That pornography's place is now anywhere it can gain a toehold points to complex social transformations: social fragmentation has increased over the past decade in our society; there are no longer any widely shared moral rules; the traditional ties of community that once served to guide people in living moral lives have broken down. This fragmentation has allowed a very ancient theme to emerge in a blatantly public way—the theme of absolutely unbridled erotic freedom.

Pornography has obviously been affected by changes in technology—pornographers now use modern equipment such as videotape. Finally, pornography may be encouraged by challenges to the traditional patriarchal prerogative in our society—challenges to male dominance. As Steven Marcus suggested in his book *The Other Victorians*, there is an inverse relationship between the growing number of dominating and sadistic images of masculine sexuality in pornography and the decline of male dominance in everyday life. In a sense, this is the reverse side of Susan Brownmiller's argument.

What is pornography's function? There are several. First, and most blatantly, porn has a commercial function—it's a big moneymaker. Todd Gitlin observed in his essay "The Left and Porno" that "porn occupies the shadow of legitimate culture and extends the boundaries of it. The marginal moral enterprise, like all crime in capitalist society, becomes big business." Second, if pornography is the marketing of fantasies, then we can assume, following Freud, that these fantasies provide something that is missing from real life—perhaps a sense of robust eroticism and joy in the body, perhaps a feeling of possessing crude power to compel others to do one's bidding. Third, as I mentioned, pornography helps reassure those frightened by the waning male prerogatives in our culture.

Why is there so much pornography? Perhaps because our need to celebrate ourselves and to express our dominance is so great. By "our" I mean a collective masculine we: men in a society that remains male dominated, men who live and work according to an intensely competitive performance principle and who evaluate themselves according to that principle. To attempt to eliminate these fantasies of dominance by censoring pornography—and here I agree with

Erica Jong—is futile; such efforts only cover up the deeper truths that the fantasies themselves express.

ARYEH NEIER: For a good many years, I confronted the issue of pornography as a civil libertarian, defending the right of anyone to express himself in any way he chose as long as he did not directly infringe on the rights of others. Since I left the American Civil Liberties Union six years ago I've worked for organizations that are concerned with human rights in various repressive countries. In these countries, whether they are in Central America or Africa or Eastern Europe or wherever, there is virtually no pornography; but there is a great deal of the same hostility toward women and the same violence against women that one finds in the United States. In fact, in many of these countries sexual violence—mass rape or sexual torture or sexual humiliation—is one of the main forms political repression takes. I conclude from the astounding level of sexual violence in these countries and the absence of pornography that pornography is really not very important, that it is no more or less important than the great variety of images that dominates the media in the United States and other Western countries: images of sex and violence and melodrama and ugliness and beauty.

I suppose there is so much pornography because, like the nightly melodramas on television, pornography is not very satisfying stuff; one seeks satisfaction by exposing oneself to more and more and more of it. Obviously, improvements in the technology involved in producing and distributing pornography contribute to the growing quantity of it. But more important is the fact that no particular pornographic image in Mr. Goldstein's magazine, or 100 or 1,000 other magazines, or 1,000 movies or live shows or whatever, means a great deal to the viewer. Thus he needs more and more images. In much the same way, one exposes oneself to a vast number of violent images or a vast number of melodramatic plots because none of them amount to a great deal. What is really important about the surfeit of pornographic images is that it reflects one side of a society that is spoiled by too much of everything, including violent images of all sorts.

BROWNMILLER: You're implying that we shouldn't pay any attention to the quantity of pornography. I feel surrounded by it. I can't go to my corner newsstand without being confronted by pictures of women mutilated, tortured, spread into ridiculous postures—pictures designed, I feel, to humiliate my sex and my dignity as a woman. More important is the link between

Is This the Real Message of Pornography?

When this *Hustler* cover appeared on newsstands in 1978, it drew loud protests from feminist groups throughout the country. The widespread outrage it evoked strengthened the fledgling women's anti-pornography movement and led to the founding the following year of Women Against Pornography, an organization of feminists convinced that "the proliferation of images eroticizing the degradation, brutalization, and dehumanization of female bodies... contributes to a pervasive cultural devaluation of women and fosters and legitimizes sexual crimes from harassment to rape." For the organization, which today claims 10,000 members nationwide, the *Hustler* cover became a notorious symbol of the brutality toward women that the antipornography movement believes is at the root of *all* pornography. But according to Paul Krassner, publisher of *Hustler* in 1978, the cover was intended not as a pornographer's self-revelation but as self-mockery. Krassner later wrote that the cover picture was "*Hustler*'s hurried attempt at self-parody," a last-minute substitute for the scheduled photograph, which had appeared in a different magazine. The cover was meant to be seen as an ironic commentary on the vow of *Hustler* owner Larry Flynt (who had just become a born-again Christian) to "no longer hang women up like pieces of meat." Flynt's public declaration was a reply to the magazine's critics, feminists prominent among them. As Krassner acknowledged, the intended irony of the cover was not widely appreciated.



these pictures and violence against women. Too many rapes appear to be "copycat" crimes—that is, the rapists seemed to be acting out scenes that had been published in pornographic magazines a month or two before. The gang rape last year of a woman on a pool table in a New Bedford, Massachusetts, bar may have been inspired by an eight-page sequence of photographs in *Hustler* magazine in which a woman is spread out on a barroom pool table and gang raped. Now many of us here are in the business of writing; we believe books—words and ideas—*can* seduce people. But pictures seduce even more. Today's pornography is not delicate Japanese erotica. Go to Forty-second Street, go into one of the peep shows, see the pictures of eels being stuffed up women's vaginas, the obscene images of dogs with women, dogs with men, the whips, the chains, the chain saws. This is not a question of too many images, but a question of violence.

NEIER: I may not go to Forty-second Street peep shows. But two weeks ago, in a displaced-persons camp in El Salvador, I talked to a group of women, every one of whom had been raped; some told me of friends who had been killed after they were raped. Pornography was not a factor. There isn't any pornography in El Salvador.

The fact is that there is violent humiliation of women all over the world. Pornography is almost irrelevant to the question of sexual violence. You may have made yourself vulnerable to pornographic magazines on a newsstand...

BROWNMILLER: What do you mean, "made yourself vulnerable"? Is that like getting yourself raped?

NEIER: Only that many women turn a blind eye to these magazines, while other women feel very vulnerable.

DECTER: I agree with Susan Brownmiller that there is much that is degrading to women in contemporary pornography, though I don't know if this is endemic to pornography as such. I certainly feel degraded by it. And I agree with Aryeh Neier that one of the reasons we have so much pornography is that we have so much pornography; that is, there is a progressive deadening to the stuff. Anyone who watches Mr. Goldstein's television program, *Midnight Blue*, eventually reaches the point where he or she needs an extreme escalation of violence or gaudiness to overcome the tedium. People looking for stimulation must keep upping the ante.

Susan Brownmiller spoke of the violence in pornography—of women being whipped and mutilated and chained. Much of this imagery is drawn from the writings of the Marquis de Sade. Many years ago, thanks to the loosening of censorship, I was finally able to read his books. I discovered that de Sade was a philosopher of homosexuality; his work is a celebration of buggery as the highest form of erotic satisfaction.

BROWNMILLER: What you say about de Sade may be true. Nonetheless, according to the 1970 report of the Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, 90 percent of the pornography produced in this country is heterosexual. Homosexual pornography frankly troubles me less because it does not reflect the power imbalance in our culture between men and women. When men are doing it to each other, there is no clear victim.

GOLDSTEIN: You said pornography "reflects" the power imbalance, which I think is the right word. But earlier you claimed it was more than a reflection. You said pornography *causes* the degradation of women, and causes violence against them.

BROWNMILLER: It is a contributing factor. Pornography is propaganda against women, and propaganda is a very powerful spur to action—think of the anti-Semitic propaganda in Hitler's Germany. Pornography promotes a climate of opinion in which sexual hostility against women is not only tolerated but ideologically encouraged. Recent studies, in particular those by Malamuth and Donnerstein,* support the first part of that equation, at any rate.

ELSHTAIN: The link that you're suggesting between pornography and violent sexual crimes draws on simplistic behaviorist psychology. This psychology doesn't enjoy much credibility today because it doesn't take into account the intricacies of human fantasy life—the complex relationship between what goes on in our minds and what we do in the world. Most of the studies that assert a direct connection between pornography and sexual violence are done under highly artificial conditions and don't stand up under close scrutiny. Words and ideas certainly influence how people behave, as Susan Brownmiller said; but to try to draw a direct causal line is to oversimplify the relationship between images, fantasies, and actions.

LAPHAM: Do we agree that the increase in pornography, the fact that it has become such a growth industry, is a symptom of profound unhappiness in our society?

See, for example, Pornography and Sexual Aggression, *edited by Neil M. Malamuth and Edward Donnerstein (Academic Press, 1984).*

DECTER: I think we can agree that pornography, in the quantity in which we swim today, is doing something bad *to* us as well. In our society we find less and less good humor and cheerfulness about our inevitable human lot. There is so little play—innocent or otherwise—between men and women, and play is one of the things that make their life together tolerable. And whatever little is left of the erotic—with due respect to Erica Jong—is being snuffed out.

GOLDSTEIN: I know I'm on the right side of the argument when I hear feminists like Susan Brownmiller tell *me* about the business I've been in for sixteen years. Her idea of the pornography business has nothing to do with reality. I've heard people here talk about eels and mutilation and pedophilia. I don't see eels; I don't see mutilation. Yes, there are photos with S/M connotations, but they represent less than 3 percent of my business. Pedophilia does not exist in what is called the establishment end of the business—the Adult Film Association and magazines like *Playboy* and *Penthouse* and *Hustler* and *Screw*. I personally believe anyone involved in the sexual exploitation of children should go to prison for twenty years—and I have supported legislation to that effect. I realize this may be construed as an inconsistency in my position. But I have come to feel that pornographic photos of children should not be constitutionally protected. After sixteen years of discussion on panels such as this one I can state that my position is this: I am in favor of pictorial depictions of people fucking. That is what pornography is to me. But children must be protected. There is a higher cause here than First Amendment absolutism and it is the protection of innocent people, and the innocent people are children.

Susan Brownmiller finds pornography appalling because she considers it anti-female propaganda—she objects to what she considers the ideology of pornography. My retort to that is—tough. Anti-female propaganda has as much right to exist as anti-Jewish propaganda and anti-American propaganda. If someone hates women, or hates gay men or midgets for that matter, he has a right to express that opinion. The price of living in a free society is putting up with points of view you don't like. I'll be glad to buy Susan Brownmiller a one-way ticket to Cuba, where there's no pornography.

BROWNMILLER: No one in this country is making billions of dollars on anti-Semitic propaganda or on anti-black propaganda. If these traditional forms of propaganda were huge moneymaking activities, no one would tolerate it. You, Aryeh Neier, would not defend the enormous commercial success of virulent hatred directed against Jews or blacks. Only when it is directed against women do we meekly accept such hatred and propaganda, contenting ourselves with philosophic discussions about whether we are or aren't curtailing free speech.

ELSHTAIN: But the fact that women are participants in this form of—to use your term—propaganda makes it rather different from anti-black or anti-Semitic propaganda. Certainly women could end pornography right now if they adopted a strategy like that of the women in *Lysistrata* and simply ceased to participate in it. Women's complicity cannot be ignored.

LAPHAM: The question still remains as to complicity in precisely *what*; maybe we can now turn the discussion to the specific nature of pornography.

BROWNMILLER: I think we have to recognize that advances in technology have not only played a part in the proliferation of pornography, as Jean said; they have increased its power as well. A photograph is infinitely more shocking than a drawing, for example. A photograph makes people think that what they are seeing is the truth; a drawing tells them that what they are seeing is fantasy. When people look at *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, or *Screw*, they think: "This is the truth about women." I mean, here's the photograph. A woman is actually *doing* this.

JONG: Yes: "That's what women do."

BROWNMILLER: Exactly, and that's who women are.

JONG: That these photographs constitute a campaign of violence against women is a point well taken. And I disagree with Al's statement that it's just too bad women are being shown this way in photographs. I think we should make people understand how this distorts women's sexuality. What Susan has tried to do in her books—to demonstrate how pornography is violence against women, to show the hostility behind it—is certainly all to the good. I think discussion is vital. But I stop short of supporting legislation to censor pornography.

DECTER: Erica Jong said earlier that pornography is a reflection of the puritanism in our society. Societies and historical periods have varied widely in their sexual attitudes: some have been quite licentious, others quite puritanical. But to call the United States today puritanical seems to me to do something very peculiar to that word. Perhaps we should ask ourselves why, when there is

supposedly a great deal of sexual activity and no serious social sanction against it, we have more and more pornography.

JONG: The very proliferation of pornography shows that our society is *not* liberated sexually. In Venice in Casanova's time, for example, a married woman who had one or two lovers was considered virtuous. Only if she had six or seven did her behavior become a bit questionable. Sex then was treated as something light and enjoyable, a celebration of the body; sexual desire was associated with humor and laughter and looked upon as a human foible, tolerated as such things are by wise people. Today's attitudes toward sex are quite different, and they are reflected in our pornography's intense, joyless focus on organs. This pornography is not a celebration of sex as one of the pleasures of life, like enjoying a meal or cuddling a baby. The sex in it is a very frantic, fraught, obsessive, and humorless pursuit, and that very obsessiveness is indeed a product of our puritanism.



Helmut Newton's Two pairs of legs in black stockings. *The German-born photographer, whose work frequently appears in* Vogue *and other fashion magazines, is the best-known member of what* Time *has called the school of "S-M fashion photography." Susan Brownmiller argues that such photographs are "part of the fallout from pornography." For his part, Newton has said that "if people think my photos erotic or disgusting, thank God they're touched by them."*

ELSHTAIN: I think this joylessness and grimness is a reflection of the production process itself—of the joylessness of work in an advanced industrial society. Human beings, diminished within giant factories and giant bureaucracies, feel powerless to affect what's going on. The mechanistic sexuality of pornography is an outgrowth of our mechanistic world, with its productivity goals and all the rest. Perhaps the real puritanism in pornography is the grim work ethic that permeates our culture.

NEIER: Isn't the joylessness also a function of the fact that there are a lot of untalented people producing pornography? Very few of them have any imagination, so they present all these grim images. Perhaps the real difference between erotica and pornography is simply a question of talent.

Consider Helmut Newton's photographs: they treat women as objects, they are violent, they are sexually explicit. Yet they reflect a certain level of talent, more talent, certainly, than is on display in the pornographic magazines one can buy at newsstands. And so Helmut Newton's photographs are called erotica instead of pornography.

BROWNMILLER: I find Helmut Newton's photographs quite offensive, and I think they are part of the fallout from pornography. *Vogue*'s fascination with S/M derives from its popularization in hard-core porn. As for its joylessness . . .

GOLDSTEIN: Isn't it possible this so-called joylessness is a manifestation of the elitism of this panel? This joylessness everyone is making so much of—I don't see it around me. *Screw* every week makes fun of sex. We always say, "Fucking is only friction." Pornography is not joyless. But of course the mass media won't deal with the subject unless it's done in a very serious, pedantic, and elitist way. You people are filtering the subject through your own inhibitions, your own intellectual biases. The attitudes you are displaying in this discussion are those that force the person who masturbates to feel a high degree of self-contempt. As Lenny Bruce said, "America makes Americans sexual cripples and then tries to take away their crutches." If all you see in pornography is joylessness and grimness, perhaps it's because you're viewing it through your own pomposity, elitism, and sexual self-hate.

LAPHAM: I don't see any evidence of those qualities here at all . . .

GOLDSTEIN: Well I do. It's as if Jewish intellectuals don't masturbate.

JONG: I think Philip Roth proved they do.

ELSHTAIN: Don't you think a performance principle exists in pornography somewhat analogous to production quotas?

GOLDSTEIN: Quotas imposed by whom? We don't have quotas. We don't have orgasm counts.

Who are you talking about? Give me specific examples instead of these general indictments of porn.

I'd like to know the last time anyone here walked into a porno shop or saw a sex film. You people are uptight intellectuals. I think you should examine your own need to make sex boring. I think you're afraid that if sex is too much fun, you must be doing it wrong.

LAPHAM: I don't agree. The crowds in pornographic bookstores strike me as a very unhappy lot. I don't associate pornography with joyful truck drivers.

NEIER: If people really found one copy of *Playboy* so stimulating, they wouldn't need a hundred other copies of *Playboy* or a hundred copies of other magazines.

GOLDSTEIN: That's ridiculous. Look, we're talking about junk food here. Pornography is junk entertainment, that's all. The fact that pornography is so popular—that *Playboy* sells 4 million copies each month and *Penthouse* 3 million—indicates that it's a success, not a failure, that people *want* the entertainment it provides. Pornography is minutia—a diversion. It's not much different from *The Gong Show* or *Dynasty*.

LAPHAM: We've heard pornography defined as a medicine, as an aid to the repressed, as a political vendetta, as a Greek mask, as a grim reflection of the puritanical work ethic, and now as junk food. But nobody has defined it as a form of speech.

GOLDSTEIN: Give me two minutes and I will. In 1975, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that oral sex can be prosecuted as a "crime against nature" in a court of law. Now I would argue that pornographic magazines and films, by offering pictures of men performing oral sex on women and the other way around, and both ways at once, serve as a visual polemic that encourages people to feel more open about their sexuality. In the pages of *Screw*, and in pornography in general, a philosophic argument is being set out that is intended to liberate people sexually. Pornography advocates ideas: swinging, diversity in sexual positions, openness to homosexuality. In our society Nazis have a right to speak, communists have a right to speak, atheists have a right to speak, people against and in favor of abortion have a right to speak. Sexual swingers have the same right to put their views forward.

LAPHAM: But to say that pornography has a viewpoint is like saying cigarettes have a viewpoint, or whiskey has a viewpoint.

NEIER: No, it's not quite the same thing. Remember that pornography is a representation of something, an image in words or in pictures. Pornography is not the sex act, but a representation of the sex act; in protecting freedom of expression, one protects the representation of something, not the thing itself.

LAPHAM: Suppose that instead of defining pornography as a form of expression, we define it as a drug, like liquor or tobacco—a product you buy for the specific physical effect it has on you. Perhaps if we were able to distinguish it in this way from other sorts of written expression, we could regulate it without entangling ourselves in the First Amendment.

NEIER: But your definition is arbitrary; I could define anything as a drug—soap operas, mystery stories, *Good Housekeeping*, anything I might not happen to like.

DECTER: I think Lewis is implying that pornography, like drugs, is having a bad effect on the community, and we seem to be without any means to deal with it. I'm not talking about restricting "anything we don't happen to like." We are able to make meaningful distinctions between *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or *Ulysses* and the pornography sold at newsstands. Indeed, the courts were once able to arrive at such distinctions.

JONG: Yes, but only after those books had been banned and burned for years.

LAPHAM: Is anyone here in favor of laws to limit pornography?

ELSHTAIN: I support the recent efforts of many communities to organize themselves democratically and regulate pornography through "community standards" legislation or through zoning laws designed to "put pornography in its place" without completely suppressing it. In Massachusetts alone, over a dozen towns and cities have discouraged pornographers from opening "adult bookstores" and sexual paraphernalia shops by restricting them to certain areas. I believe this is as far as we can go without imposing actual censorship.

NEIER: I wouldn't attach much significance to communities "organizing democratically." That a majority of the people in a given community say they don't want to hear or see something is no legal basis for suppressing it. You could suppress virtually anything if all you had to do was submit it to a vote. But our Constitution says that "Congress shall make no law"—that is, the



The writer quoted above is a recent kindergarten graduate.

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mocratic process shall not be a basis for prohibiting speech or expression.

The basic legal problem in restricting or penalizing particular forms of expression is that expression is continually changing. It is thus extremely difficult to determine precisely what will be prohibited. The legislators who write the laws are forced to employ vague terms that they hope will accommodate any changes in expression. But the prosecutors and judges, who must determine what those terms actually mean, inevitably apply them to some forms of expression that those who wrote the laws did not intend to be limited.

Another problem is developing a clear standard that would determine when a particular form of expression should be prohibited: what is it that makes it obscene or whatever? For example, do we claim there is a cause-and-effect relationship between this form of expression and some crime? If so, how can we prove it? Suppose someone argues that such a relationship exists between some other kind of speech and a crime. For example, suppose a "human life amendment" is passed making abortion a crime on the grounds that killing a fetus is murder. Now someone might argue that there exists a cause-and-effect relationship between advocating birth control and abortion and killing fetuses, and that the state therefore has a right to

Obscenity and the Law: A Question of Definition

The First Amendment to the Constitution states that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." The history of censorship may be understood as the history of the courts' struggle to specify what those few words mean. This has often meant formulating a definition that would adequately distinguish "obscenity," which the state may have the right to regulate in some way, from other forms of speech. Following is a selective history of such definitions offered by the courts.

Queen v. Hicklin (1868). This English court ruling defined obscene material as that which tends "to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences, and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall." This definition, which was used by U.S. courts until the 1930s, stated for the first time that material could be banned solely because of its sexual content and allowed an entire work to be suppressed on the basis of a few passages.

United States v. One Book Entitled Ulysses (1934). A federal court defined obscene material as that "tending to stir the sex impulses or to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts." In determining that Joyce's *Ulysses* was not obscene, the court rejected the *Hicklin* test and ruled that a finding of obscenity must be based on a reading of the entire work, not isolated passages, and on a judgment of its effect on a "normal person," not the most immature and susceptible.

Roth v. United States (1957). The Supreme Court defined obscene material as that which "deals with sex in a manner appealing to the prurient interest" and offends "the common conscience of the community by present-day standards." The Court declared that obscenity is not constitutionally protected and that the "clear and present danger" test, which the Court had formulated after World War I to evaluate any government attempt to suppress speech, need not be applied to it.

Memoirs v. Massachusetts (1966). In this decision, the Supreme Court defined material as obscene if it met three requirements: "(1) that the dominant theme of the material as a whole appeals to a prurient interest in sex; (2) that the material is patently offensive because it affronts contemporary community standards relating to the description or representation of sexual matters; (3) that the material is utterly without redeeming social value." The Court, in formulating this definition, found that John Cleland's novel *Fanny Hill* was not obscene.

Miller v. California (1973). To find material obscene, it must be determined "(a) whether 'the average person, applying contemporary community standards,' would find that the work, taken as a whole, appeals to the prurient interest . . . (b) whether the work depicts or describes, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct specifically defined by the applicable state law, and (c) whether the work, taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value." In this decision, the Supreme Court stated for the first time that the "community standards" in question need not be "national," because people "in different states vary in their tastes and attitudes, and this diversity is not to be strangled by the absolutism of imposed uniformity." *Miller* is the Court's most recent attempt to define "obscenity."

prevent the dissemination of information about birth control.

DECTER: In principle I am in favor of laws limiting pornography. But the great problem we have in even considering such laws is that we must first recognize, as even Al Goldstein has been forced to, that we are not in favor of absolute protection of speech. I say this not as a legal argument but as a cultural argument. We have reached a point of extreme confusion in this society—we no longer have any idea what our values are or what they should be. If pornography is not a cause of this confusion it is unquestionably a symptom. We cannot legislate attitudes, as Erica Jong said. But we as a society must do *something* to protect ourselves. If the law cannot involve an assertion of community standards, what is it for? And if we *have* no community standards in this area, we are more than halfway to the abyss. Amid all our talk about First Amendment absolutism, I must point out that at one time in this country—and not all that long ago, either—speech was not absolutely protected; and I don't think American society then was repressive, or that people's rights and freedoms were violated.

NEIER: You are quite wrong. During World War I, 2,000 people were sent to prison for speaking out against the war—speaking against it, nothing more. We were certainly a more repressive society then. Our protection of speech essentially began after World War I, with the development of the "clear and present danger" test.

One has to ask a simple question of those who favor censorship: What do you regard as an intellectually honest method of distinguishing between material you find offensive and other forms of expression? We need a persuasive argument that regulating pornography would not at the same time allow the regulation of other forms of communication.

BROWNMILLER: Clearly it is essential to protect the freedoms we have; no one wants to return to the repression of the Palmer Raids era. We must protect the right to political dissent. But I think we *can* separate pornography from genuine political expression. And I do not doubt, Al, that we can preserve the right to engage in cunnilingus and fellatio without help from pornographers. Certainly pornographers have not been in the forefront of the battle to strike down laws prohibiting sodomy; nor have they been in the forefront of the struggle for gay liberation and women's liberation.

Perhaps we should examine the pieties that often prevent people from publicly opposing pornography, even though they may admit in private that it has become a major problem. First, no one wants to be considered politically illiberal, an opponent of free speech. Second, and even more important, no one wants to be considered sexually illiberal or repressed. The anti-pornography movement must convince people that they can be good liberals, support the First Amendment, have a terrific sex life—*and* oppose pornography and fight to curtail it.

NEIER: Fighting to curtail it is one thing, imposing your will on others by invoking the authority of the state quite another. If you want to do that, you owe everyone a strong argument for proscribing pornography that would not also allow the state to prevent Margaret Sanger from distributing birth control literature, which many free-speech court battles centered on in the past. On what basis would you proscribe one and not the other?

BROWNMILLER: That it's dangerous. That it incites people to commit violent acts. That it distorts the nature of sex.

NEIER: But the claim that certain kinds of expression are "dangerous" and an "incitement to violence" is used all the time to try to prohibit speech one doesn't like. We evolved the notion of a clear and present danger to deal with that. For pornography to be suppressed under this test, we would have to demonstrate that it is probable that any viewer would be provoked to commit sexual violence immediately upon seeing it. No one claims that pornography has this instantaneous effect.

DECTER: Can we not at the very least distinguish between books and shows that we read and view voluntarily and the pornography displayed at newsstands and on movie marquees, which we are forced to see?

BROWNMILLER: Yes, we can certainly impose restrictions on public displays of pornography without violating the First Amendment. I want to protect free speech. I would never say, "Smash the presses! Don't let Al Goldstein put out his smut sheet!" I think he has a right to publish it. But I don't think he can claim he has the right to display his magazine on the newsstands because it is protected speech.

NEIER: The legal term generally used when we talk about restricting public displays is "thrusting," that is, large public displays that someone cannot avoid seeing. I agree that we can regulate such displays without interfering with anyone's right to read what he wants, see what he wants, and express himself as he wants. I don't have

difficulty with the idea of regulating thrusting. In Stockholm, for example, there are quite a few sex clubs, but they are permitted to have only very small signs.

GOLDSTEIN: Imposing pornography on an unwilling public, the way the marquees on Forty-second Street theaters do, is as repugnant to me as a hooker soliciting a man when he is walking with his wife. But I believe that adults who want to buy pornography have the right to do so. Those who want to limit it in some way have the problem of distinguishing it, as Aryeh Neier said, from other forms of expression.

BROWNMILLER: But I just offered a concrete suggestion that would not conflict with free expression—restricting public displays. Which would mean, Al, that *Screw* could not be featured prominently on the newsstands.

GOLDSTEIN: I would agree to such a restriction, Susan—but only if you agreed to restrict Ms. as well. After all, we must consider the feelings of those people who are offended by Gloria Steinem's arguing in favor of killing little children who aren't born yet. If we must be so sensitive to Susan Brownmiller's aesthetics, why should we ignore the strong beliefs of women marching against abortion in Queens?

BROWNMILLER: Our society is able to understand the distinction between pornography and political disagreement. We can support gay rights; we can support the right to abortion; we can strike down all consensual sodomy laws; and we can still restrict pornography.

NEIER: But you do agree that many people are as offended by what they consider propaganda for abortion as you are by pornography? And you don't want those people to be able to suppress propaganda for abortion.

BROWNMILLER: But "propaganda for abortion" is not a huge business in this country. You can protect the pornographer's right to free speech without giving him access to a billion-dollar business. By restricting public displays, pictures that personally offend many people and encourage violence as well would be removed from public view. It is mainly the danger, not the personal offense, that concerns me.

JONG: I don't think we are limiting freedom of speech if we restrict the display of pornographic magazines on the newsstands.

NEIER: As I said, limiting public display—"thrusting"—I have no problem with.

JONG: And I also don't think we're limiting freedom of speech if we say these magazines must be purchased only by subscription.

GOLDSTEIN: Of course you are; you're limiting availability to the public. You'll guarantee my right to publish *Screw* as long as I stay in the closet and don't try to distribute it. My product is valuable only if it can reach the marketplace. And your attempt to prevent that presupposes you know what's best for the man or woman who wants to buy *Playboy* or *Screw*.

JONG: As I said, I oppose any across-the-board law that could be used to inhibit free speech. Perhaps the best course is to take voluntary action: for example, to institute the coding system for books that I mentioned earlier throughout the publishing industry. The Literary Guild forewarns its subscribers that certain books, including my own, may be offensive to some people. That often piques people's interest in the books—though it is supposedly meant to do the reverse. I find all this absurd, since I think my books demonstrate a healthy celebration of sex. I would sooner see violent books about the Mafia, say, published with caveats. But nobody seems to think they're offensive or harmful. Only sexual desire, the oldest of all human drives, needs a caveat. It's mad!

Whenever I read from my novels or my poetry there is inevitably someone in the audience who says, "It's all very well to speak out for the rights of women in our society, but what *action* should we take?" There are always people who believe that writing and other forms of public argument are not enough. I applaud many of the efforts of the members of Women Against Pornography: the slide shows they have produced showing the true nature of pornography, the polemics they have written exposing the sadomasochism that lies at the root of so much of it. We should continue these efforts. But I oppose invoking the authority of the state on one side or another. I don't believe the state is all-knowing, particularly not our state. I think we should be wary of imposing laws such as that in Indianapolis, which allow the "victims" of pornography to sue for damages. Our society is already obsessed with lawsuits and litigation. Litigation is not the key to reforming social attitudes.

ELSHTAIN: While I also oppose across-the-board statutes restricting pornography, I support community efforts to limit it. But pornography is only a symptom, as both Midge Decter and Erica Jong have pointed out. What we really must address is, in the words of Bernard Williams, the "pervasive lying and destructive sex-

ism of popular culture."* To do this we need to develop a more historically and philosophically sophisticated feminist perspective than that offered by the contemporary feminist anti-pornography movement. Such a perspective would help us explore the links between pornography and the political and economic conditions of a particular time, and the relation between pornography and changes in sexual mores.

BROWNMILLER: Over the last ten years or so the anti-pornography movement has been fighting hard to draw attention to a subject that we find extremely distasteful. I don't want to spend my time fighting against pornography. I would much rather be gardening, or writing my books. But someone has to do it, and feminists have brought new ideas to the struggle. Someone has to make society recognize that pornography is a problem—that it is in fact anti-female propaganda that presents a distorted picture of female sexuality. We've got to do something about it. The question is, how do we do it while protecting our important right of free speech? One way to start is by restricting the public display of pornography. And restricting public display obviously means restricting public access.

NEIER: I could have gone along with you until your last statement. Public access means that a person is able to choose freely whether to expose himself to pornography. One restricts public display so that people who *don't* choose to subject themselves to pornography do not have it thrust upon them. I would not oppose restricting public display; but I would oppose restricting public access. The First Amendment protects the freedom of choice of the person who disseminates information and images, and the freedom of choice of the person who receives information and images. We want to protect both sides of that equation. When the person who disseminates imposes his images on an unwilling audience, he may be interfering with the freedom of choice of that audience.

One can sympathize with the feminist attack on pornography but remain wholly unsympathetic to what verges on an effort to invoke the power of the state to suppress it. When one invokes that power, one sets in motion forces that, I believe, will damage, first and foremost, those groups that are relatively powerless. To the extent that the feminist movement speaks on behalf of women victimized by those who have more power, it will be the loser in any effort to legitimize the power of the state to restrict expression.

*Bernard Williams, "Pornography and Feminism," London Review of Books, March 17–31, 1983

DECTER: I agree that legislation by itself is not the answer. It never is. The genie is now out of the bottle, and those of us who oppose pornography must press our campaign, not through legal means but in the manner we have today—by conducting public argument. Although pornographers like Al Goldstein claim to be liberating us, we should think a little more seriously about what they are doing to our culture. I believe that among other things they are helping to destroy all humane and valuable attitudes about sex: we will be lucky if there is any sex at all twenty-five years from now.

GOLDSTEIN: Pornography is certainly not the death knell for sex, Midge; marriage is a much greater threat. And to Susan Brownmiller, who has been plucked from her garden to fight the good fight against pornography, I must say that being a pornographer is a dirty job, too, but someone has to do it.

The problem with pornography is that no one really knows what it is, no one knows where to draw the line that separates it from other forms of expression. We know only that certain things offend us; and again, my response is—tough. In a democracy, a lot of things offend *someone*. I am an atheist, yet I must listen to the diatribes of priests and various religious nuts. But I listen to points of view I disagree with because that's what living in a democracy *is*. Totalitarian countries eliminate this problem; people don't have to worry about choosing between various points of view because there is no choice. Here there is, and since I don't know what's best for me, and you people don't know what's best for you, why don't we assume that the average person doesn't know either, and that he will stumble along, making his own choices. That's called living in a free society.

LAPHAM: With Mr. Goldstein's democratic sentiment, I think we can bring the discussion to an end. I'm grateful to all of you for the civility as well as the thoughtfulness of your remarks. Arguments about pornography have a way of getting lost in the mists of polemic, and I was glad to see that the range of your agreement was broader than I would have guessed. The conversation seemed to suggest a possible balance between the claims made on behalf of morality and those made on behalf of freedom. If we could limit the public uses of pornography (i.e., its egregious display, its pretense to political statement), then we could more easily preserve its private uses (as a form of expression, as a stimulus to sexual feeling). It would be ironic if a too devout reading of the First Amendment proscribed the chance of a decent and intelligent compromise. ■

Waving the Flag

Patriotism is on the rise in our country.

Not that it has ever been moribund. It's just been muted at times. For a while, many people seem to have shied away from giving expression to their feelings for their country, as if such displays of emotion were to be avoided as old-fashioned sentimentality, unsophisticated, not at all in tune with our high-tech, fast-paced times.

That's now changing. There's a reawakening of patriotism across the country, a resurgence of American pride in America and what it stands for.

More and more Americans are flying the stars and stripes. They're singing the National Anthem with added gusto. Men and women in uniform are cheered and embraced, no longer scorned. Military enlistments are up. So are draft registrations among 18-year-olds.

A decade after Vietnam and Watergate, Americans are voicing greater trust in their government and the freedoms and values it represents, according to national polls.

The self-doubt and naysaying brought on by the difficult days of the 1960s and 1970s are giving way to renewed recognition of the strength of America and pride in the power of the American ideal.

Patriotism, of course, is more than waving the flag. It goes beyond expressing love of country and adherence to American values and institutions.

In its best sense, patriotism involves commitment and action. It means participating and building. It has to do with living our lives in ways that fortify our strengths as a society and acknowledge and remedy our weaknesses.

Patriots are doers. They are serving on school boards, working with the disadvantaged, developing products, providing jobs, ringing doorbells for candidates, removing discriminatory barriers, and doing all the other things that need to be done to make our country better and to enhance the American character.

Patriotism is the new activism for America.



UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

ESCAPE FROM MODERNISM

Technology and the future of the imagination

By Frederick Turner

Consider the process by which a modern integrated circuit is made. A wafer of silicon is doped with impurities, exposed to light that is shone through a template to form a pattern of shadows, treated with new impurities that differentiate between the irradiated and unexposed areas, etched by a bath of corrosives, blanketed with a new surface of silicon, exposed to another pattern of light, and so on, until a marvelously complex three-dimensional system of switches, gates, resistors, and connections has been laid down. This system may be destined to become part of a computer that will in turn help design new integrated circuits. The technical term for this process is "photographic." An integrated circuit is essentially a very complex silicon photograph. Photographic techniques are now being used to make all kinds of tiny machines—solar energy collectors, pumps, and measuring devices.

We normally think of a photographic process as one that makes pictures of things rather than things themselves. A photograph is significant only as a record; as an object it's just a bit of sticky paper. But our silicon photograph doesn't merely *represent* something; it *does* what it is a photograph of. In a sense it is a miraculous picture, like that of Our Lady of Guadalupe: it not only depicts, but does; it is not just a representation, but reality; it is not just a piece of knowledge, but a piece of being; it is not just epistemology, but ontology.

Consider, moreover, the digital, or Soundstream, method of reproducing music. The music is scanned every forty-four thousandth of a second or so, and the sound wave activity in that forty-four thousandth of a second is given a numerical value. This value is recorded in terms of a binary sequence of laser-burned holes and unburned spaces on a record. To play the record you just scan the holes with another laser and synthesize a sound that corresponds to the number you get every forty-four thousandth of a second.

A digital recording is really just a sophisticated musical "score." It in no way reproduces the actual shape of the music, the way the grooves in the plastic of a normal record do, any more than the five parallel lines, the clef, and the little black ellipses with tails reproduce the sound of the music—or, indeed, than the letters on a page reproduce the sound of speech. In a sense, the digital recording harks back to an antiquated device for reproducing music: the player piano.

The interesting thing is that digital recordings are much more accurate than any analog recording could be. They are literally as accurate as you want: you could scan music every hundred thousandth of a second—

Frederick Turner was formerly the editor of the Kenyon Review. *His epic poem,* The New World, *will be published next year.*

We are re-entering at last the ancient animist universe, populated by genies and geniuses of place, in which every object possesses a demon that one might control and use

though it would be useless, as the highest pitch we can hear is less than a twenty thousandth of a second in frequency. Moreover, a digital recording is theoretically almost invulnerable to wear, whereas an analog recording must suffer and shriek to give up its music.

Paradoxically, an analog recording, which is the actual reverberation of a performance of a piece of music—as if we were to put our ear against the wall of the Sistine Chapel choir—is less accurate than the entirely new performance generated by machinery from the meticulous numerical score of a digital recording. It is as if, knowing the right language, you could write the names of foods so that if you ate the paper on which they were written it would be more tasty and nourishing than the foods themselves.

So: photographs can now, magically, do what they are pictures of; and a score of a piece of music can give a more accurate recording than the sound of the music itself. We live once again in a world of runes and icons, efficacious and full of virtue; a world in which the distinction between how we know and what we know, statement and referent, meaning and object, has begun to break down. Indeed, quantum physics tells us that we are all made out of numerical likelihoods called electrons, photons, and so on; and the Big Bang theory says we are all made out of light.

Our children are growing up on computer programs and fantasy role-playing games—Voyager, Wizardry, Dungeons & Dragons. The space program was too slow to bring those other worlds to them, so they constructed them right here on earth. Play has become increasingly practical: it is almost as if an evolutionary necessity dictated that from our most infantile and unnecessary behaviors would come the solid future of the species. Just as it began to seem that political, economic, and technological forces were combining to organize the human race into a rational, centralized, and anonymous unity, and that the world was, as they say, becoming a small place, counterforces started taking us in completely new directions. The new electronic technology is by nature playful and individualizing. The strong hand of the corporation and the still stronger hand of the state, which were once able to coerce the population into service by cutting off the sources of energy and information, are losing their hold. Quite soon a family with its own solar power generator and its own computer will have the kind of practical sovereignty once possessed only by nations.



Remember the scene in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* where the kids' mechanical toys all wake up and, in their dim electronic awareness, run about on the floor and clap their hands and flash their lights? And how the music of the aliens is actually a variation on the Disney tune "When You Wish Upon a Star"? We have met E.T., and he is our toys, our animated cartoons, our computer programs. We are re-entering at last the ancient animist universe, populated by genies and geniuses of place, in which every object possesses a demon that one might control and use. But the nymphs and dryads are now microprocessors inhabiting our cars, our stoves, our clocks, our chess sets, and our typewriters. Soon everything will have its own dedicated intelligence, its own nisus, or animating will.

We are at a curious juncture in the history of science and technology. The empiricism of the Renaissance gradually flattened out the ancient hierarchy of the universe and broke up the Great Chain of Being. But just when the world seemed to have been reduced to a collection of objective facts—the world view of modernism—a new order began to come into being.

The new Great Chain of Being, unlike the old one, is dynamic and fluid: it is the great branching tree of evolution. As long as evolution was confined to the realm of biology, it did not seriously threaten the modernist vision of the world as "value-flat"; it simply made of life a mystical anomaly, a "fever of matter" in the "frozen chastity" of the inorganic, as Thomas Mann put it. But now we can create viruses out of "dead" chemi-

Illustrations by Marc Yankus

:als, proving they were not as dead as we thought. The link has been nade. All of the world is alive.

The destruction of the old coherence is best illustrated by the collapse of he meaning of the word "art." In *The Tempest* it is Prospero's "art" that nakes temporary sense of the airy nothing the world is made of, rendering t into cloud-capped towers, gorgeous palaces, solemn temples, even the Globe theater itself. For Shakespeare "art" meant science, philosophy, echnical power, craft, theatrical sleight of hand, liberal education, magic, ınd "art" in our modern meaning, all at once. The moment of *The Tempest* was the last moment of full cultural health and integrity. "Art," the word, was gradually torn to shreds, until in our century art and science, science ınd technology, philosophy and science, art and philosophy, magic and science, craft and art, education and art, have all been set against one ınother, like demons bred out of the corpse of the great mother.

But coherence is swiftly returning. The indeterminacy principle, which destroys the distinction between observation and action, makes all science nto technology and all technology into science. Academic philosophy has died and passed its inheritance on to the theoreticians of science and the art critics. Anthropologists have revealed other cultures' magic as science and our own science as magic. In all the arts, the death of modernism has given birth to a rapprochement between craft and art, and art is, once more, properly required to be moral. All of these assertions are more prophetic than scholarly, but watch out.

Not that the empirical detour was unnecessary. Shakespeare's magic did not work outside the theater, and we needed three centuries of self-imposed alienation, of tearing things to pieces to see how they worked, to be able to come back to a coherent world, this time with the powers and knowledge we always felt were our birthright—powers and knowledge we had mimed with magic. But now that we have come back we must cast away the habits of exile—the self-contempt, the illusion of alienation, the hatred of the past, the sterile existentialism, the fear of the future, the willful imposition of meaninglessness on a universe bursting with meaning.

Another way of saying the same thing is that we are undergoing a religious revolution. In about 1600 a new religion, materialism, appeared on the scene. Its practice is what we usually call economic activity, and its higher emotions include a sense of the beauty of nature and awe at its workings, and a sense of triumph in technological achievement. Its theology is atomistic: like God, the atom of matter is indivisible, eternal, invulnerable, responsible for all events in the world. Unlike God, though, it is not conscious or personal. As with other great religions—and it is a great and in many ways noble religion, and much of our best and most significant behavior consists in its observance—it has given rise to magnificent heresies, moral systems, and even good science: dialectical materialism, existentialism, the theory of evolution.

If someone were to protest that materialism is not a religion, a cross-cultural view would rapidly convince him. Medieval people did not call their everyday rituals religious, or even rituals. They were just the way one lived one's life. Totemists, before contact with Europeans, would have said the same thing about their own practices, their own value systems. What enabled materialism to triumph was precisely the fact that it did not claim to be a religion at all, but labeled other systems as religious; and there are elements of materialism in all human value systems, just as there are elements of monotheism, polytheism, animism, totemism, and ancestor worship.

But materialism is now going through the same crisis Christianity went through 400 years ago. Christianity resolved its crisis by determining to coexist with the new religion, to the enrichment of both, while accepting certain limitations on its relevance, the chief of which was the recognition

Medieval people did not call their everyday rituals religious, or even rituals. They were just the way one lived one's life

That aspect of religion that appeals to the desire to worship something outside of, and superior to, ourselves will not be satisfied any longer with materialism

of itself as *a* religion, rather than "the way things are."

The main challenge to materialism was the discovery that the atom is not irreducible, and the consequent dissolution of matter into event, relation, and information. One of the advantages of materialism is that the further one goes in explaining the complex and ambiguous behavior of the apparent world in terms of simple atomic events, the more concrete and unambiguous it seems to be. Religion seeks certainty, and for a long time materialism delivered it. But one more reduction, one last simplification, spoiled everything. Suddenly the world, as it was revealed by quantum physics, became utterly ambiguous again.

Much that is good can be salvaged from the old religion. The world of matter, though it has been shown to be a provisional one, without the appealing absoluteness it once possessed, is still beautiful and exquisitely ordered; and surely we should give it a share of worship. But if we do so, we must give a greater share to ourselves, both as the supreme product of matter given the chance to do what comes naturally and as the supreme observer and shaper of the material world. That aspect of religion that appeals to the desire to worship something outside of, and superior to, ourselves will not be satisfied any longer with materialism.

And materialism has always carried a dangerous flaw: its fundamental parts, the atoms of matter, are impersonal, insentient, and unintelligent—that is precisely what makes them intelligible. But the elevation of matter implies the superiority of those characteristics—impersonality, insentience, unintelligence. The personal, the sensible, and the conscious came to be seen as a second-class reality that must face up to the impersonal "real world" and submit to the "reality principle": the blind forces of economic change, the dialectics of class struggle, the survival of the fittest. Perhaps our great political and technological monsters—communism, fascism, the hydrogen bomb—are the final expression of that suspicion of the personal: they promise to eradicate persons from the face of the earth.

The world is becoming a *bigger* place, more densely packed with information. A few years ago the amount of information stored in the world's libraries, computers, and so on doubled every ten years; now the doubling time is eight years, and it is continuing to shrink. This process has a cosmological significance, because the universe itself is made of information—matter and energy are only simple forms of it. And whereas matter and energy decay according to the laws of entropy, paying for their durability of form by their eventual death and transformation into more primitive states of organization, information is both immortal and self-propagating. On the level of matter and energy, the world is running down; on the level of information, the world is growing and becoming more elaborately organized. And *our* activities, tiny as they appear in space and time, are a significant part of that growth.

Pascal said that the silence of infinite spaces terrified him. But we now know that such spaces, large as they are, are not infinite; and that space itself is generated by an evolutionary process that preceded it. Once the universe was no bigger than a baseball, and before that it was smaller than an atom. What counted then was not how big it was but its capacity to generate information. Measured in terms of space and time, humankind is, indeed, a tiny speck in the vastness of the cosmos, as scientists have traditionally reminded us. Measured in a more fundamental way, in terms of density and complexity of information, we are already the largest things in the universe: we are its cortex, its skin, its bud, its growing surface. And our new laws—of morality, aesthetics, government, and games—have taken their appointed place next to their predecessors, the laws of biology, chemistry, physics, and mathematics. Our laws, though latecomers, are no less real for that. As Thoreau put it, punning on the leaves of trees, the leaves of books, and the "new leaf" we shall all turn over:

> No wonder that the earth expresses itself outwardly in leaves, it so labors with the idea inwardly. The atoms have already learned this law, and are pregnant by it. . . . The very globe continually transcends and translates itself, and becomes winged in its orbit. Even ice begins with delicate crystal leaves, as if it had flowed into moulds which the fronds of water plants had impressed on the watery mirror. The whole tree itself is but one leaf, and the rivers are still vaster leaves whose pulp is intervening earth, and towns and cities are the ova of insects in their axils.

The biologist A. G. Cairns-Smith recently suggested that there were, before the DNA-based life we know today, more primitive ways of self-replicating and metabolizing. In his book *Genetic Takeover and the Mineral Origins of Life* he postulates the existence of a silicon-based clay "organism," a halfway house between dead matter and life, which evolved until it was able to assemble and use complex carbon-based molecules—the forerunners of DNA—to perform necessary metabolic tasks. These molecules made up, as it were, a part of the "body" developed by the silicate "genes." In time they became independent of the clay organisms they had served and began to develop on their own. Thus the difficult question of the origins of DNA is answered.

Not least among the implications of this idea is the notion that what is now the genotype—the blueprint—of an organism was once only part of its phenotype—its blueprint expressed in physical terms. We do not need to go to Cairns-Smith's work for an illustration. There are many instances when the mechanism used by the genetic material of viruses or bacteria to promote its own survival has become incorporated into the material itself, as in the case of the plasmids; and the messengers of DNA often perform some of the functions of DNA itself, as when viral RNA takes on part of the responsibility for carrying the genetic inheritance.

A fascinating analogy suggests itself: perhaps our traditional ways of storing and passing on information, through speaking, writing, and data processing, are now taking over the genetic tasks of our species, just as, if Cairns-Smith's theory is correct, the organic molecules that were once its tools superseded the genetic functions of the clay.

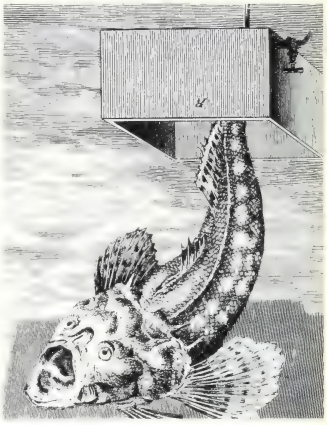
To Descartes and Berkeley, the distinction between being and consciousness was so absolute as to require divine intervention to enable them to communicate. That distinction is now only a matter of degree. Being has dissolved before our eyes as we have examined it more closely, until, in quantum physics, matter proves less durable than the light in which we see it and evaporates into energy, pure event, if we try to take it apart any further.

That nature from which we are supposed to be alienated never existed. The great quantum experiments—the parallel-slits light experiment, the polarizing-filter light experiment—show that nature has not made up its mind about what it really is, and is quite happy to have us help it do so. The tradition of philosophy that saw us as cut off from our "true" way of being has collapsed, although it hasn't realized it yet. *We* are nature, and we are as at home here in the world as anything has ever been. For the whole world is made up of such as we; its physical components are, just as we are, tourists, outsiders, amateurs, getting by on a smile and a shoeshine, and deriving what being they have from the recognition of their fellows. All nature is second nature.

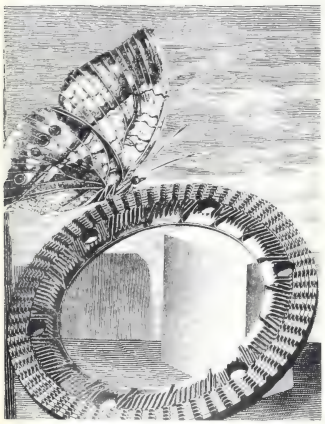
The new quantum theories of cosmology suggest that the chance-governed behavior of elementary particles is a sort of "living fossil" of the state of the entire universe in its first moments of existence. In other words, the order of the physical world as we know it through conventional physics and chemistry did not at first exist, but evolved out of chaos.

At the very beginning there existed an infinite number of possible states, each with a probability of one in infinity. Nothingness was one possibility, sharing with the others the same infinitesimal likelihood of being true. The fact that one cannot pin down an electron simultaneously in any

Being has dissolved before our eyes as we have examined it more closely, until, in quantum physics, matter proves less durable than the light in which we see it



The great mistake of the modernists was to identify randomness with freedom. Freedom lies on the far side of order



one time and place is a remnant of that indeterminacy. The sharpness of reality is a result of the harmonious synchronization of many fuzzy events.

Technology is the continuation of the process of evolution by which the indefiniteness of the world gave rise to greater and greater certainty. It is the realizing of the possible, and our machines are only the end of a line that goes back through our own bodies, the persisting organization of crystals and stable molecules, and the durable coherence of elementary particles to that first moment when possibility resolved itself into a burst of identical photons.

In the heyday of high modernism the world of the future seemed impersonal, cool, centralized, inorganic, tidy, sharp-edged: a world-state with equal prosperity for all, tall rectilinear buildings, cool atonal music, abstract art, imagist free verse, novels purified of the fetishism and hierarchy of plot and character; a world-state without repression, alienation, and ego, free from the shibboleths of honor, beauty, sexual morality, patriotism, idealism, religion, and duty.

This future now appears dated, even dreary. It has been shown that yes, indeed, humankind *does* have a nature; there are cultural universals. There are rules to be followed if freedom—limitlessness—is to come about. And those rules include not only the grammar of language, but also the classical laws of harmony, melody, color, proportion, rhythm, and balance. The modernists believed those classical qualities to be arbitrary and tried to sweep them away, thereby damaging the art forms they were trying to liberate and depriving them of their audience. But we are beginning to discover the nature of our humanity as well as the humanity of nature. To put it aphoristically: We have a nature; that nature is cultural; that culture is classical.

Of course we must redefine "classical" to include the tonality of Chinese and Indonesian and African music, the artistic conventions of the Tlingit and the Maori and the Navaho, the verse forms of the Eipo and the Inuit and the Yanomami. But there *are* rules to be culled from this panhuman study, and to break them is not a daring innovation but a pointless exercise—akin to shining a light in our eyes at a wavelength invisible to the retina, or to speaking a sentence whose grammar works on no comprehensible principle. We must change our romantic attitude toward the rules, too, and recognize them not as an imposition but as a biologically and culturally agreed-upon code of communication, our constitution, the foundation of our freedom. The great mistake of the modernists was to identify randomness with freedom. Freedom lies on the far side of order; it is an order that has got so complex that it has become self-referential, and thus autonomous. The random is the most complete of tyrannies.

The future now looks quite different from the way it once did. Not only is a world-state, thank heavens, out of the question; we may even be in the last days of the nation-state. A much more decentralized world seems likely: personal, warm, custom-made, organic, untidy, decorated. Our music will be full of melody again, though it will be more incantatory, more rhythmic, with an Oriental quaver. Our visual arts will be mainly representational, with abstraction reserved for decoration. Our architecture will recapitulate the panhuman village clutter, and all functions—domestic, religious, commercial, industrial, educational, political—will be jumbled together. Our poetry will be, as all poetry was until seventy years ago, richly metrical and rhetorical, full of stories, ideas, moral energy, scientific speculation, theology, drama, history. Many of these changes have already begun, though a rear guard of modernist reactionaries still holds much political and economic power, and it will take decades to deprogram middlebrow taste from its masochistic preferences.

There will also be a refeminization of the arts. The modernists tended to write off sexual differences as trivial and imposed, and thus, paradoxically, re-formed their norms upon a masculine model. What followed was an

attempt—pathetic as it now seems—to provide equality for women by demanding that they imitate the achievements of men. But the study of sexuality and gender, and of social and biological evolution, has shown distinct differences between men and women. A full, rich, and human culture built upon an exclusively masculine model is impossible, even if women could be trained to fit that model.

I suspect that some readers winced when I gave a list of values: honor, beauty, sexual morality, patriotism, idealism, religion, and duty. That reflex indicates a reaction to values and reward systems that has very rarely been examined.

In the nineteenth century, materialist ethics came together with materialist biology and agreed that there were only two types of rewards: those obviously associated with survival and those obviously associated with reproduction. Two brilliant value systems—Marx's, which reduced all value to the economics of survival, and Freud's, which reduced all value to libido—were the result. Existentialism struggles between accepting these rewards as preferable to the more complex value systems of a society and rejecting them, and all rewards, as bribes to make us give up our freedom.

Under the pressure of these theories, which postulated very coarse rewards even for very refined behavior, our value systems changed and coarsened. When people wince at the words "duty," "honor," and "beauty," they are doing exactly what Victorians would have done upon hearing the words "passion," "desire," and "sexuality," or even "money," "fees," and "honoraria." The Victorians, in a last-ditch defense of the older, more complex value system, would naturally have been pained by references to the enemy's rewards. We, the inheritors of D. H. Lawrence and Jean-Paul Sartre, feel the same old blush come to our faces when we are reminded of all the rewards—the joy of duty, the satisfaction of honorable conduct—that we have given up. Not that we are not, often, honorable and dutiful. But we are so in a spirit of taking nasty medicine with good grace, and we are deeply suspicious of those who enjoy doing their duty.

The pleasures of achievement, of sacrifice, of beauty, are real *pleasures in themselves, not repressed or sublimated derivatives of libido*

But new discoveries are forcing on us a new value system. The pleasures of eating and sex are not the only rewards. Scientists studying the chemistry of the brain have begun to uncover a remarkable variety of rewards, suppressors of rewards, suppressors of the suppressors, and so on. The pleasures of achievement, of insight into the truth, of heroic exertion or sacrifice, of good conscience, of beauty, are *real* pleasures in themselves, not repressed or sublimated derivatives of libido. Certainly the higher pleasures *enlist* the coarser and more obvious ones as reinforcement; and indeed society uses the coarser and more obvious ones—for example food, for children—to train the higher reward systems, to "prime the pump," so to speak. But the "endorphin high" is as real a reward as orgasm, or as food to a starving man.

Nor are hunger and sex the simple survival drives they seemed to the materialists. The study of evolution shows that the division of food played a central role in the religious rituals that defined the human community. What food *represents* has long been more important than the 2,000 calories a day required for survival. And the comparative study of sexual behavior shows that, far from possessing a feeble and watered-down version of brute sexuality, we are the most sexual of all animals—we are in heat all the time, we copulate face to face, our females have as powerful a libido as our males. Our sexuality is much more powerful than that of our closest relatives, the chimpanzees and gorillas; it is far more powerful than is needed for reproduction. Many anthropologists suspect that our sexuality evolved in tandem with our brains, and that it took on the important function of encouraging the creation of family and social groupings that could nurture the young and promote cooperation through affection. Nevertheless, without the discovery of the higher reward systems, the theories of sublimation

Who can forget those rats that would ignore females in heat and food, pressing the pedal that would deliver their shot of happiness?

and repression would still wash. It was the brain chemicals that broke the old ideology.

But there is a terrible tragedy here. Endorphins were discovered because certain scientists studying drug addiction asked the obvious, and brilliant question: Why does the brain have receptors designed precisely to respond with extreme sensitivity to the sap of an Oriental poppy? What was the evolutionary necessity? The answer, of course, is that those receptors were designed to respond to something else entirely. The poppy resins simply happened to possess a molecular resemblance to that something else—an opiate produced by the brain to reward itself for doing very hard work. The tragedy is this: the materialist theory of value has resulted in the cutting off of many of the pleasures produced by the brain chemicals. We are starved for the pleasures of the mind and spirit and soul. The twentieth century is full of *angst*, which has its source in a thirst for things like glory, sanctity, conscience, and heroism, things which have been forbidden to us. Worse: we have replaced those pleasures with counterfeits; and as the doctrines of materialism triumphed, first among intellectuals, then among the population at large, so did the use of opium, cocaine, mescaline, cannabis. (Of course those individuals at the bottom of society, who have always felt cast out, have always used such drugs when they could get them.)

We are only beginning to realize the horrible effects of tampering with the brain's own reward system by means of drugs. That realization touches us, with the hard thrill of permanent damage, in the very center of our will, our freedom, our selfhood. Who can forget those rats that would ignore females in heat and food, pressing the pedal that would deliver their shot of happiness? Or the teenage mugger, sniffing and shaking with his addiction, interested in nothing but the high?



But—turning again to the future—as the theory of reward expands to include endorphins, we will once again educate the young to create their own high, and the demand for the substitute will decline. After all, the real thing is, chemists say, fifty times more powerful than the false, though harder to obtain.

Any good teacher will recognize a gifted student whose capacity for self-reward has been stunted from birth by parents and teachers who would not challenge him and who feared to nurture in him an undemocratic pride and pleasure in achievement. As you force the unaccustomed juices of pleasure—in learning, in truth, in beauty, in work—to flow, the student is almost incredulous. Surely you can't mean him to *enjoy* it? It's obscene. You're teaching him vile and monstrous joys. In fact you're letting him into his inheritance, an inheritance paid for by millions of our ancestors, who humanized themselves by ritual, by claiming kin, by the agonizing and delicious effort to articulate the wordless.

Paradoxically, then, materialism as the supreme religion began to sicken when we began to make thinking machines, and died when we began to see ourselves as machines for the production of spirit, soul, value. Materialist politics is dying too, and we have come to see our traditional cultures as machines that support the process of soul-making. All over the world, revolutionary forces are championing complex and traditional value systems—ethnic, religious, and political—against materialism, whether it be liberal, fascist, capitalist, socialist, or communist. What makes the Vietnamese, the Poles, the Afghans, the Palestinians, and the Irish such dangerous adversaries is not a materialist ideology but religion, traditional education, blood ties, patriotism, a sense of beauty, honor, heroism, duty, and all the rest: the endorphins blazing in the head like a lantern, more fiercely than any sexual passion, or thirst, or hunger for bread.

To a materialist all those beliefs are only distracting games by which we hide the knowledge of death and the reality of our worldly condition from ourselves. But the human race is more deeply motivated by a game than by a reality, and fears losing more than it fears death. From the point of view with which I began—the collapse of the distinction between knowledge

and being, information and reality, representing and doing—the paradox is no paradox. Reality has always been a game, and our games continue the evolution of reality. We evolved as idealists, teleologists, essentialists, because, by golly, we survive better that way. Teleology is the best policy. Less idealistic animals have less control over the future.

We evolved as idealists, teleologists, essentialists, because, by golly, we survive better that way

We have always been nature's insiders, and our solidarity with nature is based on the fact that nature, like us, is fallen and is still falling, outward from the chaos of the Big Bang into order and beauty and freedom.

Before the materialist revolution we robustly persisted in the belief that objects possessed the powers that the poetic imagination conferred on them: we believed in magic and magical properties. The rose was sick with love, the sword hated its enemies, jewels could enchant or heal, the moon was intelligent and a little mad. The world made more sense to us, even though it was inhabited by uncontrollable powers, than it does to the materialists.

For them, metaphor and symbol are terribly sad reminders of that world view that was lost, of our alienation from nature. The rose does not really love, nor the sword hate, nor the jewel heal, nor the moon enchant; they only arbitrarily symbolize those things. Metaphor is a technical failure. All significance is a pathetic fallacy, canals on Mars that we put there by the weakness and hopefulness of our eyes. There is no magic anymore.

We had to choose, as Freud saw but denied, between the power to do and psychic health.

That time is over. The nature of metaphor and symbol will change. We shall be making intelligent and crazy moons, and passionate roses, and fierce swords with microprocessors in their hilts, and jewels with the power to heal. No doubt we will build canals on Mars, if we want, and make it into exactly the place of Edgar Rice Burroughs's poetic visions. Metaphor and symbol will become programs for transformation, and technological inventions will become the new metaphors and symbols. Our poetry will become less obviously symbolic, for symbols will not be plastered onto the outside of reality but will be a concrete and accepted part of its plot, as the technical hardware is in a science-fiction novel. Facts will be significant, and symbols will be facts. It is not that we shall rise above nature—one of the goals of modernism. Rather, we shall *be* nature. We will once more see life, as Edgar says in *King Lear*, as a miracle, as magic; but we will see it too as an "art lawful as eating," like the enchantment that, in *The Winter's Tale*, brings the statue of the dead queen to life. ■

HOW LONG BEFOR

Staring down photograp



Clock on bureau reads 11:12 as I start timed experiment to test theory by painter and photocollagist David Hockney. Talking in the *New Yorker* last summer about "ordinary" photography as a "medium for the artist," he said his "main argument was that a photograph could not be looked at for a long time. . . . You can't look at most photographs for more than, say, thirty seconds. It has nothing to do with the subject matter. . . . I mean, photography is all right if you don't mind looking at the world from the point of view of a paralyzed cyclops—*for a split second*. But that's not what it's like to live in the world. . . . At a museum, you can easily spend half an hour looking at a Canaletto and you won't blank out. . . . And the reason you can't look at a photograph for a long time is because there's virtually no time *in it*. . . ." Ordinary photograph, by James Hamilton. Unusual clock. (Elapsed viewing time: 1 sec.)

What the—?! Instinctive glance at woman is diverted by diagonal of big shiny helmets. Attached to wall? How? Or hung from ceiling by fishing line? While woman's form, muffled in busy housecoat, is located in real space by perspective of hallway, helmets' polished surfaces and classically graceful outlines float against flat area, abstracted: weirdly hovering. Are these all really in same space and time implied by informal tilt of wide-angle framing and homely details (Kleenex holder behind clock, metal strip along wall-to-wall hall rug, woman's scuffs, etc.)? Only natural for my eye to insinuate helmets into context by looking for human head to fit one on. Sole available head, woman already wearing one: hairdo shaped like helmet nearest [illegible] (Elapsed time: 9 min.)

Way over Hockney's 30-sec. limit already. Rotate photo 90 degrees to read book titles: *Thus Spake Zarathustra,* Aeschylus' *The Ore—*, *Rights of Man*. Rights of man pretty well defended here! And not just by looming specter of three Roman legionnaires. Note pair of sinister phallic-Africana bookend sentries; six guardsmen (all the more spikily belligerent in sharp-focus miniature); and, far to the right, mobilized ranks of rough-hewn chessmen (in suitably gothic shadow, fresh from forest combat in animated horror movie by Ingmar Bergman). (23 min.)

Veronica Geng is the author of Partners (*Harper & [illegible]*

OU BLANK OUT?

ry, by Veronica Geng



Dogs in painting patrol their side of doorway, ready to scent intruders. This a Canaletto? Unlikely he dabbled in English-hunt genre. Try to muse on it as forged Canaletto, but blank out. Still under Hockney's ½-hr. Canaletto time. (29 min., 59 sec.)

Liquor bottles make me laugh. Why? Am I losing touch with "what it's like to live in the world"? OK by me. In "the world," joke could be that bar cart is in ridiculous taste. Hamilton's photo rigorously prevents this loaded subject matter from slopping over into snide social comment, or maudlin portraiture, by steering my attention back and forth among visual facts. All those soldierly verticals suddenly take in bottles and glasses, too, transforming them into a rattling militia. In flanking position, tubby ice bucket and pitcher have spit-and-polish style of Tweedledum and Tweedledee dressed for a nice battle in pots and pans. Split second of film exposure time may have "paralyzed" rolling bar cart, but as imagery it has a fantastical spin. May be even more mobile in photo than in reality: just when *was* the last time it was moved? How recently was stoppered decanter used? (These always look as if nobody remembers what the stuff in them is.) Where is man who usually presides over bar? Room is obviously his den, defended at all vantage points by dogs and soldiers. (3/4 hr.)

Until now, it was *too soon* to look at the woman. (Photo has enforced a kind of tact. In "the world" it's rude to inspect the decor while ignoring the hostess, but photo says it's proper to let time inform one's view of people.) She's defined by analogies to husband's den: helmeted, aggressively patterned, relaxed yet watchfully on duty (in housecoat, but fully made-up; one hand easily in pocket, the other holding cigarette angled like lance of toy Swiss guard). Dogs and soldiers are only inanimate metaphors for her. Blocking the door, she's really the one holding the fort.

In the *Odyssey*, Odysseus' wife, Penelope, playing for time until his homecoming, tolerated in their household 108 suitors clamoring for her presumably widowed hand. While the warrior-goddess Athena urged that they be killed for their abuse of hospitality, they hung around drinking up Odysseus' wine. No such guests could worm their way in here. This wife, her husband absent, guards his liquor—his little army of liquid courage. With helmet and lance, attributes of Athena, this modern Penelope turns patience into vigilance. Clock still says 11:12. (Total elapsed time: approx. 3,000 yrs.)

A SPREADSHEET WAY OF KNOWLEDGE

How the computer is reshaping American business—for better and for worse

By Steven Levy

As Dan Bricklin remembers it, the idea first came to him in the spring of 1978 while he was sitting in a classroom at the Harvard Business School. It was the kind of idea—so obvious, so *right*—that made him immediately wonder why no one else had thought of it. And yet it was no accident that this breakthrough should have been his.

Bricklin had graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where—and this is crucial to the idea he would have that afternoon in 1978—he had worked intimately with computers. Before deciding to go to graduate school he had worked for two major computer companies—first for Wang, then for the Digital Equipment Corporation, for whom he helped design a word-processing program. Like most Harvard MBA candidates, he wanted to be a businessman; but more often than not, his thoughts strayed to the technological.

The question Bricklin was pondering that day in 1978 concerned how he might use what he knew about computers to help him in his finance course. This was the assignment: He and several other students had been asked to project the complicated financial implications—the shift in numbers and dollars, and the shifts resulting from *these* shifts—of one company's acquisition of another.

Bricklin and his classmates would need ledger sheets, often called spreadsheets. Only by painstakingly filling in the pale green grids of the spreadsheets would they get an accurate picture of the merger and its consequences. A row on the ledger might represent an expense or a category of revenue; a column might represent a specific period of time—a day, a month, a year. Run your finger across, say, a row of figures representing mortgage payments for a certain property, and the number in each "cell" of the horizontal row would be the figure paid in the time period represented by that particular vertical column. Somewhere on the sheet the columns and rows would be tallied, and that information would be entered on even larger sheets.

The problem with ledger sheets was that if one monthly expense went up or down, everything—*everything*—had to be recalculated. It was a tedious task, and few people who earned their MBAs at Harvard expected to work with spreadsheets very much. Making spreadsheets, however necessary, was a dull chore best left to accountants, junior analysts, or secretaries. As for sophisticated "modeling" tasks—which, among other things, enable executives to project costs for their companies—these tasks could be done only on big mainframe computers by the data-processing people who worked for the companies Harvard MBAs managed.

Bricklin knew all this, but he also knew that spreadsheets were needed for the exercise; he wanted an easier way to do them. It occurred to him: why not create the spreadsheets on a *microcomputer*? Why not design a program that would produce on a computer screen a green, glowing ledger, so that the calculations, as well as the final tabulations, would be visible to the person "crunching" the numbers? Why not make an *electronic* spreadsheet, a word processor for figures?

Bricklin's teachers at Harvard thought he was wasting his time: why would a manager want to do a spreadsheet on one of those "toy" computers? What were secretaries and accountants and the people down in DP for? But Bricklin could not be dissuaded. With a computer-programmer friend from MIT named Bob Frankston, he set

Steven Levy has written about technology for Rolling Stone, Personal Computing, *and other magazines. His first book,* Hackers: Heroes of the Computer Revolution, *is being published this month by Doubleday.*

to work developing the first electronic spreadsheet program. It would be contained on a floppy disk and run on the then brand-new Apple personal computer. Bricklin and Frankston released VisiCalc (the name was derived from *Visible Calculation*) in late 1979.

Today, VisiCalc and its newer rivals—most notably, a more powerful spreadsheet program designed by the Lotus Development Corporation called 1-2-3—are making fundamental changes in the way American businesses work. For the first time, businessmen have at their fingertips sophisticated and flexible means to chart all the variables—from interest rates to warehouse space—that make (and break) businesses. The biggest firms, the most diversified corporations, can be neatly translated into spreadsheet "models"—each box of the grid a window onto once overlooked facts or relationships. These models can be used not only to keep track of transactions but also to analyze the nature of a business itself. They allow businessmen to calculate the effects of sudden changes in the corporate environment (a decrease in the prime rate) and to experiment with scenarios (anything from the expansion of a product line to a merger)—all with an ease inconceivable five years ago.

More than a million computer spreadsheet programs worth more than $250 million will be purchased in the United States this year. There are corporate executives, wholesalers, retailers, and small-business owners who talk about their business lives in two time periods: before and after the electronic spreadsheet. They cite prodigious gains in productivity. They speak of having a better handle on their businesses, of knowing more and planning better, of approaching their work more imaginatively. A virtual cult of the spreadsheet has formed, complete with gurus and initiates, detailed lore, arcane rituals—and an unshakable belief that the way the world works can be embodied in rows and columns of numbers and formulas.

It is not far-fetched to imagine that the introduction of the electronic spreadsheet will have an effect like that brought about by the development during the Renaissance of double-entry bookkeeping. Like the new spreadsheet, the double-entry ledger, with its separation of debits and credits, gave merchants a more accurate picture of their businesses and let them see—there, on the page—how they might grow by pruning here, investing there. The electronic spreadsheet is to double-entry what an oil painting is to a sketch. And just as double-entry changed not only individual businesses but *business*, so has the electronic spreadsheet.

Already, the spreadsheet has redefined the nature of some jobs; to be an accountant in the age of spreadsheet programs is—well, almost sexy. And the spreadsheet has begun to be a forceful agent of decentralization, breaking down hierarchies in large companies and diminishing the power of data-processing.

There has been much talk in recent years about an "entrepreneurial renaissance" and a new breed of risk-taker who creates businesses where none previously existed. Entrepreneurs and their venture-capitalist backers are emerging as new culture heroes, settlers of another American frontier. Less well known is that most of these new entrepreneurs depend on their electronic spreadsheets as much as movie cowboys depended on their horses.

Mitch Kapor, thirty-four, a former teacher of transcendental meditation, is chairman of the board of the Lotus Development Corporation. In 1983, less than a year after selling its first 1-2-3 package, Lotus went public, a move that brought Kapor's personal net worth to more than $75 million. "Compare the expansion of business today to the conquering of the continent in the nineteenth century," Kapor told me recently as he pulled himself away from his IBM-PC. We were talking in his modest office in the old iron-casting factory in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that is now Lotus's headquarters. "The spreadsheet in that comparison is like the transcontinental railroad. It accelerated the movement, made it possible, and changed the course of the nation."

Kapor's comparison is an apt one. The computer spreadsheet, like the transcontinental railroad, is more than a means to an end. The spreadsheet embodies, *embraces*, that end, and ultimately serves to reinforce it. As Marshall McLuhan observed, "We shape our tools and thereafter our tools shape us." The spreadsheet is a tool, and it is also a world view—reality by the numbers. If the perceptions of those who play a large part in shaping our world are shaped by spreadsheets, it is important that all of us understand what this tool can and cannot do.

The computer spreadsheet is a tool, and it is also a world view—reality by the numbers

One measure of the spreadsheet's impact is clear, however, and it is a source of satisfaction to Dan Bricklin: every student in the Harvard Business School is now required to be proficient in using electronic spreadsheets.

Ezra Gottheil, thirty-four, is the senior product-design planner at Lotus. He shows up for work in casual clothes, and his small office is cluttered with piles of manuals and software. I visited Gottheil one day last summer, and he gave me a quick introduction to electronic spreadsheeting. Computer programs are said to use different "metaphors" to organize their tasks; a program might use the metaphor of a Rolodex, or a file cabinet. When you "boot" al-

Before ... people would have taken a guess. Now they feel obligated to run the numbers'

most any spreadsheet program into your personal computer, you see little more than some letters running across the top of the display screen and some numbers running down the side. This serves to indicate the grid of a ledger sheet, the metaphor used by Lotus and other best-selling spreadsheets like VisiCalc, Multiplan, and SuperCalc. The "cursor," a tiny block of light on the screen that acts like a kind of electronic pencil, can be moved (by a touch of the computer keyboard) to any cell on the spreadsheet in order to "input" numbers or formulas. By placing in the cells either figures or formulas that adjust figures according to different variables, it is possible to duplicate the relationships between various aspects of a business and create a "model." The basic model for a restaurant, for example, would include expenses such as salaries, food and liquor costs, and mortgage or rent payments; revenues might be broken down into "bar" and "food," perhaps even further by specific dishes. Every week, the figures would be updated, the formulas reworked if necessary (perhaps the price of olive oil had risen) and the recalculated model provides an accurate snapshot of the business.

Gottheil turned to the keyboard of the IBM-PC on a table beside his desk and booted a spreadsheet. The screen lit up with the familiar grid, and Gottheil's hands arched over the keys as gracefully as the hands of a pianist. He pressed the keys that make the blinking cursor hopscotch across the cells, and as he changed an item in one cell, there was a ripple-like movement in the other cells: the spreadsheet program was recalculating. His eyebrows rose as he saw the result. Then he punched in another variable, and another ripple of figures washed across the screen. He was offering the computer different hypothetical developments, and it was feeding back to him their probable consequences. "It's a good tool," Gottheil noted matter-of-factly.

In these, the early days of electronic spreadsheeting, it is most frequently seen as a tool for saving time. Don Jackson is a certified public accountant in Cincinnati. He has between forty and fifty clients, mostly small businesses. Before he bought an Apple three years ago, he painstakingly did his calculations on light green crosshatched ledger sheets. A client would come in to work out a billing procedure, and after Jackson had put the relevant numbers on a sheet—in light pencil, so erasures could be easily made—various questions would come up. For example, if the billing procedure was based on a 15 percent interest rate, what would happen if the rate went up to 18 percent? To find out, the whole sheet would have to be redone. Each figure would have to be punched into a hand calculator and then checked by one of Jackson's employees. "I would work for twenty hours," Jackson said. "With a spreadsheet, it takes me fifteen minutes."

Jackson's story is a common one. In the first days of electronic spreadsheets—that is, two or three years ago—those who used them got things done so quickly that, despite the evidence of finished reports, bosses and co-workers often had trouble believing the tasks had been completed. Gottheil told me of an accountant who got "a rush task, sat down with his micro and his spreadsheet, finished it in an hour or two, and left it on his desk for two days. Then he Fed Ex-ed it to the client and got all sorts of accolades for working overtime."

But saving time is hardly the only benefit of spreadsheets. They encourage businesses to keep track of things that were previously unquantified or altogether overlooked. Executives no longer have to be satisfied with quarterly updates, for it is now an easy matter to compile monthly, weekly, even daily updates. People use spreadsheets to make daily inventory checks, to find out who has paid their bills, to chart the performance of truck drivers over a period of weeks or months. How-to manuals for spreadsheets often use as an example a performance chart for salespeople—the model breaks down how many items they sell week by week and instantly calculates commissions and even bonuses due. If word comes down that a belt-tightening is in order, a few keystrokes will create a sheet that clearly identifies the worst performers.

Bob Frankston, the programmer who designed VisiCalc with Dan Bricklin, noted that instant hard figures, so recently a luxury, are quickly becoming a necessity. The spreadsheet tool is shaping us. "There's an increasing demand for quantitative rather than qualitative justification for decisions," he said. "In the past, before spreadsheets, people would have taken a guess. Now they feel obligated to run the numbers."

Yet what really has the spreadsheet users charmed is not the hard and fast figures but the "what-if" factor: the ability to create scenarios, explore hypothetical developments, try out different options. The spreadsheet, as one executive put it, allows the user to create and then experiment with "a phantom business within the computer."

"Before the spreadsheet, you barely had enough time to do the totals," said Archie Barrett, a Capitol Hill staff member who uses an IBM PC-XT to work up spreadsheets for the House Armed Services Committee. "Now you put in a number and see whether you're above or below the total. You can play what-if games.

What if we don't order as many tanks? What if we order more?"

The what-if factor has changed the way Allen Sneider, a partner in the Boston office of Laventhol & Horwath, a national accounting firm, approaches his job. Sneider bought an Apple in 1978, but he was not able to make it useful in his business until he saw an early copy of VisiCalc and became one of the first professionals to use the program. "Before," he explained, "you would suggest a change to a client, get a staff member to calculate it, send it to the typist, to the proofreader, and recalculate it to make sure there weren't any errors. Now you have a machine right there with the client. Want to see what happens with a different return on investment? Sheltering? Interest rates changing by half of a percent? It's done in a minute. Before you'd be tempted to say, 'Let's leave it the way it was.' The whole mental attitude toward preparing projections has changed."

The what-if factor has not only changed the nature of jobs such as accounting; it has altered once rigid organizational structures. Junior analysts, without benefit of secretaries or support from data-processing departments, can work up fifty-page reports, complete with graphs and charts, advocating a complicated course of action for a client. And senior executives who take the time to learn how to use spreadsheets are no longer forced to rely on their subordinates for information.

Theodore Stein is an assistant vice president in data processing at the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company in Hartford. After seeing what VisiCalc and the more powerful Lotus 1-2-3 could do, Stein became a passionate disciple of the spreadsheet. Until recently, Connecticut Mutual, like many large corporations, centralized its computer services in one division—data processing. People out in the field, or even at corporate headquarters, were generally not satisfied with the information they got from DP. "DP always has more requests than it can handle," Stein said. "There are two kinds of backlog—the obvious one, of things requested, and a hidden one. People say, 'I won't ask for the information because I won't get it anyway.' When those two guys designed VisiCalc, they opened up a whole new way. We realized that in three or four years, you might as well take your big minicomputer out on a boat and make an anchor out of it. With spreadsheets, a microcomputer gives you more power at a tenth of the cost. Now people can do the calculations themselves, and they don't have to deal with the bureaucracy."

Since it is easy to learn how to use spreadsheets—no programming experience is required—all it takes to get into the game is a $3,000 personal computer and a $500 copy of 1-2-3, or even a copy of VisiCalc or the MicroSoft Company's Multiplan, both of which cost less than $200. Stein learned this early in Connecticut Mutual's spreadsheeting days. The

'With spreadsheets, people can do the calculations themselves, and they don't have to deal with the bureaucracy'

	1	2	3	4	5	6
1		Restaurant				
2						
3		January	February	March	First 1/4	
4						
5	Costs	$8480.42	$8165.62	$9211.13	$25857.17	
6						
7	Food	$1983.52	$1845.23	$2091.34	$5920.09	
8	Liquor	$1029.57	$1156.25	$1289.56	$3475.38	
9	Salaries	$2592.29	$2271.99	$2990.00	$7854.28	
10	Supplies	$938.29	$847.23	$940.23	$2725.75	
11	Rent	$1200.00	$1200.00	$1200.00	$3600.00	
12	Misc	$736.75	$844.92	$700.00	$2281.67	
13						
14	Revenues	$9155.90	$8506.84	$10600.75	$28263.49	
15						
16	Restaurant	$5134.43	$4639.49	$6027.46	$15801.38	
17	Bar	$4021.47	$3867.35	$4573.29	$12462.11	
18						
19	Profit	$675.48	$341.22	$1389.62	$2406.32	
20						
21						

themselves in the more aesthetic possibilities of spreadsheeting: the perfect model is an end in itself

company's chief financial officer wanted certain information, and his top "experts" had difficulty providing it. So one weekend he brought an Apple computer and a copy of VisiCalc home with him. Monday morning, he called his people in and showed them how he had gotten the information he had been clamoring for. "With one swipe of a diskette, he cut them off at the knees," Stein said. "He outteched them. His experts! He'd cut the chain. The following week, they all came down to learn VisiCalc—fast."

All of this powerful scenario-testing machinery right there on the desk top induces some people to experiment with elaborate models. They talk of "playing" with the numbers, "massaging" the model. Computer "hackers" lose themselves in the intricacies of programming; spreadsheet hackers lose themselves in the world of what-if. Some, like Theodore Stein of Connecticut Mutual, admit that their habit goes beyond the point of diminishing returns: "I can't begin to tell you how many hours I spend at this," he said. "This is my pet, in a way. Scratching its ears and brushing its code . . . it's almost an obsession."

The experiments Stein and those like him carry out are far-flung attempts to formulate the ultimate model, the spreadsheet that behaves just like an actual business. Allerton J. Cushman of Morgan Stanley has been a connoisseur of these models since discovering that computer spreadsheets could make forecasts of the property-casualty insurance industry. Cushman wrote a pamphlet about his projections entitled "Confessions of an Apple Byter," which offered the observation that with VisiCalc, "getting your arms around the future seems a trifle easier." Cushman's office, high above midtown Manhattan, is dominated by IBM-compatible computers and printers, and when I visited him there last summer he explained his fascination with modeling this way: "People like to build elegant models, whether of balsa wood or numbers."

Spreadsheet models have become a form of expression, and the very act of creating them seems to yield a pleasure unrelated to their utility. Unusual models are duplicated and passed around; these "templates" are sometimes used by other modelers—and sometimes only admired for their elegance.

Stein, Cushman, and other so-called gurus lose themselves in the more aesthetic possibilities of spreadsheeting: the perfect model is an end in itself. "Power users" learn from gurus, but have other ends in mind—they can use sophisticated models to gain significant professional advantages. When a guru is not available, there are courses to take, self-help books to study, and magazine articles to examine, like the one in the July 1984 issue of *Personal Computing* entitled "Power Spreadsheeting," which warns of "arrested spreadsheet development" and urges users to "think like a spreadsheet."

Mastery is important, not for art's sake but to *win*. A brilliant model is not only beautiful, it yields insights impossible to attain by any other method. Dick York, a private real estate investor in Sausalito, changed his entire business to revolve around his Lotus 1-2-3. "I've used it to reduce everything in my operation to cash flow," he said. "The spreadsheets give me constant updates, and I'm able to pinpoint property that isn't bringing in money—I dump those properties immediately. This is information I'd always tried to get manually, but couldn't." York told me about the time he negotiated a commercial lease that included both a monthly rental and a percentage of the profit of his operation. In the course of making the spreadsheet model, he discovered there was a point at which going along with a raise in his rent would actually *decrease* the amount he'd pay the landlord. (The landlord did not have his own spreadsheet to divine this fact.)

Allen Sneider of Lowenthol & Horwath once worked a spreadsheet masterpiece: A client representing a finance company wanted to know whether it would be a good idea to pay $12 million for a factory that made artificial turf. Sneider and the client made a model that was sensitive to all sorts of variables. It would let you know the consequences of any change you might want to make in the business. Add a new production line, decrease production, increase inventory, widen the collateral base, change the mortgage rate, increase hourly wages . . . it was all there, calculated according to highly refined formulas. What happened? Sneider's client did not buy the factory (the factory employees bought it). Instead, he started his own business—buying and selling spreadsheet templates.

Because spreadsheets can do so many important things, those who use them have a tendency to lose sight of the crucial fact that the imaginary businesses they create on their computers are just that—imaginary. You can't really duplicate a business inside a computer, just aspects of a business. And since numbers are the strength of spreadsheets, the aspects that get emphasized are the ones easily embodied by numbers. Intangible factors aren't so easily quantified. Jim McNitt, in *The Art of Computer Management*, tells the story of a restaurant owner named Maxwell who was trying to decide

whether to undertake a costly renovation. He ran fifteen different scenarios on his computer, including one in which he took the money set aside for renovation and invested it elsewhere. What Maxwell found was startling: not only would renovation be foolhardy, but " 'even the "best case" numbers showed I'd get nearly as good a rate of return on my investment in a money market fund as staying in the restaurant business.' " Get out of the restaurant business! the spreadsheet said. What the spreadsheet left out, of course, was the unquantifiable emotional factor—Maxwell loved what he did. He kept the restaurant (though he scuttled the renovation).

Maxwell was his own boss, and could follow his instincts. But a corporate executive who ignored such a clear-cut bottom-line conclusion might be risking his professional life. He is more likely to follow the numbers turned out by spreadsheets.

And so it is that spreadsheets help in the drive for paper profits, and are a prime tool of takeover architects. An executive in an acquisitions-hungry company might spend his time spreadsheeting in order to find a company ripe for takeover. If his spreadsheet projections were to produce a likely candidate—if the numbers looked good—he would naturally recommend making a takeover bid. Even a hostile takeover seems cut-and-dried, perfectly logical, in the world of spreadsheets. The spreadsheet user has no way of quantifying a corporate tradition or the misery of stockholders or whether the headaches of a drawn-out takeover bid will ultimately harm the corporate climates of the firms involved.

The flexibility of spreadsheets can encourage other heartless moves from headquarters. It is no great drain on a spreadsheeting executive's time to experiment with all sorts of odd, even insidious scenarios. He might ask: "What if we dropped our pension plan?" Then he might run the idea through a spreadsheet and find a huge gain in capital—and there would be the unthinkable, in hard figures.

Spreadsheets have no way of dealing with hunches, either, no formulas for telling their users when lightning will strike—when a product will be not merely a product but a trend-setting blockbuster. There were no formulas in Lotus's spreadsheet projections that did justice to the fantastic consumer acceptance of 1-2-3. "Our own projections were violated on a daily basis," said Ezra Gottheil. "It was beyond our wildest assumptions."

People tend to forget that even the most elegantly crafted spreadsheet is a house of cards, ready to collapse at the first erroneous assumption. The spreadsheet that looks good but turns out to be tragically wrong is becoming a familiar phenomenon. Sometimes the erring model-makers themselves pay the price. Last August, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that a Texas-based oil and gas company had fired several executives after the firm lost millions of dollars in an acquisition deal because of "errors traced to a faulty financial analysis spread-sheet model."

An often-repeated truism about computers is "Garbage In, Garbage Out." Any computer program, no matter how costly, sophisticated, or popular, will yield worthless results if the data fed into it is faulty. With spreadsheets, the danger is not so much that incorrect figures can be fed into them as that "garbage" can be embedded in the models themselves. The accuracy of a spreadsheet model is dependent on the accuracy of the *formulas* that govern the relationships between various figures. These formulas are based on assumptions made by the model-maker. An assumption might be an educated guess about a complicated cause-and-effect relationship. It might also be a wild guess, or a dishonestly optimistic view.

For instance, a 5 percent increase in the cost of raw materials used to make widgets might lead to a 10 percent increase in the retail price, according to an established cost-price ratio. Anyone projecting a budget for a widget company could confidently integrate that formula into his model. But to determine the effect of a 10 percent price increase on the number of widgets actually sold, he would have to take into account all sorts of market factors, as well as how people tend to behave in certain situations. Perhaps the spreadsheeter has access to a study that definitively shows that a 5 percent increase in widget prices results in a 6 percent decrease in sales. But maybe no study exists. Or maybe the spreadsheeter knows that the widget company plans to use the projection to seek new financing and therefore doesn't want to reveal the company's vulnerability to fluctuations in the price of raw materials. So he might make the ludicrously optimistic assumption that a 5 percent price increase would result in only a 1 percent decrease in sales.

A notorious example of this kind of fiddling occurred when David Stockman, director of the Office of Management and Budget, was drawing up the budget for President Reagan's first term. According to William Greider's book *The Education of David Stockman and Other Americans*, a mainframe computer had been programmed with an elaborate model of the nation's economic behavior. When Stockman used the model to project the effects of Reagan's plan to reduce income taxes and increase defense spending, the computer calculated that the plan would lead to unprecedented federal defi-

Even the most elegantly crafted spreadsheet is a house of cards, ready to collapse at the first erroneous assumption

'I know of one venture capital firm that assumes people manipulate spreadsheets, so they have this model to factor the stuff out'

cits. Did Stockman warn his President that they were on a disastrous course? No. "He changed the economic assumptions fed into the computer model," writes Greider. "[He] assumed a swift decline in prices and interest rates. . . . The new model was based on a dramatic surge in the nation's productivity." So Stockman was able to fortify the Administration with figures—generated by a computer!—showing that the deficit would not be a problem.

Stockman's sleight of hand was fairly easy to discern. In 1981, electronic spreadsheets were just coming into their own, and the kind of sophisticated modeling Stockman did was still done chiefly on mainframe computers. The output he was working with wasn't in the now-familiar spreadsheet format; instead, the formulas appeared in one place and the results in another. You could see what you were getting. That cannot be said of electronic spreadsheets, which don't display the formulas that govern their calculations.

As Mitch Kapor explained, with electronic spreadsheets, "You can just randomly make formulas, all of which depend on each other. And when you look at the final results, you have no way of knowing what the rules are, unless somebody tells you."

Increasingly, however, businessmen are not telling but letting their spreadsheets do the talking. Because a spreadsheet looks so authoritative—*and it was done by a computer, wasn't it?*—the hypothetical models get accepted as gospel. The spreadsheet presentation is becoming both more commonplace and more sophisticated: not only the numbers but the formats of the sheets themselves are designed to make eloquent points.

This use of spreadsheets has less to do with productivity or insightful analysis than with the art of persuasion. "People doing negotiations now sit down with spreadsheets," Bob Frankston said. "When you're trying to sell a car, the standard technique is to ask for the other person's objections, and then argue them away. If two people are in front of a spreadsheet, and one says, 'Well, the numbers say this,' the other can't say, 'Yes, but there's something I can't quite point to.'"

As spreadsheets are used more for persuasion and negotiation, people are becoming rather sly about their design. Lotus 1-2-3 can turn figures and formulas into graphs—graphs that spreadsheeters can use to skew and oversimplify reality. "With graphs, things take on greater weight," Allen Sneider said. Sneider expects spreadsheets to become more persuasive—and the distortion of reality greater—when color printers become more common. "If I wanted to, I could skew the picture by choosing a particular color in a bar graph. Some people think red is very negative. They might think green indicates profitability."

All of this has made some people who work with spreadsheets regularly skeptical of what they see. "I know of one venture capital firm that *assumes* people manipulate spreadsheets," Kapor said. "So they have this other model to put against the first one, to factor the stuff out."

Obviously, not all of the millions of people who use spreadsheets (VisiCalc alone has sold over 700,000 copies) are accountants, financial analysts, or middle managers. VisiCalc's co-designer Bob Frankston attributes some of his program's popularity to these other users: "It turns out there are a number of people who are either running their own businesses or doing financial management. The 'own business' might be something like renting an apartment. If you've got to project costs for a year, it makes sense to do it with a spreadsheet."

More than 10 million people filed Schedule C "self-employment" reports with the IRS last year: we are becoming a nation of businesspeople. Moreover, we are becoming a *society* of businesspeople. We speak in jargon derived from the business world ("What's the bottom line on this?"). We read columns on "personal money management" that urge us to speculate in markets once reserved for the very few. We have accepted the venture capitalist as a role model. The buzz word these days in computer software firms looking to expand their markets is "personal productivity," as if the home itself—maybe *life* itself—were best viewed as a business.

Spreadsheets are at the heart of this movement. Using electronic spreadsheets, everyone can run his or her own business. Thousands of Americans are attending classes to learn about the spreadsheet way of knowledge. Some will lose themselves in the rows of columns, the grids becoming their windows on the world. They will spend their evenings in front of their computers, the dark dimly lit by the glow of green phosphorescent numbers, fiddling with scenarios, trying to make the profit line perfect.

There is no doubt that the electronic spreadsheet saves time and provides insight; there is no doubt that even greater benefits will one day be derived from these grids. Yet all these benefits will be meaningless if the spreadsheet metaphor is taken too much to heart. After all, it is only a metaphor. Fortunately, few would argue that all relations between people can be quantified and manipulated by formulas. Of human behavior, no faultless assumptions—and so no perfect model—can be made. ■

THE POLITICS OF NOSTALGIA

Losing history in the mists of ideology

By Christopher Lasch

Among the books discussed in this essay:

All That Is Solid Melts Into Air: The Experience of Modernity, by Marshall Berman. 383 pages. Simon & Schuster. $17.95.
America II, by Richard Louv. 279 pages. J.P. Tarcher. $15.95.
The American Political Tradition, by Richard Hofstadter. 378 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. $16.95.
The Politics of Hope, by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. 298 pages. Houghton Mifflin. (Out of print.)
Decadence: Radical Nostalgia, Narcissism, and Decline in the Seventies, by Jim Hougan. 251 pages. William Morrow. (Out of print.)
Future Shock, by Alvin Toffler. 505 pages. Random House. $17.95.
America's Quest for the Ideal Self: Dissent and Fulfillment in the 60s and 70s, by Peter Clecak. 395 pages. Oxford University Press. $27.50.
Yearning for Yesterday: A Sociology of Nostalgia, by Fred Davis. 146 pages. Free Press. $12.95.

In the vocabulary of political abuse, "nostalgia"—along with "elitism," "authoritarianism," and "idealism"—now ranks near the top. No other term serves so effectively to deflate ideological opponents. To cling to the past is bad enough, but the victim of nostalgia clings to an idealized past, one that exists only in his head. He is worse than a reactionary; he is an incurable sentimentalist. Afraid of the future, he is also afraid to face the truth about the past. His longing for lost innocence betrays a regressive psychology, a fear of change that goes deeper than the defense of entrenched privilege—the motive usually assigned to political reaction—to some profound insecurity or incapacitating personal disappointment. "Nostalgia" was a medical term until this century, and it has never completely lost its pathological overtones. As an instrument of ideological warfare, its usefulness lies, first of all, in the implication that nostalgia derives not merely from erroneous opinions but from emotional disability, a temperamental aversion to the rough and tumble, the complexity and turmoil of modern life.

Then, too, "nostalgia" is endlessly adaptable.

Christopher Lasch teaches history at the University of Rochester. His latest book, The Minimal Self, *has just been published by Norton.*

It can deflect criticism of modern technology, criticism of mass culture and the mass media, criticism of modern life in general. But most important and advantageous to polemicists is the way accusations of nostalgia discredit comparison between the past and the present—comparisons which might raise doubts about the future our society is making for itself. Understandably uncomfortable with the suggestion that our society is heading for trouble, critics of nostalgia seek to reassure themselves that evidence of cultural decline is really evidence of nostalgia.

Thus the ideological critique of our "national nostalgia" serves, as effectively as nostalgia itself, as a form of escapism. It shares with nostalgia an eagerness to proclaim the death of the past and to deny history's hold over the present. Those who celebrate the death of the past and those who mourn it both take it for granted that our age has outgrown its childhood. Both find it difficult to believe that history still haunts our enlightened, disillusioned maturity. Both are governed, in their attitudes toward the past, by the prevailing disbelief in ghosts.

The new nostalgia, according to its critics, reflects the collapse of the belief in progress. But the same can be said of anti-nostalgia. Pro-

is not an explanation of the widespread intellectual preoccupation *with nostalgia*

gressives once deplored reaction—resistance to the march of progress. By shifting their attention to nostalgia, they now attempt to avoid endorsing the dogma that change equals progress. They no longer argue that change is good, only that it is inevitable. Resistance to change, from this point of view, becomes an exercise in futility. In his paean to modernity, *All That Is Solid Melts Into Air*, Marshall Berman wrote, "To be modern . . . is to experience personal and social life as a maelstrom, to find one's world and oneself in perpetual disintegration and renewal; . . . to be part of a universe in which all that is solid melts into air." To regret all this is pointless; according to Berman, the thing is "to make oneself somehow at home in the maelstrom, to make its rhythms one's own, to move within its currents."

Many observers have tried to explain the "wave" of nostalgia that has allegedly swept over the United States—over the whole Western world, we are told—in the last fifteen or twenty years. I shall have something to say about those explanations, but I want to make it clear at the outset that I am not impressed by the claim that "we are awash in nostalgia," as Richard Louv put it in his recent survey of cultural trends, *America II*. Such claims rest on shaky evidence. What is needed is not an explanation of our nostalgic national condition but an explanation of the widespread *preoccupation* with nostalgia in the intellectual community and the mass media, and of the infiltration of political and cultural commentary by this particular catchword. Why are so many of us so eager to avoid a reckoning with history? Why do we find it so difficult to look backward? Why does this thin, trivial question of nostalgia dominate so many discussions of the past?

If I am correct that "nostalgia" has replaced terms like "conservatism" and "reaction" in the liberal lexicon and that it betrays a desire to avoid the kinds of comparisons those older terms invite, the beginnings of this discourse—this sustained polemic against nostalgia, which has called forth in reply an ideological defense of nostalgia—ought to be traceable to the period when the belief in progress first began to crumble in this country; that is, to the period following World War II. I turn to Richard Hofstadter's *American Political Tradition*, first published in 1948—a book that did so much to shape the course not merely of historical studies but of postwar political and cultural debate—and I find these opening lines, in which Hofstadter launches an attack on nostalgia that has been repeated again and again in the intervening years:

> Since Americans have recently found it more comfortable to see where they have been than to think of where they are going, their state of mind has become increasingly passive and spectatorial. Historical novels, fictionalized biographies, collections of pictures and cartoons, books on American regions and rivers have poured forth to satisfy a ravenous appetite for Americana. This quest for the American past is carried on in a spirit of sentimental appreciation rather than of critical analy-



sis. An awareness of history is always a part of any culturally alert national life; but I believe that what underlies this overpowering nostalgia of the last fifteen years is a keen feeling of insecurity. The two world wars, unstable booms, and the abysmal depression of our time have profoundly shaken national confidence in the future. . . . If the future seems dark, the past by contrast looks rosier than ever; but it is used far less to locate and guide the present than to give reassurance.

The suspicion that a crisis of national confidence explains the ideological attack on nostalgia as much as it explains nostalgia itself deepens when we read the next paragraph, in which Hofstadter reverses himself and asserts that "although the national nostalgia has intensified in the last decade, it is by no means new." An unavowed agenda, not strictly logical or analytical, seems to underlie the uncertain course of Hofstadter's argument, which links the "national nostalgia" to recent crises and then immediately contradicts this by asserting that American nostalgia has a "history of its own." In the chapters that follow this confusing introduction, Hofstadter traces the "longing to recapture the past" all the way back to the Jeffersonian myth of the yeoman farmer, already out of date at the time it was first formulated. Hofstadter's central thesis is that a sentimental agrarian myth has distorted political thinking and has prevented Americans from coming to grips with the urban, industrial civilization their country was destined to produce. In this and subsequent works, notably *The Age of Reform*, Hofstadter attempted to show that American reform movements, far from embracing the future, had invariably tried to restore the conditions of primitive capitalism, clinging to the Jeffersonian vision of a nation of small landholders when in fact the United States, even in the nineteenth century, was rapidly becoming a nation of wage earners. According to Hofstadter and to the many historians who followed in his footsteps, reform movements were usually led not by men and women confident about the future but by dispossessed patricians suffering from "status anxiety" and eager to recapture their former social standing. In 1961, Arthur P. Dudden summed up and vulgarized this line of interpretation in an article in the *Journal of the History of Ideas* entitled "Nostalgia and the American." Dudden treated the "restorative impulse" as a constant feature of the American scene: "Nothing else could be more natural than for human beings everywhere to move forward into their futures, as proceed they must, yet for many of them to resist strenuously the fearful strangenesses of certain change."

Like Hofstadter, Dudden began by linking nostalgia to the declining faith in progress—"an ideological dog that has had its day"—only to subvert this interpretation with the quite different argument that Americans have been afflicted with nostalgia all along. It is the logical incoherence of these interpretations that prompts the suspicion that criticism of nostalgia serves unavowed emotional needs. Beneath the structure of formal argument, we can detect a

Hofstadter links nostalgia to recent crises, then contradicts this by asserting that American nostalgia has a 'history of its own'



chain of associations that might be stated as follows: Americans in the middle of the twentieth century have taken refuge in nostalgia because they have lost faith in the future. But since Americans have always pined for a lost golden age, we can dismiss these fears about the future as an expression of "romantic pessimism," as Dudden calls it. We do not have to consider the case for pessimism on its own merits. While the future is uncertain today, it has always been uncertain. Without reviving the dogma of progress, we can assume that Americans will continue to muddle through as they have muddled through in the past—if only they can cure themselves of the habit of looking backward. Such is the latent content of the attack on nostalgia—an attack initiated, in the forties and fifties, by progressive intellectuals who no longer believed in progress.

...so much to preserve the past or to understand the ways in which it influences our lives as to idealize lost innocence

The "nostalgic American" served liberals as an ideal whipping boy at a time when the intellectual foundations of liberalism were beginning to erode. As the dogma of progress became increasingly untenable, the "party of hope" salvaged something of its self-confidence—the appearance if not the substance of hope—by deploring the nostalgic mood that allegedly made so many Americans afraid to face the future. By the early sixties, the denunciation of nostalgia had become a liberal ritual, performed, like all rituals, with a minimum of critical reflection. A collection of essays published by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in 1963, *The Politics of Hope*, contained an attack on conservatism (originally published in 1955) bearing the predictable title "The Politics of Nostalgia." In his 1965 study *The Paranoid Style in American Politics*, Hofstadter referred repeatedly to the "nostalgia" of the American right and of the populist tradition from which it supposedly derived. But such skirmishes provided only a foretaste of the more comprehensive campaign that followed. It was the "nostalgia wave of the seventies," as it has come to be called, that released an outpouring of analysis, documentation, and denunciation. The discovery of collective homesickness by liberal historians and social scientists opened the way to journalistic exploitation of this apparently inexhaustible theme. "How much nostalgia can America take?" asked *Time* in 1971. Today we might ask how much *commentary* on nostalgia America can take—how many exposés, reports, investigations, speculations, diagnoses, and explanations psychological, sociological, literary, arthistorical, and metaphysical. The books and articles discussed here represent only a small sample of this commentary. During the seventies, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News & World Report*, *Saturday Review*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the *New Yorker*, among other magazines, all published reports on "the great nostalgia kick." More recent articles in *Vogue*, *Commonweal*, and the *Humanist*, not to mention a number of articles in scholarly journals, indicate that this well has by no means run dry. Whether or not Americans are more nostalgic than their ancestors, they lend a willing ear to anyone with an explanation of why they suffer from this particular disease.

These explanations can be reduced, without oversimplification, to three: realistic perception of decline, future shock, or identity repair. The first line of interpretation, which insists that nostalgia expresses a legitimate revulsion against decadence, has never gained much currency. The reasons for this are obvious. No one wants to be told that we live in a "cultural and emotional vacuum," as Robert Rubens wrote several years ago in an essay on nostalgia that appeared in *Contemporary Review*. Nor does anyone want to listen to a defense of "radical nostalgia," as Jim Hougan called it in his book on American decadence, *Decadence: Radical Nostalgia, Narcissism, and Decline in the Seventies*. Hougan argued that radical nostalgia "would not merely mourn the loss of old values and ways, but would *take action* to have those values and ways reinstated." The old values may have come back into style, as speakers at the Democratic convention reminded us when they struggled to outdo one another in praise of the family, the work ethic, and self-sacrifice. But it is one thing to evoke the old values in a spirit of sentimental regret and another to "turn the clock back," the impossibility of which we have many times been warned about. As Hougan went on to observe, nostalgia rarely forms the basis of serious resistance to change, even when resistance is justified; in our time, it is more likely that nostalgic emotion "will decay into a pervasive wistfulness that falsifies the past and serves, not as a lever in the present, but as an escape from it."

Intellectual as well as emotional objections militate against the claim that nostalgia springs from a clear understanding of the downward course of our civilization. A desire to defend a threatened way of life gives rise, after all, not to feelings of nostalgia but to a determined struggle against change—at the very least, to an insistence on the necessary continuity between past and present. Nostalgia, on the other hand, seeks not so much to preserve the past or to understand the ways in which it unavoidably influences our lives as to idealize lost innocence. Nor does it unambiguously assert the superiority of bygone days. It contains an admixture of self-

congratulation. By exaggerating the naive simplicity of earlier times, it implicitly celebrates the maturity and worldly wisdom from which we look back on them. Not only does nostalgia misrepresent the past but—what is not so obvious—it diminishes the past. "In an atmosphere of irony and ambiguity," Richard Hasbany noted eight years ago in an essay on theatrical revivals in the *Journal of Popular Culture*, "it is difficult to accept the simplicities of past theatrical forms without that very sense of superiority which ultimately weakens and impoverishes the nostalgic emotion." In an essay in the *Atlantic* published in 1978, Anthony Brandt observed astutely that nostalgia denies historical continuity and attempts "less to preserve the past than to restore it, to bring it back in its original state, as if nothing had happened in the interim." Henry Ford's Greenfield Village, the restoration of colonial Williamsburg, and Disneyland's "Main Street, U.S.A." exemplify the passion for "historical authenticity" that seeks to recapture everything except the one thing that matters, the influence of the past on the present. If Americans really cared about the past, they would try to understand how it still shapes their ideas and actions. Instead they lock it up in museums or reduce it to another object of commercialized consumption.

A more plausible explanation of the "tremendous wave of nostalgia," as Alvin Toffler described it, is the explanation Toffler himself advanced in *Future Shock*. The transition from industrial society to postindustrial society, he reasoned, leaves people confused. Many of them cannot face the future and seek refuge in the past. Reactionary "reversionists" like Barry Goldwater and George Wallace "yearn for the simple, ordered society of the small town," Toffler wrote, while the left develops its own version of the "politics of nostalgia," based on "bucolic romanticism," an "exaggerated veneration of pre-technological societies," and an "exaggerated contempt for science and technology." In Toffler's view, both left and right harbor a "secret passion for the past." Peter Clecak offered the same explanation in his 1983 book, *America's Quest for the Ideal Self*. He contended that the "theme of nostalgia dominated popular culture" by the mid-seventies. "Caught in the transition from industrial to postindustrial society, Americans in large numbers felt themselves losing their psychological, social, and moral bearings." Many of them—fortunately not a majority—sought solace in a "thoughtless clinging to the social past," even though "such behavior makes adaptation to present realities difficult if not impossible."

Ten years ago, Michael Wood issued an even more alarming report in the British weekly *New Society*. Citing the revival of the popular music of the fifties, the appeal of movies about World War II, and the saturation of the airwaves with historical dramas—*Upstairs, Downstairs; The Pallisers; The Forsyte Saga*—Wood declared that the "disease, if it is a disease, has suddenly become universal." He claimed that "nostalgia has become a climate," and that its ubiquity indicates a "general abdication, an actual desertion from the present." The difference between "occasional nostalgia and constant, omniverous nostalgia," Wood observed, resembled the difference "between the seasonal migrations of many birds and the terminal, one-way excursions of lemmings."

A third explanation, similar to the second in its emphasis on the trauma of rapid change but more indulgent in its assessment of nostalgia, finds its fullest development in the work of Fred Davis, a sociologist at the University of California at San Diego. The "nostalgia wave of the seventies," Davis argues, was a response to the "massive identity dislocations" of the sixties. "Rarely in history has the common man had his fundamental . . . convictions . . . so challenged, disrupted, and shaken." Nostalgic "reactions" occur "in the wake of periods of severe cultural discontinuity"; but according to Davis, instead of impeding change, nostalgia facilitates it by cushioning future shock. "Collective nostalgia acts to restore . . . a sense of sociohistoric continuity," he insists. "Nostalgic sentiment . . . cultivates a sense of history." It provides collective therapy and makes possible a sense of personal and generational identity. "To the extent that constant change . . . seems to be endemic to modern civilization," Davis writes, "some such 'outlet' or 'safety valve' may be required. . . . This allows time for needed change to be assimilated while giving the appearance, as nostalgia does, of meaningful links to the past." In short, nostalgia provides continuity, or at least the illusion of continuity, in a society subject to rapid change.

The trouble with this interpretation, of course, and also with the interpretation that sees nostalgia as an irrational defense against future shock, is that a sense of continuity is exactly what nostalgia discourages. As Brandt reminded us, "The past cannot be known except in relation to ourselves." A real knowledge of the past, therefore, "requires something more than knowing how people used to make candles or what kind of bed they slept in. It requires a sense of the persistence of the past: the manifold ways in which it penetrates our lives." But the nostalgic attitude denies this persistence. It is all too eager to pronounce the past dead and gone and to shed a sentimental tear in its mem-

Nostalgia is all too eager to pronounce the past dead and gone and shed a tear

"Postmodern revival of earlier styles serves not to bring them back to life but precisely to exaggerate our distance from them

ory. It even derives a kind of comfort from the death of the past. As Wood observed, the nostalgic attitude "enjoys doom as it sorrows over it" and "consoles itself for the invidious comparison [between the past and the present] by the reflection that nothing lasts forever."

Nostalgia neither provides a necessary sense of continuity in a time of rapid change nor serves as unadulterated escapism. It evokes the past only in order to bury it alive. The atmosphere of sentimental regret with which it surrounds the past has the effect of denying the past's inescapable influence over the present. All of us, both as individuals and as a people, are shaped by past events more than we can fully understand—and never more decisively than when we think we have put those events behind us. Just when we think we have disentangled ourselves from the web of associations that forms our personal and collective identity, some unbidden memory, some obsession or compulsion, some reactivation of former distress, some reversion to habits we assumed we had outgrown reminds us that none of us enjoys the freedom to "create our own identity," in the jargon of popular psychology. Except within limits severely circumscribed, we cannot choose what we wish to become or even what we wish to remember. Memories that cause us pain can only be repressed, never banished altogether, and they control us most of all when we think we have managed to forget them. It is the knowledge of our dependence on the past that nostalgia and anti-nostalgia alike seek to repel.

One of the delusions peculiar to our age is that we can manipulate the past to suit our immediate purposes and that having freed ourselves from the influence of cultural traditions, we can adopt an eclectic approach to history, appropriating whatever we need in order to piece together a "usable past." The "postmodern" revival of earlier styles in art, architecture, popular music, and dress serves not to bring them back to life but precisely to exaggerate our distance from them. It is only when they are believed safely dead that earlier styles become eligible for restoration, not as landmarks in a continuing tradition but as historical curiosities, objects of a kind of attention that mingles affection and condescension. Revivals deny any living link with past objects. They endow those objects with the charm of distance and inconsequence. Our sense of discontinuity is now so great that even very recent periods, like the fifties or the sixties, have become objects of nostalgic retrospect. Eager to deny that events in those decades continue to haunt our politics and our culture, we consign them to the irrelevance of the good old days.

The "nostalgia boom" of the seventies first took shape as a media promotion, a non-event that proclaimed the demise of the sixties—of protest marches, riots, and countercultures. When the editors of *Time* in 1971 asked Gore Vidal to explain "the meaning of nostalgia," he replied, "It's all made up by the media. It's this year's thing to write about." I see no reason to dispute this assessment. Vidal may have underestimated the subject's staying power, but he was right in thinking that the media are far more interested in nostalgia than ordinary men and women. This is because ordinary men and women live in a world in which the burden of the past cannot easily be shrugged off by creating new identities or inventing usable pasts. Ordinary men and women are much more obviously and inescapably prisoners of circumstance than those who set cultural fashions. These circumstances include the constraints of inherited poverty, parental religion, and ethnic identification, and in many cases the inherited experience of racial or ethnic persecution. Trapped in a past not of their making, most people cannot afford the illusion that tradition counts for nothing, even if much of their energy goes into a struggle against it.

Only those who have escaped from the ghetto, the small town, or the farm can believe that they no longer carry the weight of a personal and collective history. Because it is difficult for those who command the mass media, and increasingly for the educated classes in general, to imagine a past that is continuous with the present, they swing between nostalgia and a violent condemnation of nostalgia, both of which betray the same sense of dislocation. Highly susceptible to nostalgia themselves, they are quick to condemn it in others.

Whether pining for things past or rebuking others for this fault, the educated classes seek to avoid any painful reckoning with the historical record from which they think they have liberated themselves. Unfortunately for their peace of mind, the legacy of unsolved social and political problems makes such a reckoning more and more difficult to postpone. ■

McLUHAN REDUX

Further thoughts on the medium as message

By Hugh Kenner

"Computer literacy," we keep repeating, meaning doubtless something or other. We surely forget to mean the most obvious thing about time spent at a computer terminal, that it is used in two supremely literate activities, typing and reading. Marshall McLuhan noticed long ago that the "content" of a medium is always a previous medium. He also remarked that we don't see a medium itself, save as packaging for its content. That helps ease new media into acceptability. Genteel folk once learned to tolerate movies by thinking of them as packaged plays or packaged books. Likewise, we sidle up to the computer, saying over and over that it's nothing but an electrified filing system. "Word processing" is another incantation. Souls are safe in proximity to *words*.

Yet something is altering. Here is *Byte*, a fat and glossy computer journal put out by no bunch of hackers but by staid McGraw-Hill. The July 1984 issue contains a long software review, tied to intricate fact in a way manifestly more responsible than anything likely to turn up in the *New York Review of Books*. Reviewers for *Byte* are not at liberty to be cranky or erratically informed. This piece undertakes an overview of the difficult language LISP before comparing two "implementations," as they are called, in detail. For a rough analogy, imagine a point-for-point evaluation of two Sanskrit grammars, such as the *American Journal of Philology* might entrust to a senior professor. Imagine it, further, prefaced by a guide to Sanskrit for novices, the whole kept clear and readable throughout, and you get an idea of the *Byte* piece. So who wrote this paradigm? A computer-engineering major at Case Western Reserve, in collaboration with "a recent graduate of Sycamore High School" who designs relational database systems for a living.

Hugh Kenner is co-author of a technical paper in the November issue of Byte.

In blunt archaic language: *Byte*'s authorities turn out to be an undergraduate and a system dropout who has traded his place in the educational queue for something more challenging. Computerist, dropout: a not unfamiliar linking. No reader of newsmagazines will fail to remember how Bill Gates (Harvard dropout) founded Microsoft, how Steven Jobs (Reed dropout) and Stephen Wozniak (Berkeley dropout) founded Apple. No, the filing-system model lacks explanatory power. Passion for filing systems, even electrified ones, does not bring about such a transformation of hierarchies. Yes, something has altered. Marshall McLuhan again:

> The drop-out situation in our schools at present has only begun to develop. The young student today grows up in an electrically configured world . . . not of wheels but of circuits, not of fragments but of integral patterns. . . . At school, however, he encounters a situation organized by means of classified information. The subjects are unrelated. They are visually conceived in terms of a blueprint. The student can find no possible means of involvement for himself, nor can he discover how the educational scene relates to the "mythical" world of electronically processed data and experience that he takes for granted.

In 1964 that seemed one of McLuhan's wilder remarks. No longer. Today we find it pertinent that even when computers were far from ubiquitous he was observing the medium instead of its content, "files." He was foreseeing, moreover, a dramatic *effect* of the medium. And instances of his prescience multiply. Once brushed off by the *New Yorker* as a "pop philosopher," the author of *Understanding Media* is

sometimes wondered if Marshall didn't evolve his whole theory of media as a way to explain why there seemed to be people who tried to interrupt his monologues

starting to look like a prophet.

That is all the more remarkable since "the oracle of the electric age" (a phrase coined by *Life*) wouldn't drive a car, never turned on a radio, barely glanced at television, and checked out movies by popping in on them for twenty minutes. Apart from the Olivier *Henry V*, at which he'd been trapped on a social occasion, I don't know of a movie he saw from beginning to end. "Marshall McLuhan Reads Books," said a bumper sticker, graffito of the scandalous truth. He did indeed read books, and, other than talk and scribble, he did little else.

Such disdain for inconvenient fact could erode your confidence. "The horse that's headed for a can of Gro-Pup"—climax of one of his merry perorations—lost force if you knew that Gro-Pup was not processed meat and did not come in cans. Useless to tell him. He had picked up the name from an ad, and if Gro-Pup wasn't canned horse, as his metaphor required, its purveyors simply didn't know their business. His world was full of people who didn't know their business, such as nearly all of his fellow English professors. But though he was often wrong himself, as when he discerned "the abrupt decline of baseball," he never had the patience to sit through a ball game.

In those days he countered niggling by sheer assertion. It was after my time that he discovered a generic answer. People who raised objections were detailists, specialists, locked into local patterns: instances of what had happened to the Western psyche after Gutenberg gave his *coup de grâce* to the old oral culture by persuading everybody that one thing must follow another the way each printed word follows, on its line, the word that precedes it. Nigglers were confined to "the neutral visual world of lineal organization," and the specialist was one who "never makes small mistakes while moving toward the grand fallacy."

I have sometimes wondered if Marshall didn't evolve his whole theory of media as a way to explain why there seemed to be people who tried to interrupt his monologues. What cataclysm of history had spawned *them*? Why, literacy, with its first-things-first-let's-keep-it-all-straight syndrome. Were they not the very people who kept wincing at somebody's grammar? The word "grammar" itself derives from the Greek word for a written mark. That would have been enough to get him started. Much as Saul found a kingdom while out hunting for his father's asses, Marshall McLuhan found his skeleton key to the social psyche. Thereafter he kept it hanging on a hook labeled "Media," and never bothered to explain what Media were.

Media included not only magazines and television but also roads, wheels, railways, electricity, numbers, clocks, money—they all did things we had once tried to do with our senses and our bodies; that was why he called them "extensions of man." Adjusting to any new medium, since it strained what had been a bodily and sensual relationship (his word was "ratio"), meant anguish and anxiety. So "the mediaeval world grew up without uniform roads or cities or bureaucracies, and it fought the wheel, as later city forms fought the railways; and as we, today, fight the automobile."

Media came in two flavors, "hot" and "cool." The hot ones saturate you with information; paradoxically, you are then passive, uninvolved, as when you half listen to the radio. The cool ones draw back and leave you filling in. TV, with its inferior picture detail, is cool; hence its viewer's rapt involvement.

Though his pronouncements on the electronic age and its global village made him briefly famous, what he really knew was literacy, and what he developed most fully was his insight into its consequences. What literacy achieves is the "hot" storage and retrieval of *words only*, as though their choice and sequence constituted the whole of human communication. But in the heat of conversation, relatively little is communicated by words. Silences, intonations, advances and withdrawals, smiles, and the whole repertory of body language—these in their elaborate dance enact most of what is happening.

Screen them out, leave only the silent words on a page, and your first requirement is *more* words. The dialogue Henry James's people exchange is wordier by a factor of at least three than any speech human ears have ever heard. James was making up for the absence from printed pages of what normal grammar and diction do little to convey, the ballet of interaction. (He brought written prose to its extreme of articulation just before radio took over.)

The next thing you need is a fairly strict one-two-three order, because written words exist only in space, and can presuppose only the words that came before them. Things on a line of print cannot overlap. This is the "linearity" on which McLuhan harped. Talkers allude to what they've not said, or have said on another occasion, or they will say later, or needn't say save by gesture or dawdle or pause; but once discourse is controlled by writing, as even the spoken discourse of literates tends to be, its syntax (think of James again) grows fairly elaborate, out of need for strict systems of subordination among items that can be produced only one after another. Examine the sentence you've just read.

Finally, literates come to believe that con-

rolled linearity is order, all else disorder: that ne cosmos itself is structured like a Jamesian tterance, with primary, secondary, tertiary lauses. If any sentence of *Understanding Media* night have turned up without irrelevance anyhere in any chapter, that was because McLuan thought that prose should work like the ind, not the other way round. Whatever he as thinking of grew in iconic power the more apidly he could relate it to a dozen other ings, if possible in the same breath. So he got alled "the professor of communications who an't communicate," an academic Harpo unble to stick to a point. His point was that there s never a "point." Points are Euclidean junctures in such sentences as come to life only in diagrams.

There are aspects of his plight Beckett might ave invented. What language may *say* in a litrate society McLuhan deemed of little imporance compared with what literacy had done to he literate. I once heard him deny that anyhing Plato wrote could match in importance he fact that in a given classroom all copies of *The Republic* have the same word at the same lace on the same numbered page. Hence "The Medium Is the Message," his most quoted and nost suicidal oversimplification. For it was preisely *what* he said that he wanted understood; noreover, what he said *in writing*. Using writing o expound the effects of writing was like explaining water to a school of fish. Fish understand nothing of water, but they judge you by he way you move your flippers. He got snubbed by print-swimmers who deemed measured prose a measure of character.

So obsessed was his readership by "content" hat detractor and disciple alike tended to think he was talking about the effect of the medium on the message it carries: TV is highly visual, for instance, hence its fondness for crowds and confrontations. But that barely concerned him. (He said TV was "tactile.") What obsessed him is clearer after twenty years: the effect of the mere *availability* of new media on people's sense of who and what they are.

The medium called "money" presents a ready example. True, once money had been invented it changed bread and butter into commodities keyed to prices, a message that affected shopper and speculator alike. But in making subsistence by barter nearly impossible, money could also deform the life of a man who never touched it. Even so print, yes, structures its message; but McLuhan deemed it of far more moment that life in a print-oriented culture restructures the soul of even a total illiterate. Not only does he know that other people know things he doesn't, but he also picks up ambient assumptions about first-things-first. In not being felt at all, the latter effect reaches deeper than any felt deprivation.

Likewise, said McLuhan, all of us have been reconstituted by TV, whether we choose to watch the tube or not: "The utmost purity of mind is no defense against bacteria." If TV has a propensity for street happenings (which get staged for its benefit); if its pundits earn their welcome into our living rooms by coming on populist, hence chummily "liberal"; if TV is so "cool" that Bill Buckley—a man whose meaning even devotees have to construct—has been on it longer than almost anyone else; if it's Paul Harvey (strident, rightist, "hot") who is left to fulminate in the Hot Ghetto of Radio Gulch while George Will ("cool," puckish, bow-tied) gets welcomed as ABC's ticket-balancing House Conservative, still it's not because of someone's adroitness at packaging that Ronald Reagan sits in the Oval Office but Richard Nixon in itchy exile, Jimmy Carter in limbo. Articulate *opinion* of Nixon and of Carter got formed in print, still our only medium of articulate opinion. And yet, it was the omnipresence of television that determined what kind of opinions the older medium, print, could form and seem credible.

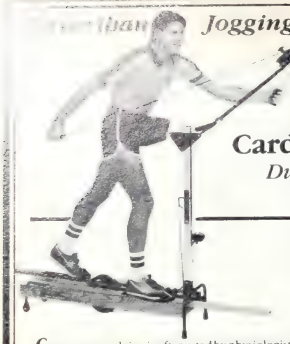
This means that in the television age even non-watchers gravitate toward "cool" personalities. Nixon was too jowly and affirmative to pass muster, Carter too morally opinionated. (Mondale? He's an Identi-Kit. Only TV could have made him a viable candidate.) The prevalent perception of "wake-me-when-it's-over" Reagan is that he falls asleep: a caricature that affirms his ultimate "cool." When you have to tell the President what's happening, that is your ultimate participation.

Reagan's successor might be Kermit the Frog. The night Kermit filled in for Johnny Carson, no one noticed.

Yes, we're governed by caricatures, because we perceive by them. There's no better instance than the regnant caricature of McLuhan, shared by print-folk who thought they were attending to his text and bypassing the electronic media, the wrong thing to do. For he was presupposing TV's cool collaboration, not print's hot "specialist," "fragmented" reading. Like another guide to the future, Bucky Fuller, McLuhan was discarded as unintelligible. Willy-nilly, trapped in hot print in an age of cool TV, he was taken at his (printed) word, just as if in his outrageous one-liners he hadn't intended audience participation, or hadn't counted on his audience to fill out and correct all those comic-book formulations. The apostle of "cool" came on "hot," a blunderbuss Nixon of the Media Era, and coolness made a joke of him and discarded him. ■

What language may say in a literate society McLuhan deemed of little importance compared with what literacy had done to the literate

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LETTERS

Continued from page 5

preachers who prophesy, instead of profiteer. . . . No matter how difficult the day or dark the night, there is a promised land somewhere: in Mozambique, in Angola, in Nicaragua, in El Salvador, in Harlem. With eyesight we see misery. With insight we see the brighter side. In the end, faith will not disappoint; faith will prevail.

Long live Cuba. Long live the United States. Long live President Fidel Castro. Long live Martin Luther King. Long live Martin Luther King! Long live Che Guevara. Long live Patrice Lumumba. . . .

There were cheers, which quickly coalesced into chants. Castro patted his hands gravely.

A few blocks from campus is the First Methodist Church of Havana. Nine or so musicians and a women's choir tried without much success to get the congregation to sing hymns. They perked up when Jackson and Castro arrived: "*Fi-del, Fi-del.*" Castro said a few words from the pulpit, hailing Jackson as an "example of Christian force," and sat on the altar beneath the cross.

Jackson began a speech about Jesus and Martin Luther King and Cuba. Castro looked as if he were drifting.

My brothers and sisters in Cuba. Weeping may undo us for the night. But hold on, for joy is coming in the morning. The Kingdom of God is within you. Call upon that God; rise, go home with your thoughts. Use your spirit to free Sandinistas. Use your spirit and power to end war in El Salvador, to get the military bases out of Honduras. Use your spirit. I'll fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me. Hold on, Cuba! Hold on, Castro! Hold on, Nicaragua!

Then, the recessional.

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day.
Deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day.

Castro did not sing along.

Richard Brookhiser
Havana, Cuba

Richard Brookhiser, a senior editor at National Review, *is writing a book on the 1984 presidential election.*

Remembering Weldon Kees

In 1954, when Weldon Kees first published "Travels in North America," which appeared in your Forum ["Naming the Land," *Harper's*, August], he thought of himself as "perhaps the most versatile artist now working in America." And perhaps he was. Poet, painter, critic, short-story writer, musician, filmmaker: he was a jack-of-all-trades.

He began with fiction. Before he came to New York City in 1943 from Colorado he had published short stories in little magazines around the country. (Some of those stories have recently been published by Graywolf Press). In New York Kees worked briefly for *Time*—Malcolm Cowley helped him get the job—and he wrote and edited Paramount newsreels when newsreels still mattered.

After work he wrote poetry, essays, and reviews, and also did some painting. He eventually became one of the "New York intellectuals." Though not a member of any clique, he knew the movers and shakers.

The poems Kees wrote in New York in the late 1940s were published in the *New Yorker*, *Partisan Review*, and *Harper's*. His paintings were shown (in four one-man shows) at the Peridot Gallery in Manhattan, and were included in several "annuals" organized by the Whitney Museum. He was friends with Hans Hofmann, Willem de Kooning, and William Baziotes, to whom he dedicated poems, and Robert Motherwell, about whom he wrote an essay. When Clement Greenberg, the most influential art critic of the era, gave up writing his column for the *Nation* in 1949, Kees succeeded him.

In the summer of that year Kees established a spectacularly successful "Forum" in Provincetown, on Cape Cod; Clement Greenberg called the program "the most lively thing of its sort ever presented in the summer—and perhaps in the winter too." Weldon Kees was ringleader of the circus.

In 1950 Weldon and his wife, Ann, pulled up stakes and headed for the West Coast, some years before City Lights bookstore and the Beat Generation became famous. In California Kees kept up his old interests—he had two one-man shows in San Francisco and continued to exhibit in New York, and his poems appeared in *Poetry* and other leading journals. He also became a filmmaker; his short film *Hotel Apex* was widely talked of. And there was much more. He worked with Jurgen Ruesch on the illustrations and text of the book *Nonverbal Communication*. He wrote theater sketches with prominent local musicians; he also produced a musical review—a kind of "happening" before "happenings" had even been thought of.

And then, in July of 1955, his car was found abandoned on the northern approach to the Golden Gate Bridge. Kees was forty-one. He has not been seen since. The book he had worked on with Ruesch was published in 1956, his pictures were exhibited for a time, his poems and essays were anthologized. Conrad Aiken, Malcolm Cowley, Kenneth Rexroth, and others wrote letters to one another speculating about what had happened. His friends must have found the ending of "Travels in North America" singularly poignant:

. . . Here are the washboard roads
Of Wellfleet, on the Cape, and summer
light and dust.
And here, now textured like a blotter,
like the going years
And difficult to see, is where you are, and
where I am,
And where the oceans cover us.

Robert E. Knoll
Department of English
University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Neb.

The Real Negative Vote

John Lukacs's letter calling for the revival of the write-in option ["Who Makes Our Candidates?" *Harper's*, September] has inspired me to offer another suggestion—an idea that is both simple and elegant, and that I think has the power to transform American democracy.

All elections should offer, along with a choice of candidates, this choice: "None of these candidates." If "None" received a majority of votes, no candidate would be elected. Instead, a new election would have to be held, with all new candidates.

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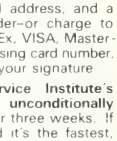
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Once one has become comfortable with this idea, our present system seems enormously undemocratic. The Russians have one predetermined candidate in their elections; we have two, maybe three. But if we had the option of voting for "None," our choices would, in a sense, become limitless.

Some may argue that this idea would result in costly repeat elections. That would be a small price to pay for a lot more democracy.

Frederic L. Fuller
Williamston, Mich.

Defending Marcos

T. D. Allman's report from the Philippines ["The Revolt Within," *Harper's*, September] selectively quotes the views of known Filipino opposition leaders and deliberately ignores the views of Filipinos who wholeheartedly support President Marcos.

The May 14 election, in the opinion of U.S. State Department officials, foreign observers, and even the American media, was "fair and clean" by Philippine standards. The election, in which about seventy opposition candidates won seats in the National Assembly, was clear proof that democracy is alive and well in the Philippines.

Ernesto C. Pineda
New York, N.Y.

Ernesto C. Pineda is consul general of the Philippines.

Correction

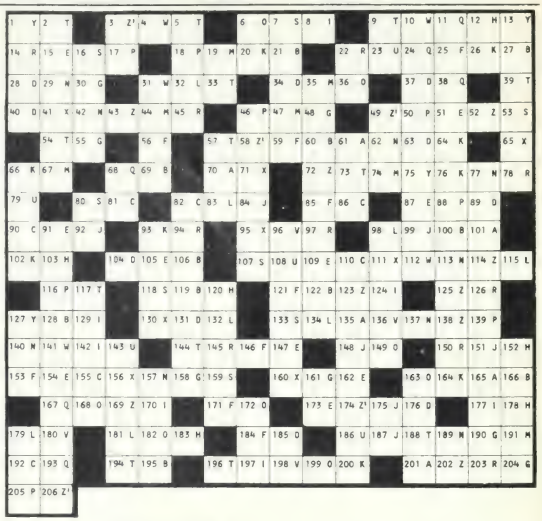
The November cover photograph of Christo's *Surrounded Islands* is by Jeanne-Claude Christo.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 23

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.



CLUES

A. Of an anc. people of central Italy, conquered by the Romans, c. 290 B.C.

B. Candid; kindly, benevolent (hyph.)

C. Anc. Roman goddess who prevented pestilential winds

D. Charming

E. Practice (hyph.)

F. Indian woman guide on the Lewis and Clark expedition

G. Compel obedience to

H. Hindered; occupied (2 wds.)

I. Distribute; allot (2 wds.)

J. Added, esp. to something larger; attached as an attribute

K. Strange; abnormal; brutal

L. Left, departed (2 wds.)

M. Title of a page, chapter, etc.

N. Fond attachment

O. Irish god of the sea and son of Ler

P. Skinflint

Q. Environment favoring rapid growth, esp. of something bad

R. Agreeable to the ear

S. Priggishness, snootiness

T. What the beamish boy stood in (2wds.; Carroll, "Jabberwocky")

U. Oblique surface much used in joinery

V. Wax

W. Figure of speech or literary device related to sarcasm

X. Refuser

Y. Mongolian desert

Z. 1943 ghost-story film with Ray Milland and Gail Russell (after *The*)

Z1. Eng. author (1872–1963; *Wolf Solent*)

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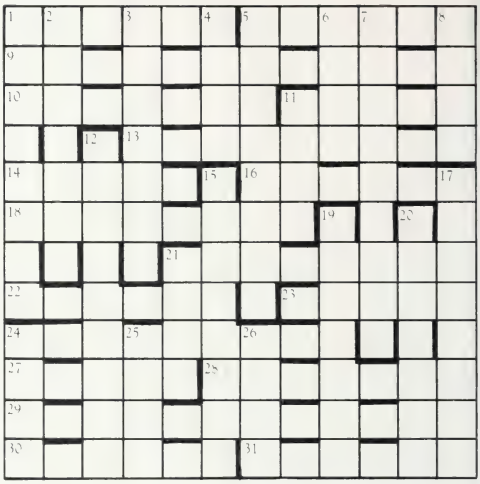
NOTES FOR "EIGHT TO THE BAR II"

The unclued lights are alcoholic beverages: PINK LADY; DAIQUIRI; ANISETTE, DRAMBUIE, ARMAGNAC, ABSINTHE, AMARETTO, TIA MARIA. 1. KOWTOWER, anagram; 2. LARK-SPUR; 3. RUN A-LONG; 4. T(I-RO-LE)AN; 5. CAN(TA-TA)S; 6. ARIET-TAS, anagram; 7. ENMI(anagram)-TIES; 8. YELL-OWED; 9. NEEDING, homophone; 10. . . . L . . . -IQUATES (anagram); 11. EARACHES, (anagram); 12. P-ELL-MEL(ody)-L; 13. S. . . . -TIPPLED; 14. STE(AM)ERS; 15. RE(MAIN)ED; 16. CHEN(LL)E(r); 17. AN(GEL-I)NA; 18. AR(A-BELL)(i)A; 19. SI(reversal)-BE-LI-US; 20. RACE CARS, anagram; 21. CARDI(. . . N)AL, anagram; 22. MAC-HINES; 23. CALLIOPE, hidden; 24. LEAFLESS, anagram; 25. B(rahms)-RAMBLES; 26. RETRACES, anagram; 27. RETRIALS, anagram; 28. G(ogos)-ENTRIES; 29. -G(RAND)AME; 30. I'M-PEN-D(evo)-ED.; 31. FA-IN-TEST; 32. AN-T(h)EATER, (beet)H(oven); 33. TO(LERAN)T, anagram of ARLEN; 34. P. . . . RET.-TIED; 35. (b. . .)ELATEDLY; 36. LA(THING)S, anagram of NIGHT; 37. INSO(L)ENT; 38. LAM(ELLA)E; 39. LEV(y)-ELLER; 40. AIR(LIFT)S; 41. T-RINKETS, anagram.

SOLUTION TO OCTOBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 22): One must recall the Spanish Civil War to appreciate the remark that when the Barcelonians were moving through a dangerous corridor, someone said it was foolish to put all the Basques in one exit, and that in any case Spain was a snare Andalusian. —Louis Untermeyer: *(Treasury of) Great Humor*

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 23, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by November 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the December issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 21 (September) are Cora Illes, London, Ontario; Mrs. Robert Newman, Winchester, Virginia; and Catherine Russell, San Francisco, California

PUZZLE



Plain Puzzle

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Some solvers have expressed the desire for a puzzle in which all diagram entries are clued, and entered without manipulation or transformation in a straight line. In other words, a plain puzzle. We are happy to comply here. To keep things interesting, however, the answers include more uncommon or obsolete words than usual, but all of them, except for one proper name, are in *Webster's Third New International.*

Answers include three proper names. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

Across

1. Makes appropriations, which fouls up USSR (6)
5. For one in sixty, this is using too many words (6)
9. Prudishness is construed to incense Milly (4–8)
10. Cartoonist makes real money, we hear (7)
11. More than pique overturned Roman kingdoms (5)
13. Boots bachelor with Latin ethics (9)
14. Reagan needs a high rating (for starters) to be a high priest (5)
16. Posterior euphemism is pithy expression bishop brought back (6)
18. Bird that sings in European meadows—what about in church (8)
21. Plants in Mexico or U.S.A. rebuilt after economic downturn (8)
22. Crown princess dubbed Dame (6)
23. The last of the wine, for instance, is held by doctors (5)
24. No round body is turned back in large Australian backwater (9)
27. The sound of Cockney hokum? It packs the joint! (5)
28. Ransacking . . . is this groovy? (7)
29. Proto-Republican man is connected to Queen . . . that is a silly notion (12)
30. Cut off lily . . . I got replaced by one (6)
31. Gives an edge to good losers, contrarily (6)

Down

1. Weird haunt . . . we'd frozen (8)
2. Disrespectful epithets upset Southern pollster (7)
3. Mangy, no-breed hound (7)
4. Secure fur (4)
5. Graphite: prescribed initially with rheumatism (8)
6. Moyers shaved for court hearing (4)
7. "Doctor, is gut real surgical thread" (9)
8. Short holiday during the winter—it's ten degrees (4)
11. Cheer from the heart (4)
12. The old cat spilled milk and grain (9)
15. Light material produces phony, raucous laugh out loud (8)
17. Relaxing treatments—that's wise during church service (8)
19. German lager bothered king—he's making noise in the bathroom (7)
20. Dense fog out West is pooping out (7)
21. Appear sound, but get into stitches (4)
24. Roll dish (4)
25. Vehicle put together with Crazy Glue (4)
26. Works head off and relieves the friction (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Plain Puzzle," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by November 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's.* Winners' names will be printed in the January issue. Winners of the September puzzle, "Superfluities—II," are Marie L. Dunphy, New York, New York; Duane P. Lanchester, Carbondale, Florida; and W. Romaine, Tarrytown, New York.

Enjoy

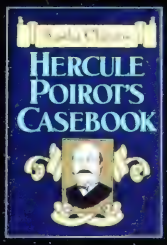




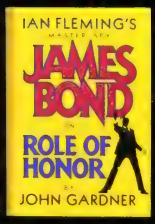
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b



c



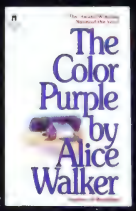
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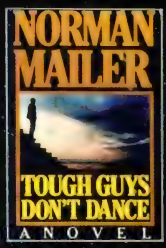
e



f



g



h

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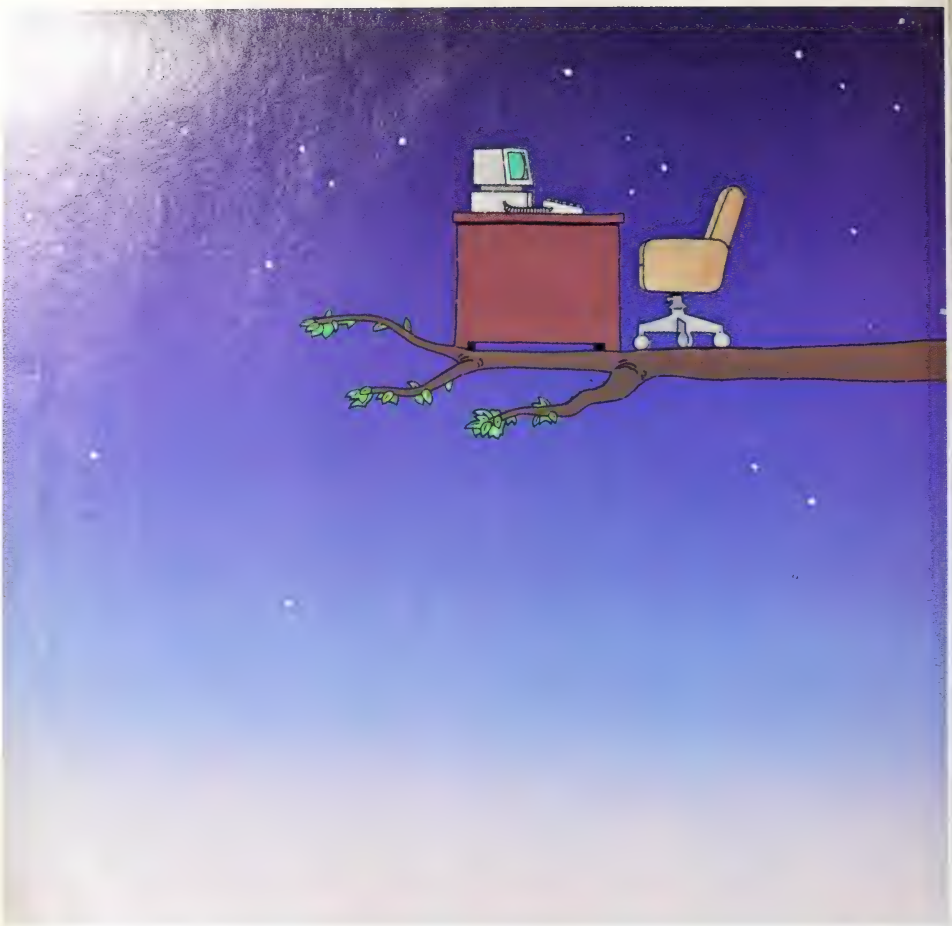
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LETTERS

Indonesia: A CIA Coup?

The references by former CIA agents Ralph McGehee and John Stockwell to the attempted coup in Indonesia in 1965—and to the CIA's role in it—in your Forum "Should the U.S. Fight Secret Wars?" [*Harper's*, September] are gross distortions of the truth. In their allegations that the CIA instigated the upheaval of 1965, Stockwell and McGehee either are lying outright or are deluding themselves into believing what they want to believe. Neither of these men is remotely competent to discuss Indonesia or what happened there. McGehee bases his charges on an alleged secret CIA study that supposedly "described what the agency did there"—a study he claims to have read while he was a CIA officer. As I argued at the Forum—in remarks that were later omitted from my published statement—if such a study ever existed, I would have known about it, and I probably would have been asked to contribute to it. I have never heard of such a study. Nor can I imagine why on earth, if such a study existed, McGehee would have been "custodian" of it, as he claims. I do know of one balanced and thorough analysis of the events in Indonesia that any serious student of history interested in the coup should read: *Indonesia—1965, The Coup That Backfired*, produced independently by the CIA's Directorate of Intelligence and later declassified and released through the Document Expediting Project of the Library of Congress. This is obviously not the study to which McGehee is referring.

One last point: Stockwell's assertion that the "CIA's own reports estimate that 800,000 Indonesians died as a result of that operation" is one more instance of stretching reality (as Angelo Codevilla, staff member of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, so aptly put it at the Forum) to fit one's own conclusions. The agency's "own" reports made no such estimates, although they may have carried accounts from other sources speculating on the events reported to be taking place in Indonesia at that time. Incidentally, in retrospect and in the absence of hard physical evidence to support the original claims, some students of Indonesian affairs are inclined to doubt that the massacres ever reached the shocking scale reported in the late sixties.

B. Hugh Tovar
Washington, D.C.

B. Hugh Tovar was the CIA chief of station in Jakarta from 1964 through 1966.

The Forum "Should the U.S. Fight Secret Wars?" did an excellent job of illuminating the issues in this complex and controversial subject. It was disappointing, however, to find former CIA officers Ralph McGehee and John Stockwell damaging an otherwise effective indictment of covert military operations by insisting that the CIA was behind the 1965 upheaval in Indonesia. With so many valid misdeeds to choose from, it baffles me why CIA critics so often undermine their own credibility by blaming the spooks not only for the

Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

things they have done but for things they obviously didn't do. The Indonesian coup and countercoup are eminently among the latter—even a cursory look at the events of 1965 and 1966 will confirm that the CIA did not have, and could not have had, a part in them.

Two rival forces dominated Indonesia in 1965: the moderate, nondoctrinaire army and the huge Indonesian Communist Party (PKI)—the third largest in the world, after those of China and the Soviet Union. Balanced precariously between the army and the communists was President Sukarno, turning more and more to the PKI as the army sought to limit his authority. The air crackled with political tension. I was the officer in charge of Indonesian affairs at the State Department, and I could feel that tension way back in Washington.

The explosion came in Jakarta, the capital city, on the night of September 30, 1965. Bands of armed men from Sukarno's palace guard drove to the homes of the army's seven top generals, kidnapped six of the generals, and then murdered them. The seventh escaped but was wounded. Two battalions of Sukarno's guard then seized the radio station and the center of the city. By midmorning on October 1 it was evident that Sukarno and the PKI had mounted a coup against the army—killing its top leadership in an attempt to paralyze the troops and consolidate their own power.

But the army proved more resilient than Sukarno and the PKI had anticipated. A general named Suharto, not quite senior enough to be on the assassins' list, rushed several battalions of troops from the army's strategic reserve into the city and, after an all-day armed confrontation, forced Sukarno's guard to lay down their arms. Sukarno and his cronies, including the chairman of the PKI, fled to temporary sanctuary at the headquarters of the procommunist Indonesian air force outside the capital. The coup collapsed. Sukarno and the PKI were discredited, and the army unexpectedly found itself with a monopoly on political power.

Continued on page 73

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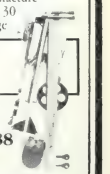
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NOTEBOOK

Trial by camera

By Lewis H. Lapham

Throughout the fall election campaign I thought I heard more than the usual number of complaints about the bias of the media. A good many people apparently have learned to decipher the encoding of the news, but most of them still attribute the deceptions to a political motive. They continue to believe that the media, especially the expensive Eastern media, are somehow liberal.

The rumors of ideological conviction always strike me as quaint, and I listen to the theories of conspiracy in the way that I listen to people talk about the Bermuda Triangle or the secret lives of plants. Possibly this is because I have had the privilege of knowing a fair number of the operatives named in the indictments, and by and large I have found that their interest in ideas of any kind (political, cultural, philosophical) ranks well below their interest in Tibetan scrolls. They are interested in power, most importantly their own, and they don't much care whether a politician calls himself a Democrat, a Republican, a twice-born Christian, or a Bull Moose. What matters is what always matters—the supremacy of the media and their inalienable right to open and close the doors of celebrity. Expressed as a maxim for a young journalist, the precept can be stated as follows: "Presidents come and presidents go, and so do wars and whales and hairstyles, but CBS News lives forever." Comparable intimations of immortality once presided over the gossip in the aristocratic salons of eighteenth-century France. Barbara Walters undoubtedly would have discovered in Marie Antoinette a woman of taste, judgment, and wit.

The arranging of the news in favor of the Mondale-Ferraro campaign became noticeable during the week of the Democratic convention in San Francisco. The design was subtle but explicit—the placing of newspaper headlines and photographs, the editing of the television film, the conformity of opinion among the dealers in instant analysis, the unanimous verdict of eloquence awarded to the mediocre oratory of the Reverend Jesse Jackson and Governor Mario Cuomo. Further evidence of a similar kind accumulated through the months of September and October (most transparently when Walter Mondale was presented with a triumph after the first presidential debate), but none of it proved the media's desire for a liberal line of government. The corporate instincts of the big-time news organizations are profoundly conservative, not to say reactionary, and in my limited experience with the lords and ladies of the institutional media I have yet to come across anybody (whether columnist, vice president, section editor, producer, news director, or anchorperson) whom I would be tempted to describe as a protester against the system. Certainly they would have little reason to do so. The columnists dine at the tables of state, and even minor network correspondents earn at least $100,000 a year. The more notable personages make temperamental scenes if some lackey makes a mistake with the limousine, the hotel suite, or the table at "21."

If not with ideological intent, then why the distinct bias (in the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the networks, *Time*, and *Newsweek*) for the Democratic side of the argument? Much of the reason plainly has to do with the media's economic interest. Presidential elections qualify as major sporting events, and they cost a good deal of money to stage. The media sent 14,000 representatives to the San Francisco convention (outnumbering the political delegates and alternates by a ratio of 3 to 1), and the sum of their travel and entertainment expenses would have paid Louis XIV's cost for the construction of Versailles. At those rates the media must provide at least the semblance of a genuine contest. Since 1968 the ratings have been harder to sustain (as has the attention of the newspaper audience), and the demand for commercial spectacle has required increasingly urgent injections of hype. In 1984 the need was desperate. By early summer President Reagan stood so high in the opinion polls that all the licensed seers already had ceded him the election. Nobody knew how to interpret Mondale's campaign as anything other than a patriotic gesture or a rhetorical trope. The media had no choice but to inflate the currency of his campaign.

Together with the economic motive there is also the motive of pride. Nothing so frightens or angers the media as the effrontery of a puppet broken loose from its strings. The makers of images like to believe that they confer the gift of reality (on individuals as well as on products and questions of state), and it galls them to be reminded that the country can go about its business without their permission. Incumbents always give them grief; it is the same with presidents as it is with rock stars. Once the hired caterpillar becomes a butterfly, who can say that he won't be as difficult to catch and train as Marlon Brando? As long ago as April the journalists jealous of their prerogatives began to complain about the humiliating lack of access to Mr. Reagan. They didn't see him often enough; they weren't being invited to the right dinner parties or the bet-

ter wars; the President treated them with disdain; his ministers were condescending, his spokesmen insolent. The collective voice on the nation's editorial pages sounded like that of the Hollywood press agent telling his oft-told story of epic betrayal, the one about the dancer he found in a Santa Monica disco who turned into a property and then refused to take his calls. It was the President's ingratitude that the media resented. The miserable parvenu had forgotten his origins on the back lot at Warner Brothers, had forgotten who it was that created him out of nothing but sunshine and a vaudeville smile. Who the hell did he think he was, putting on airs and graces and pretending he knew where to find Afghanistan on a map?

Every four years the media exact a measure of revenge by obliging the president to submit to the modern variations on the medieval trials by fire and water. Like Christian knights sent in search of the True Cross, the candidates must travel thousands of miles, bear the insults of ill-informed experts, eat the food at Holiday Inns, answer, in twenty words or less, questions that cannot be answered in 100,000 words, smile steadfastly into the camera that never sleeps, and display, under all circumstances and in any weather, not the least sign of fear or disgust.

If they had their choice in the matter, the media would prefer that no president serve more than a single term, thus acknowledging his dependence on the immortals in the broadcast booths. The media delight in the ceaseless dissolution of things, in the flux and change to which they believe themselves impervious. The rise and fall of Jimmy Carter satisfied their notions of the proper cycle between novelty and boredom.

Not wishing their guests to overstay their welcome, the media arrange the quadrennial trial by klieg light. The ordeal undoubtedly constitutes a fearful test of a man's capacities, but his capacities for what? For the twenty-second segment, usually a single slogan or expression, that the audience can be relied upon to remember? For the color of his tie or the nervousness of his hands? ■

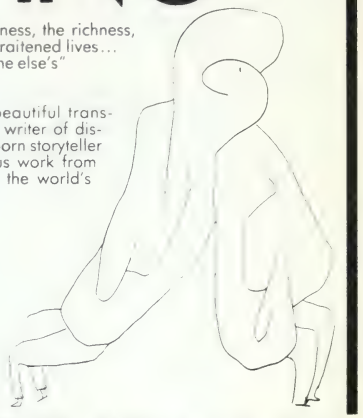
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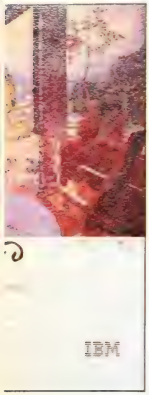
NEMESIS

Truman and Johnson in the Coils of War in Asia
by ROBERT J. DONOVAN
Author of *Tumultuous Years: The Presidency of Harry S. Truman*



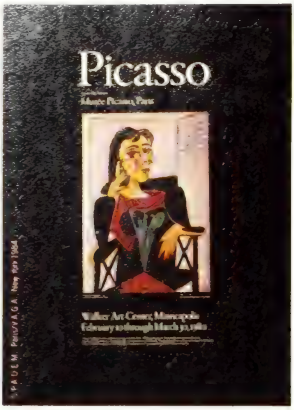
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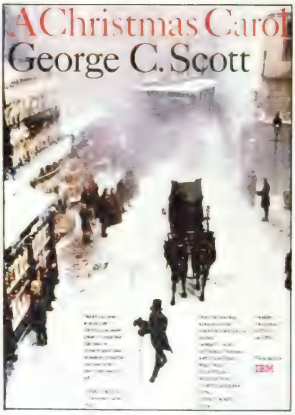

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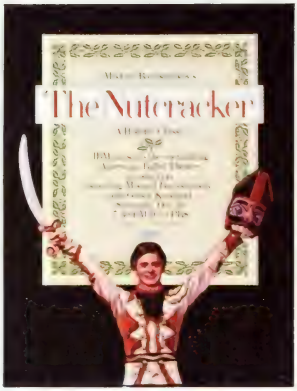

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A Christmas Carol
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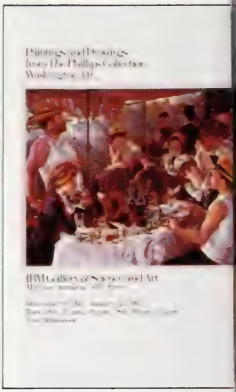

A Day in the Country
Impressionism and the French Landscape
Los Angeles County Museum of Art
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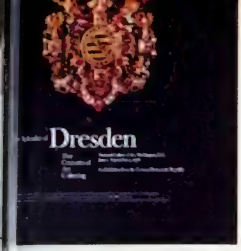

Ian McKellen
Acting Shakespeare
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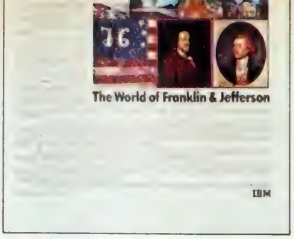

The Nutcracker
A Ballet in Three Acts
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Rodin
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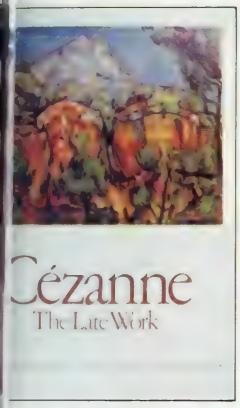

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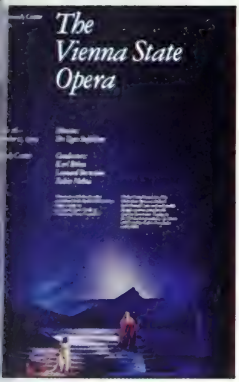




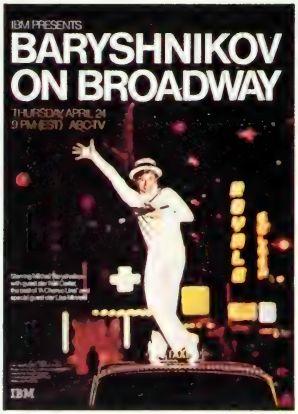














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HARPER'S INDEX

Percentage of American teachers who say that if they could start over, they would not teach : 24
Percentage who said this in 1965 : 71
Percentage increase, from the mid-1970s to today, in the number of résumés received each year by the CIA : 100
Number of states in which some part of the B-1 bomber is manufactured : 44
Estimated percentage of all U.S. defense contracts that are awarded through fully competitive bidding : 5
Estimated number of defense-industry jobs that would be lost in the event of a nuclear freeze : 250,000
Percentage of Americans who, in 1981, thought their chances of surviving a nuclear war were fifty-fifty : 32
Who think so today : 17
Percentage of Soviet children who believe nuclear war can be prevented : 92
Percentage of American children who believe this : 65
Rank, among children's most common fears, of being home alone : 1
Of getting up in front of their class : 2
Percentage of all playground injuries that occur on the monkey bars : 55
Square yards of park per inhabitant in Paris : 1.7
In New York : 6.6
In Washington, D.C. : 60
Number of bird species that have been sighted in Central Park since its opening in 1858 : 259
Bald eagle population of the continental United States in 1979 : 9,815
In 1982 : 13,825
Percentage of all life forms known to have ever existed that still exist today : 10
Number of robots FAO Schwarz expects to sell this Christmas season : 10,000
Average amount stolen by pickpockets, per incident : $218
By shoplifters : $72
Total number of recordings of "White Christmas" that have been sold : 150,431,669
Chance of a white Christmas in New York : 23%
In Minneapolis : 73%
Percentage of Americans who often feel they did something exactly right : 55
Who often sing, hum, or whistle : 48
Percentage of Americans who believe their presence at a sports event influences its outcome : 25
Percentage of libel cases in which juries rule against media defendants : 80
Percentage of those verdicts that are reversed on appeal : 60
Percentage of college men who say they might commit rape if there were no chance of being caught : 35
Number of American men who have surgery each year solely to improve their personal appearance : 500,000
Average year-end bonus in 1983 for corporate chief executive officers : $98,424
Combined net worth of the 400 richest Americans : $125,000,000,000
Combined value of all the currency and coin in circulation in the U.S. : $175,000,000,000
Amount spent by the U.S. government on advertising in 1983 : $228,857,200
Amount spent by Coca-Cola : $282,150,000
Percentage of U.S. car owners who keep maps in their glove compartments : 50
Sunglasses : 23
Gloves : 0

Figures cited are the latest available from public documents and private sources as of October 1984.

Beyond the Possible

It's always intriguing to speculate about the future and what we may be able to do with technology. And it's always dangerous to say what can't be done.

In 1899 the Director of the U.S. Patent Office urged President McKinley to abolish the Office, and even the position of Director, since: "Everything that can be invented has been invented." He wasn't the only one who time has proved wrong.

Thomas Edison thought his phonograph had no commercial value. He also believed that alternating currents were unreliable and unsuitable "for any general system of distribution." Today, of course, alternating currents are the most common means of using electrical power in the world.

In 1913 Lee de Forest, inventor of the vacuum tube, was brought to trial and charged with fraudulent use of the U.S. mails to sell stock. In the words of the district attorney: "de Forest has said in many newspapers and over his signature that it would be possible to transmit the human voice across the Atlantic before many years. Based on these absurd and deliberately misleading statements, the misguided public . . . has been persuaded to purchase stock in his company."

Ransom E. Olds, an auto industry pioneer, sold his company in 1925. He said at that time that "the field holds no more interest for me because the motor car has reached the ultimate in design and technology."

A *New York Times* editorial once questioned the wisdom of certain people trying to fly. For would-be inventors of heavier-than-air machines, "there are more useful employments with fewer disappointments and mortifications than have been the portion of aerial navigators since the days of Icarus," said the editorial, published on December 10, 1903. Seven days later the Wright brothers made their famous flight at Kitty Hawk.

Today we can sit back and smile in amusement as we read such things. At one time or another all of us have made the mistake Edmund Burke warned against when he said, "You can never plan the future by the past."

There's still another lesson to be learned from all this. It's that we should never allow ourselves to be limited by what others believe possible. If we want to discover the limits of the possible we have to examine what appears to be impossible. Only in this way can we find out if the earth might revolve around the sun. Or if bread molds might be medicine.



UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

READINGS

[Survey]

THE TRUST OF RAPPAHANNOCK COUNTY

By Eugene J. McCarthy. This essay appears in a new collection of the former Minnesota senator's writings, published by EPM Publications, of Mclean, Virginia. McCarthy lives in Rappahannock.

Recalling *Time* magazine's decision in 1982 that it would pick no person of the year but, rather, the computer as a more significant force in that year than any person, and noting that the Gallup poll, *Good Housekeeping* magazine, and other institutions were publishing their selections of people deemed "most admired," "most trusted," and other superlatives, I decided that it would be worthwhile to make a study to determine who, in the estimation of residents of Rappahannock County, was most trusted as the year ended.

Rappahannock County provides a good base area for such an inquiry. Bordering the Blue Ridge Mountains, it is seventy-five miles from Washington, D.C., just beyond commuter range, and only marginally within range of Washington's television stations. Subscribers to the *Washington Post* are few, and subscribers to the *New York Times* even fewer.

The committee designated to supervise the inquiry resolved that *trust* was to be the key word. Trust, the committee decided, was a much more important attribute or quality than, say, admiration. The committee also decided that trust, as a generalization, was too vague a concept, and that the inquiry should be restricted to important areas and relationships that call for different kinds of trust, or trust in greater measure than is required in other cases. It then selected six categories of human relationships involving some dependence, in which trust is important.

1. Judgment in court.
2. Religious counsel and inspiration.
3. Communication of news, either to one or about one.
4. Personal security, or help, in time of danger—the ultimate element of national security and defense.
5. An assured, safe, and adequate supply of water and other liquids.
6. Certainty of privacy and/or reliability in the care of one's messages, gifts, and the like when in transit or otherwise out of one's sight or control.

The methods used in determining the attitudes and judgments of the people of Rappahannock County were indirect and subtle. There was no direct mail. There were no intrusive telephone calls, no house visits, no confrontations on the street. The opinions were gathered quietly, unobtrusively, in country stores, before and after church services, in post offices, during fox hunts, at filling stations, at the volunteer firemen's bingo games, and in like situations.

In each of the categories of trust to be tested, one Rappahannock resident was entered against the field, the world. These were the results:

In the first test category, the judicial one, the basic question asked was "Whom would you like to have as judge if you were brought into court?" The easy winner was retired judge Rayner Snead, who ran well ahead of all other judges entered, including Chief Justice Warren Burger, Associate Justice Sandra O'Connor, and Judge John Sirica of Watergate fame.

The poll showed that generally Judge Snead was first choice because of his record in settling interfamily feuds, which in some cases approached that of the Hatfields and the McCoys in intensity, as well as in settling intrafamily feuds, which can be even more serious. It was also noted that he was masterful in settling boundary disputes, evidently knowing that in this county fences move in strange ways, and also taking into account the fact that much of the county was surveyed by George Washington, who, it appears, was a less-than-perfect surveyor.

In the religious-trust competition, the winner was the Reverend Jennings Hobson, of the Episcopal Church of Washington, the county seat.

Hobson ran well ahead of Pope John Paul II, who led the list of most-admired men in the Gallup survey of 1980 and was second in that study in 1981. (The number of Catholics, outside consultants have noted, is small in Rappahannock County.) The reverend also ran well ahead of Billy Graham, who was fourth in the Gallup findings in both 1980 and 1981. Hobson also outscored Oral Roberts, who a few irreligious persons in the county thought was a basketball coach, and bested Jerry Falwell of Lynchburg, Virginia. The significant test point that distinguished the Reverend Mr. Hobson was, for some, the fact that he regularly blesses the hounds at the opening of the hunt season.

In the third range of contest, communications, it was Daphne Hutchinson, of the *Rappahannock News*, against the likes of Dan Rather, Barbara Walters, and James Reston of the *New York Times*, and also Walter Cronkite, who, though now retired, was included because a few years ago one poll found him to be the most trusted man in America. Daphne, who does her own reporting and her own editing, and also takes and selects the pictures that accompany her writings, was judged to be the complete communicator. In response to the question "Of all these persons, whom would you want to write your obituary?" the choice of Daphne was unanimous.

The controlling question for making choices in the fourth category, that of personal and national security, was "Whom would you like to have come into view, say, following a nuclear attack: the Commander in Chief of the Armed Services, Ronald Reagan, in a helicopter; Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of Defense, in an M-1 tank; or Carrol Jenkins, of Sperryville, in his pickup truck?" The choice was again unanimous, for Carrol.

For want of pure and plentiful water, wars have been fought, fertile lands have become deserts, nations have disappeared. Even the survival of Washington, Virginia (population about 200), the county seat of Rappahannock County, was threatened two years ago for want of water.

In all civilizations the person who could find and produce water has been honored. The Rappahannock County entry in this competition, which was not only worldwide but history-long, was a marginal outsider, Larry LeHew, a well-digger from adjoining Warren County, Virginia. Larry was qualified because of his status as joint master of the Rappahannock Hunt, a singular honor; because he knows the terrain of the county, has dug many wells in the county; but especially for his achievement in finding a full-flowing well during a time of need, thereby saving "Little Washington" when all others had despaired.

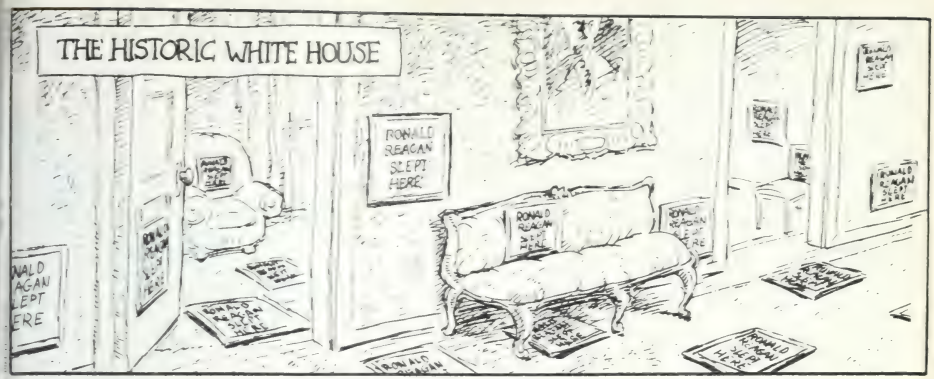
Larry is a thorough water seeker. He is willing to use the help of dowsers, of prayer, of geologists from the University of Virginia, and then go it on his own. Since there was no contemporary world-class opposition to Larry, a few write-ins for Moses were accepted.

A further test and demonstration of Larry LeHew's trustworthiness occurred just after the water began to flow from the new well in Washington. When word came that the water could not be put on line in the city water system until it was approved by the Virginia Department of Health, Larry lay down in the mud, drank the rising water, and declared that it was perfect, fit for human use—a judgment later sustained by the state testers. Larry is also qualified to give advice and counsel on other potables.

The final test was that of a most subtle trust, basically that of privacy: one's secret thoughts, words, communications, goods; involvements of a highly personal and sensitive nature that at some point have to be entrusted to some other person.

Bankers were considered, beginning with David Rockefeller, of Chase Manhattan Bank. Judge Webster, head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, was included, along with the commissioner of the Internal Revenue Service, and income tax adviser H. R. Block. Margaret Thatcher, prime minister of England, was also included because she is responsible for the British Royal Mail and for British Intelligence secrecy. Western Union and Bell Telephone were entered in the nonperson class, along with *Time* magazine's 1982 winner of the year, the computer. William Bolger, the Postmaster General of the United States, finished last.

Whereas the judges concluded that the country's postal service was not fully reliable, they allowed that one unit of it was: the Woodville Post Office, run by Mrs. Lacey Orange. She and her carriers were held to be most trustworthy as protectors of private things delivered to her, letters, as well as goods—not just ordinary perishable things, such as ham or cheese, but things that can perish absolutely, such as baby chickens and bees. In their commitment to deliver, the Woodville Post Office and its personnel go far beyond the slogan of the U.S. Post Office. To that slogan—Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stops these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds—Mrs. Orange and her carriers make it possible to add, Nor Rappahannock mud, nor ice on routes 621 and 618.



From the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

[Theorem]

SPECIAL INTERESTS

From a press release issued recently by the office of California Representative Fortney H. (Pete) Stark.

A theorem developed by Representative Stark was proved true by a line of tax-bill lobbyists that stretched from the door of the Ways and Means Committee room thirty-six meters, twenty-one centimeters down the hall. This was precisely the length predicted by the Stark Theorem. Two working days later, a line of lobbyists waiting to observe the Medicare mark-up stretched (as Stark had predicted) only fifteen meters, thirty-seven centimeters.

Stark's theorem is as follows:

$$L = \frac{P}{I}(AF^2 \times DF) - 93(AFDC + SSI + \text{food stamps})$$

Basically, Stark postulated that the Length of a Line of Lobbyists (L) equals the Population of the nation (P) divided by the number of Individuals impacted (I), multiplied by the Arcaneness Factor squared $(AF)^2$, times the Dullness Factor (DF), minus 93 times the number of references to poor people.

In other words, the fewer the number of taxpayers affected, and the duller and more arcane the subject, the longer the line of lobbyists.

This was borne out by the small group of lobbyists covering the Medicare hearings (which affect 26,758,000 people) compared with the standing-room-only group listening to the debates on coal royalties, nuclear power plant decommissioning, and certain corporate taxes.

Said Stark, "The Arcaneness Factor was the hardest to postulate. The figure I've developed is obtained by counting the number of 'subparagraphs' in the law being amended after excluding the first ninety lines; adding two lines for each 'except that'; adding 4.2 lines for each 'provided that'; and adding sixteen lines for each Greek alphabet symbol used."

The Dullness Factor is simply the number of crossword puzzles being worked on in the hearing room in any sixty-minute period.

A final element in the Stark Theorem factors in the lack of interest among lobbyists in poor-people issues. Every mention of AFDC, SSI, or food stamps is multiplied by 93 and then subtracted from the total.

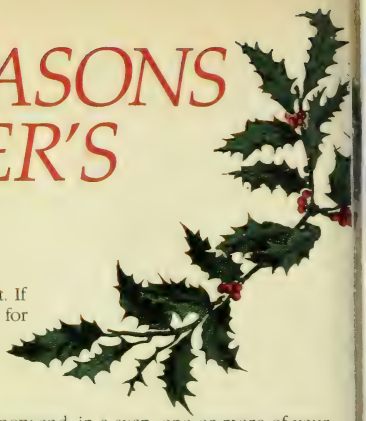
[Interview]

FOUCAULT: POLITICS WITHOUT PROGRAMS

From an interview with Michel Foucault, the French philosopher, in the Advocate, *August 7. Foucault died on June 25.*

I think that one of the great experiences we've had since the last war is that social and political programs have been failures. We have come to realize that things never happen as we expect from political programs, and that these programs always, or nearly always, lead to abuse or political domination by a bloc, be it techni-

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cians or bureaucrats or others. In France there has been a lot of criticism recently about the fact that there are no programs in the various political movements concerning sex, prisons, ecology, and so on. But in my opinion, being without a program can be very useful, so long as it does not mean that one doesn't reflect about what is going on or pay attention to what's possible.

Since the nineteenth century, great political institutions and great political parties have confiscated the process of political creation; that is, they have tried to give political creation the form of a political program in order to take over power. I think that what happened in the 1960s and early 1970s is something to be preserved: political innovation, political creation, and political experimentation outside the great political parties and outside the normal program. It's a fact that people's everyday lives have changed since the early 1960s. Surely that is not due to political parties but to many social movements. Whether or not people belong to these movements, their lives, their mentalities, and their attitudes have been changed by them. And that is very important and positive.

[List]

A CATALOGUE OF LEAKS

From The Government/Press Connection, *by Stephen Hess, published by the Brookings Institution. Hess is a senior fellow in the governmental studies program at Brookings.*

Viewed from inside government, a typology of why leakers leak would include:

The Ego Leak: Giving information primarily to satisfy a sense of self-importance; in effect, "I am important because I can give you information that is important." This type of leak is popular with staff, who have fewer outlets for ego gratification. Assistants like to tell (and embellish) tales of struggle among their superiors. I believe ego is the most frequent cause of leaking, although it may not account for the major leaks. Many reporters and officials prefer to think of leaks as more manipulative and mysterious, but this, of course, also serves their egos.

The Goodwill Leak: A play for a future favor. The primary purpose is to accumulate credit with a reporter, which the leaker hopes can be spent at a later date. This type of leak is often on a subject with which the leaker has little or no personal involvement and happens because most players in governmental Washington gather a great deal of extraneous information in the course of their business and social lives.

The Policy Leak: A straightforward pitch for or against a proposal using some document or insiders' information as the lure to get more attention than might be otherwise justified. The great leaks, such as the Pentagon Papers in 1971, often fit in this category.

The Animus Leak: Used to settle grudges. Information is disclosed to embarrass someone.

The Trial-Balloon Leak: Revealing a proposal that is under consideration in order to assess its political assets and liabilities. Since proponents have too much invested in a proposal to want to leave it to the vagaries of the press and public opinion, those who send up a trial balloon usually want to see it shot down. And because it is easier to generate opposition to almost anything than it is to build support, this is the most likely effect.

The Whistle-Blower Leak: Unlike the others, usually employed by career personnel. Going to the press may be the last resort of frustrated civil servants who feel they cannot correct a perceived wrong through regular government channels. Whistle blowing is not synonymous with leaking; some whistle blowers are willing to state their case in public.

[Report]

POLAND: THREE YEARS AFTER

From "Poland: Legitimacy Without Power, Power Without Legitimacy," by Lawrence Weschler. Weschler's report will appear next month in World View 1985, *a yearbook of international affairs published by Pantheon. Weschler has reported from Poland for the* New Yorker *and is the author of* The Passion of Poland.

During the high good time of Solidarity in early 1981, one of the Polish movement's most insightful theorists, Halina Bortnowska, described Solidarity as "an expression of what I call the 'subjectivity' of Polish society," by which she meant "its capacity for acting as a subject, rather than the object, of history." In this way she squarely aligned the movement with the age-old passion of Polish history, for throughout the past several centuries Poland

has been the object of German, Austrian, and Russian history, and seldom its own agent. Time and again, Polish revolutionaries have melded nationalism with socialism in their struggle for self-determination.

Thus General Wojciech Jaruzelski's coup, three years ago this month, can be said to have had as perhaps its principal goal the reobjectification of Polish society: the general and his colleagues were trying to repress Polish aspirations—that is, to take these people who had started to act as agents in their own history and to press them back into their boxes, and the boxes back into the wall. Jaruzelski's key insight in this regard was the observation that during 1980 and 1981 Polish subjectivity had lived and breathed through its *solidarity*—the sense of 10 million members of an independent union, virtually the country's entire working class, united and moving as one. Most of the repressive actions taken during the state of war that followed the coup of December 13, 1981, were therefore designed to atomize Polish society, to throw people back on their own devices, to instill personal, private fear in an environment of widespread confusion and insecurity.

The basic idea, over and over again, was to isolate people and then humiliate them through their own sense of themselves: by forcing them to sign loyalty oaths renouncing their prior allegiance to Solidarity at the risk of losing their jobs, for example, or by forcing them to join the "official" unions that were set up following the outlawing of Solidarity in October 1982. The sense of social cohesion that had thrived during 1981 was giving way by 1984 to widespread suspicion and distrust, and the regime was happy to nurture a fear of informers and police agents. The sense of hopefulness that had so braced the nation in 1980 had steadily given way by 1984 to a pervasive sense of hopelessness, which the regime was also only too happy to promote. Hopeless people succumb; they begin making all the small, day-to-day accommodations that rob them of even a horizon of self-respect, and the vision of rebellion.

It was against this backdrop of spirit-sapping repression that the former leaders of Solidarity, [illegible] in prison and in the underground, strove [illegible] in the first years after the coup. During 1982, an increasingly pointed debate developed between those calling for the earliest possible confrontation (a general strike) and those calling for the more long-term strategy of building an underground society. The regime goaded the opposition into calling for an eight-hour strike on November 10, 1982, as a prelude to a general strike to be launched the following spring, and then manipulated events and social psychology so that the eight-hour strike proved a complete failure.

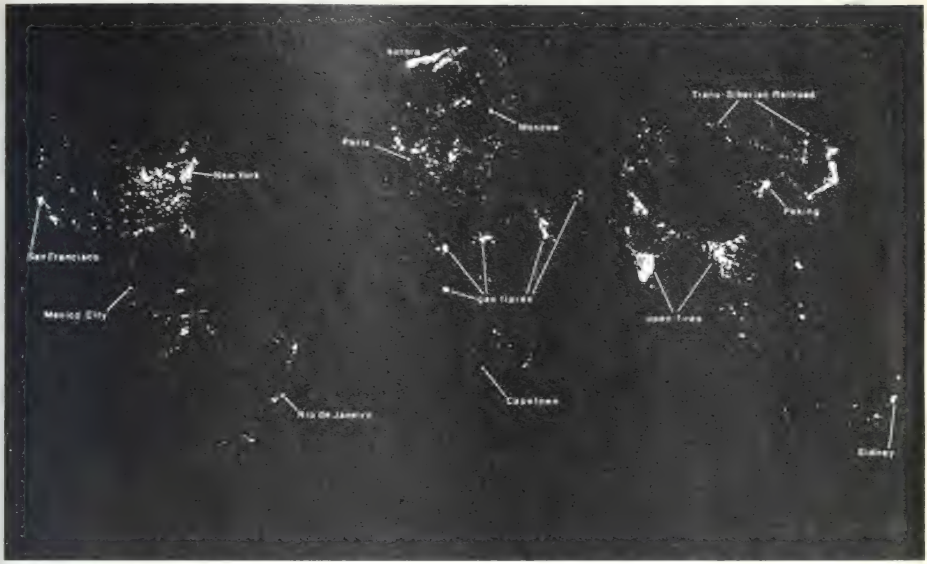
Almost by default, the more modest strategy of the underground society took over. Wiktor Kulerski, an underground leader in Warsaw and one of the principal theorists of this approach, said, "Such a movement ought to lead to a situation in which the government will be in control of empty shops but not the market, employment but not the means of livelihood, the state press but not information, printing houses but not the publishing movement, telephones and the post but not communications, and schooling but not education." And by 1984, in an often ad hoc and highly decentralized way, this was happening in Poland. For one thing, the regime had simply abdicated from whole spheres of economic activity, so that thousands of dismissed workers were now engaged in a subterranean economy, mass-producing otherwise unavailable goods on impromptu assembly lines and providing equally unavailable services. Society as a whole today is caring for the families of sacked and imprisoned workers, especially through local parish churches. Most of the major factories in Poland have underground union structures, and every town of any size has at least one, and usually several, underground journals. Underground publishing is thriving, and the so-called Flying Universities of the late seventies (where intellectuals and workers gathered for seminars in a rotating series of apartments) have re-emerged.

Polish subjectivity has been sustained particularly in the area of culture. Cultural workers, on the whole, have been refusing to collaborate with the regime. One after another it has had to dissolve the associations of journalists, actors, artists, and writers; but few have been willing to join the new, officially sanctioned organizations. The regime has been snubbed so many times at awards ceremonies that now, on television, the ceremonies are reported without mentioning the names of the recipients. Meanwhile, a very lively cultural life persists just beneath the surface: art shows and cabarets being held in apartments and churches, novels and short-story collections becoming best sellers in underground editions (writers know that there is always alternative distribution and that they needn't kowtow to the official publishing houses). The Polish national cinema, such a vital force between 1975 and 1980, has however been silenced.

Central to the persistence of Polish subjectivity has been the Catholic Church, for generations the bastion of Polish nationalism. Since 1981, however, its position has been ambiguous. At its summit, the church has been engaged in a series of disheartening accom-

[Photo Collage]

THE WORLD AT NIGHT



From the Fall 1984 issue of CoEvolution Quarterly. *This mosaic of satellite photographs, obtained from the Air Force's Defense Meteorological Satellite Program, was created by Woodruff T. Sullivan III, an astronomer. According to Sullivan, the amount of detail in this image approximates what a human observer would see 500 miles above Earth. Streetlights account for the prominence of population centers in the Northern Hemisphere. In the tropics, much of the light visible from space is produced by controlled fires: slash-and-burn agriculture, cooking and heating, and deforestation blazes (particularly in India and Southeast Asia). Natural gas flares from oil wells are visible in the Persian Gulf states, Nigeria, and Venezuela. Conspicuous among the natural sources of light is the aurora borealis, over northern Scandinavia.*

modations. Cardinal Jozef Glemp, for example, counseled workers against taking part in the November 10, 1982, strike, and by spring 1983 he was even being quoted running down Solidarity. In exchange for such accommodations, Glemp was able to secure concessions from the regime, including an unprecedented increase in the construction of new churches. Still, he faced widespread dissatisfaction from below, and it was there, at the parish level, that the importance of the church in preserving subjectivity was most profound: caring for persecuted families, providing a sanctuary for cultural and political life, offering spiritual succor, and so on. Curiously, many of those who despaired at the primate's "moderation" celebrated the symbolic example of his superior, the Polish pope, John Paul II, even though all of Glemp's major initiatives were approved in advance by the Vatican.

A further element in the persistence of Polish subjectivity has been the behavior of Solidarity's activists in the years since the imposition of martial law. Very few of them have broken ranks. Particularly embarrassing for the regime was the defiant stance taken by the eleven leaders whose show trial, on charges of attempting to overthrow the state by force, was continually delayed through 1983 and into 1984. At one point, the regime offered them freedom if they would agree to emigrate, even just temporarily—an offer that was contemptuously refused. "We very much want this trial to go ahead," one of the defendants, Adam Michnik, insisted. "A trial cannot compromise us, but it may compromise the regime. Jaruzelski counts on the discipline of the judges who will be sentencing us. But he should not rely on the discipline of the accused." Such defiant challenges were repeated over and over again in trials through-

out the country. Finally, in exasperation, the regime included the eleven in a July 1984 general amnesty timed to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of communist rule in Poland. Michnik, for one, refused to accept the amnesty, demanding a trial where he could prove his innocence, and he had to be physically dragged from his cell.

Meanwhile, the continuing existence of an underground leadership, the TKK, is proving heartening to many Poles. Never before has a Soviet-bloc regime been faced with such a challenge: today hundreds of thousands of Poles take part, to varying degrees, in the ongoing life of underground structures, most of the organizers and leaders of which have managed to remain hidden for over two years. Former head of Solidarity Lech Walesa, contrary to the expectations of the officials, who had sought to embarrass him following his release from internment, has behaved in an exemplary fashion, constantly confounding the regime with his careful rhetoric and his clever subterfuges. He hasn't made a wrong move, and his authority is perhaps greater today than it was in the weeks just before the coup.

Without doubt, an entire generation of Poles was transformed by the sixteen months of Solidarity, so that even among the very young, the regime's assertions of imminent normality now fall on deaf ears. If Poland in 1984 is not as buoyantly hopeful as it was, say, in late 1980, it is nevertheless much more highly politicized and *potentially* active than it was, say, in the spring of that year. Despite three years of repression, the structures of resistance are more developed (though decentralized) than they were just before the upsurge of Solidarity. It is equally true that, for the immediate future, the regime appears to have stymied any prospect of mass mobilization. The basic impasse that haunted the Solidarity era remains: those with legitimacy lack power, while those with power lack legitimacy.

A writer who recently returned from Poland, David Ost, tells the story of an evening party in Warsaw at the end of which several guests were startled to realize that the subject of politics had not come up even once during the preceding four hours. This was the first time any of them could recall such a lapse in over five years, and many were chagrined: "There," they felt, "that proves it. The regime *has* normalized us." And yet another interpretation was possible. For subjectivity occasionally requires time to mend and rest and regroup, and Poles may well need a few years' respite from the intense turmoil of their recent history. Such "normality" should afford the regime little comfort.

The past two centuries of Polish history have been a roll call of rebellions: 1795, 1830, 1863, 1905, 1918. The imposition of Soviet "communism" has in no way been able to stem such defiant projections of subjectivity: 1944, 1956, 1968, 1970, 1976, 1980. The question in Poland today is not whether another upsurge will eventually occur but, rather, when. What happens at that point of confrontation will, to a large degree, depend on developments in the Soviet Union. For, as Jacek Kuron, one of Solidarity's leading theorists, wrote from prison, "the dying of the Empire has begun; but it is still capable of a bloody settling of accounts with Poland."

[Book List]

WHAT YOU CAN DO

From "Who Do You Think You Are?" by Freddy Bosco, in CoEvolution Quarterly, *Fall 1984. The "article" is made up entirely of book titles taken from the Denver public library's card catalogue.*

You can always tell a fisherman. You can always tell a Harvard man. You can analyze handwriting. You can be a better cook than Mama ever was. You can be a carpenter. You can be a plumber. You can be a printer.

You can be happily married. You can be healed. You can become the person you want to be.

You can build your own sailboat. You can catch fish. You can change the world. You can change your career. You can communicate with the unseen world.

You can conquer. You can cook for one. You can cope. You can design. You can die laughing.

You can do anything with crepes. You can do it. You can do it from a wheelchair. You can draw cartoons.

You can fight for your life. You can find God. You can find uranium! You can fix it. You can get it right. You can get so much justice.

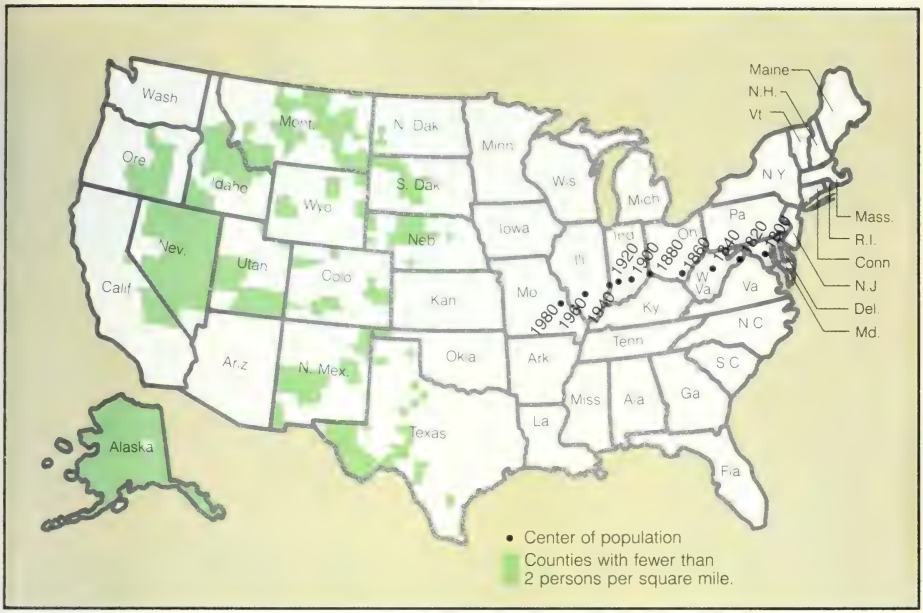
You can get there from here. You can get what you want if you find it within yourself. You can get your real estate taxes reduced. You can have what you say.

You can help your country win. You can hook rugs. You can improve your vision. You can increase your heart power. You can landscape it yourself. You can learn Russian.

You can learn to fly. You can live cheaply in the Canaries. You can live in an apartment. You

[Map]

THE AMERICAN FRONTIER TODAY



BARBARA MARTIN

From "Survival of the American Frontier," by Frank J. Popper, in the Summer 1984 issue of Resources, *a newsletter published by the conservation group Resources for the Future. Shaded areas on the map indicate counties where population density is less than two people per square mile, according to the 1980 census. This was how the Census Bureau defined a frontier in 1893, when Frederick Jackson Turner wrote his famous essay "The Significance of the Frontier in American History." According to Popper, the frontier today comprises 949,500 square miles—one quarter of the United States. Much of it is public land, and remains unsurveyed. The dots on the map indicate the geographic center of America's population, from 1800 to 1980.*

can live longer than you think. You can make a bow.

You can make a Stradivarius violin. You can make an insect zoo. You can make money in the stock market. You can make the difference.

You can make your own gloves. You can master life. You can own a business. You can play par golf. You can predict your heart attack and prevent it.

You can prevent illness. You can profit from a monetary crisis. You can quit smoking in 14 days. You can raise decent children. You can remake America. You can say that again, Sam.

You can see a lot standing under a flare in the Republic of Viet Nam. You can sleep well. You can speak again. You can start all over. You can stay well. You can stop.

[Field Guide]

THE RELUCTANT NATURALIST

From The Reluctant Naturalist: An Unnatural Field Guide to the Natural World, *by Charles A. Monagan, published by Atheneum.*

COCKROACH

Description: An urban grasshopper; cynical, corrupt, dissatisfied, dangerous.

Habitat: Any city with more than a 50,000 population, and swank resort hotels in the tropics.

Habits: Defiance and survival. Likes to pop up from time to time to run across the table-

t really expensive restaurants.
ikes ethnic fare but will eat greedily
ing that isn't tightly covered. Will take an occasional after-dinner cigar.

Comments: Cockroaches are perhaps the most unsung social force of all time. They were directly responsible for the great human migration to the suburbs in the 1950s and early 1960s, and thus they can be blamed for a wide variety of social ills, from shopping mall traffic mayhem to the relative inability of white people to play basketball.

ANT

Description: A terrifying small black automaton.

Habitat: Prefers clustering on crumbs, spills, stains, smears, etc., but would probably also thrive on Venus or Jupiter.

Habits: Likes to swarm hatefully all over anything that gets in its way. Amuses itself by leaping from extraordinary heights with no harm done whatsoever. Receives its orders from an unseen force, perhaps from outer space, perhaps from *The One-Minute Manager*.

Food: Not noted for choosiness, but seems to prefer peach pits, apple cores, and Life Savers that have accidentally fallen from someone's mouth.

Comments: Not native to North America, ants were brought here by an eccentric Englishman who wished to introduce to the New World every insect mentioned in the works of Richard Lovelace ("Forbear, thou great good husband, little ant").

"SOMETHING"

Description: Typically exists as a purely aural phenomenon, as in "Did you hear something?"

Habitat: Heard throughout the house, including the roof, although usually not in the room in which you are seated. Rarely can be pinpointed with any satisfaction.

Habits: Uncrumples paper in the wastebasket, causes chests of drawers to creak, slightly tilts pictures hanging on the wall, makes the dog bark for no apparent reason, and engages in other innocuous yet somewhat menacing activities. Takes pleasure in producing thuds, sharp pings, creaks, skitterings, and so on—never a sustained sound.

Food: The last piece of cake.

Comments: "Something" is usually brushed aside with a "logical" explanation, such as "It's just the house settling," or "It's just the cat." These explanations make absolutely no sense (especially if you don't own a cat), but why should we seek a deeper solution when it can lead only to terror?

[Rules of Etiquette]

EXECUTIVES' GUIDE TO FOREIGN GIFTS

From "It's the Thought That Counts," by Kathleen K. Reardon, in the September–October issue of the Harvard Business Review. *Reardon, a professor of communications science at the University of Connecticut, surveyed more than 125 executives on the practice of giving gifts to foreign clients and "found that such gift giving is a cultural land mine ready to blow up in the faces of executives who don't know how to steer around it." Below, Reardon's guidelines, reprinted by permission of the* Review.

1. Don't rely on your own taste.

2. Don't bring a gift to an Arab man's wife; in fact, don't ask about her at all. Bringing gifts for the children is, however, acceptable.

3. In Arab countries, don't admire an object openly; the owner may feel obligated to give it to you.

4. Do not bring liquor to an Arab home.

5. Don't try to outgive the Japanese. It causes great embarrassment and obligates them to reciprocate even if they cannot afford to do so.

6. Do not insist that your Japanese counterpart open the gift in your presence. This is not their custom and can easily cause the recipient embarrassment.

7. Hold your gift with two hands when presenting it to a Japanese business person, but don't make a big thing of the presentation.

8. Be careful when selecting colors or deciding on the number of items. The color purple, for example, is inappropriate in Latin America because it is associated with Lent.

9. Avoid giving knives or handkerchiefs in Latin America. Knives suggest the cutting off of the relationship, and handkerchiefs imply that you wish the recipient hardship. To offset the bad luck, the recipient must offer you money.

10. In West Germany, red roses imply that you are in love with the recipient. Also, perfume is too personal a gift for business relationships.

11. In the People's Republic of China, expensive presents are not acceptable and cause great embarrassment. Give a collective gift from your company to theirs.

12. In China, a banquet is acceptable, but you will insult your hosts if you give a more lavish banquet than the one they've given you.

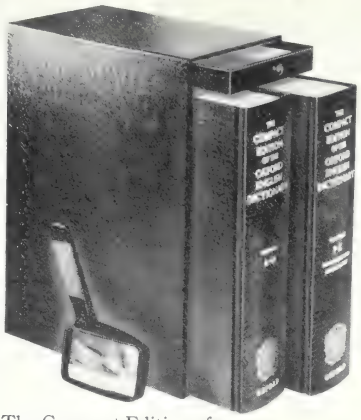
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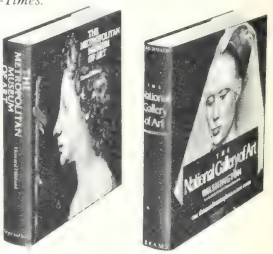
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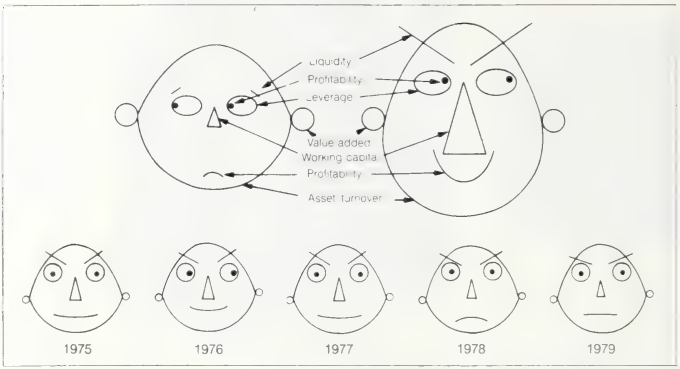
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ACCOUNTING ILLUSTRATED



From "Improving the Communication Function of Published Accounting Statements," by Malcolm Smith and Richard Taffler, in the Spring issue of Accounting and Business Research, *a quarterly published by Britain's Institute of Chartered Accountants. The authors argue that companies can more effectively convey their financial well-being by including symbols such as these in their accounting statements. In the drawings above, each feature represents a single financial indicator. The authors suggest that a series of such drawings, as shown below, are useful in charting a company's year-to-year performance.*

[Pathology]

THE NEUROTIC CORPORATION

From "Neurotic Style and Organizational Pathology," by Manfred F. R. Kets De Vries and Danny Miller, in the Strategic Management Journal, *Vol. V. De Vries is a practicing psychoanalyst. De Vries and Miller are professors of management at McGill University and the authors of* The Neurotic Organization, *published by Jossey-Bass.*

Many parallels can be drawn between organizational and individual pathologies. We have found in our research that the fantasies of top executives and the neurotic behavior to which they give rise help determine the nature of organizational dysfunctions. This is particularly true in a centralized organization, where the top executives have a major impact upon its atmosphere, structure, and strategy. We have identified five common pathological organizational types: paranoid, compulsive, histrionic, depressive, and schizoid.

THE PARANOID ORGANIZATION

The paranoid organization, suspicious of people and events both inside and outside the firm, places strong emphasis on intelligence and controls. Such organizations tend to develop sophisticated methods of gathering information in order to identify threats and challenges from the government, from competitors, and from customers. Paranoid organizations also strive to maintain strict control over internal matters by monitoring all aspects of the firm's operations.

Paranoid firms tend to be reactive, which can interfere with the development of a consistent strategy. External forces, rather than overall goals or organizational needs, determine the firm's direction.

One strategy that is used quite frequently by paranoid firms is diversification. To reduce the risk of relying upon any one market, paranoid firms often enter into a number of unrelated businesses. While these are run by different divisional managers, the managers are kept in line by sophisticated information systems and narrowly defined goals. ITT under Harold Geneen is perhaps the most well-known example of the paranoid organization.

THE COMPULSIVE ORGANIZATION

The compulsive firm is wed to ritual. Every detail is planned in advance and carried out in a routinized and preprogrammed fashion. Thoroughness and conformity with established procedures are emphasized.

Such firms are exceedingly hierarchical, and they generally develop an elaborate set of formal policies, rules, and procedures. These extend beyond production and marketing decisions to dress codes and corporate credos suggesting preferred employee attitudes.

The strategy-making style of the compulsive firm shows the same preoccupation with detail and established procedures. Each of these firms has a distinctive competence, and this specialization, rather than what is going on in the marketplace, is the major factor in determining the firm's strategy.

THE HISTRIONIC ORGANIZATION

Histrionic firms are hyperactive, impulsive, dramatically venturesome, and dangerously uninhibited. Their decision-makers live in a world of hunches and impressions rather than facts, and they tend to take on widely disparate projects in a desultory fashion. Power is centralized in such organizations; the top managers, with their flair for the dramatic, reserve the prerogative to initiate bold ventures independently. The power of the executives of the second tier—typically individuals with dependent personalities—is limited.

THE DEPRESSIVE ORGANIZATION

The depressive organization is characterized by inactivity, lack of confidence, extreme conservatism, insularity, and entrenched bureaucracy. Only those things that have been programmed and routinized and require no special initiative get done.

Typically, these firms are well established and serve a single mature market, one that has had the same technology, customer preferences, and competitive partners for many years. Depressive firms are found most often in sheltered environments: markets where trade agreements, collusion, restrictive trade practices, and substantial tariffs to limit foreign competition are the rule. The low level of change and the absence of serious competition, as well as the homogeneity of the market, make the administration of such firms fairly simple.

THE SCHIZOID ORGANIZATION

The schizoid organization is characterized by a leadership vacuum. Its top executive discourages interaction, believing that most relationships will end painfully for him. In some organizations, the second tier of executives compensates for the leader's lack of involvement. Frequently, however, the schizoid organization is a political battlefield in which second-tier managers battle one another to fill the leadership vacuum. The initiatives of one group of managers are often neutralized by those of an opposing group.

Strategy in such organizations has more to do with individual goals and internal politics than any threats or opportunities in the external environment. It may also be a product of the top man's intrapsychic fantasies; but this is not usually the case, as his emotional apathy and inactivity thwart the translation of his ideas into actions.

[Children's Literature]

CAPITALISM FOR KIDS

From Ernie Discovers Excellence, *a pro-business children's book by Lewis Lazare, published by Turnbull & Willoughby.*

One night, while Ernie was sleeping in his favorite pair of red flannel pajamas, he had a terrible nightmare.

Ernie dreamed he was an incredibly mean, cold-hearted businessman named Mr. Moneygrubber, with long, scraggly gray hair and a perpetual scowl.

Mr. Moneygrubber didn't care about anything in the world but money. He cooed and cackled when he reached deep into his pockets and pulled out wads of cash.

He hardly noticed the hungry-looking faces of his workers that glared at him from behind the giant machines spitting out zidget after zidget in Mr. Moneygrubber's Zidget Factory.

And what horrible machines they were! The tall, rusty, Z-shaped contraptions belched out thick clouds of black soot that covered the poor zidget makers from head to toe.

Mr. Moneygrubber didn't care about his zidget makers. He was in love with his money. Making and selling more zidgets meant more crisp thousand-dollar bills to fill his pockets. That was all that mattered.

Mr. Moneygrubber would scream at his workers whenever they stopped working for even a second. "What do you think you're doing?" he would shout. "I'm paying you to make my zidgets! Go on! Don't stand there staring at me. Work harder! Work faster!"

When one zidget maker collapsed in a tangle of cobwebs, Mr. Moneygrubber flew into a rage. "You lazy loafer!" Mr. Moneygrubber screamed again and again.

"Please, Mr. Moneygrubber," yelped the helpless worker. "Please, sir. I'm trying to work harder, but I'm weak and hungry. I haven't got enough money to buy food for myself or my family."

Mr. Moneygrubber ignored the man's pleas. "You lazy loafer!" he hissed. "Don't you understand I'm running a business here? Don't you know I have to make more money to keep these

pockets filled? I'm in business to make money, you lazy loafer! I don't care about you . . . I'm in business to make . . ."

Suddenly, Ernie snapped awake. He sat up in his bed. His heart was pounding. Sweat streamed down his forehead.

So this was the horror that awaited him. His friends Sheila and Jim were right. He would grow up to become a cruel businessman.

Ernie was sad and scared. He lay back down on his pillow and stared at the ceiling. Now Ernie thought he understood what growing up meant, and he hated it.

When Ernie went down to breakfast the next morning, his father was already at the table, drinking a cup of coffee and reading the newspaper.

Mr. Astorbilt glanced up and immediately noticed the troubled expression on Ernie's face. "What's wrong, son?" he asked. "You look as if you've seen a ghost."

"I have. The ghost was me when I'm grown up."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Astorbilt.

"I mean I don't want to grow up, Father. I don't want to go into business and make money. Last night I dreamed I did, and it was really terrible. I dreamed I was a cruel money-grubber who yelled mean things at people to make them work harder and harder so I would have more money. I don't want to grow up and be like that. Please, can't I just play ball and have fun?"

Mr. Astorbilt put down his paper and smiled lovingly at his son, who looked as if he might cry at any moment. "Ernie, you have it all wrong," he said. "Your nightmare isn't what it's like to grow up. You had a bad dream, that's all. Real life doesn't have to be like that. I know. I'm grown up, and I'm in business. I like it."

"But what is there to like?" asked Ernie, who was still very upset.

Mr. Astorbilt paused for a second and then said: "You know how happy you feel when you hit a winning home run for your baseball team? You run around the bases, proud as you can be, while the crowd in the grandstand cheers you on. It's a thrilling moment, isn't it?"

"Best feeling I know of," said Ernie.

"You bet it is," said Mr. Astorbilt. "You've done something special, and the payoff—home plate—lies directly ahead of you. Victory for the team. Your team! Son, business can operate that way. Where I work, it's a team effort. Each of us makes his special contribution, large or small, and we try to win. Above all, we try to win!"

Ernie's face began to brighten.

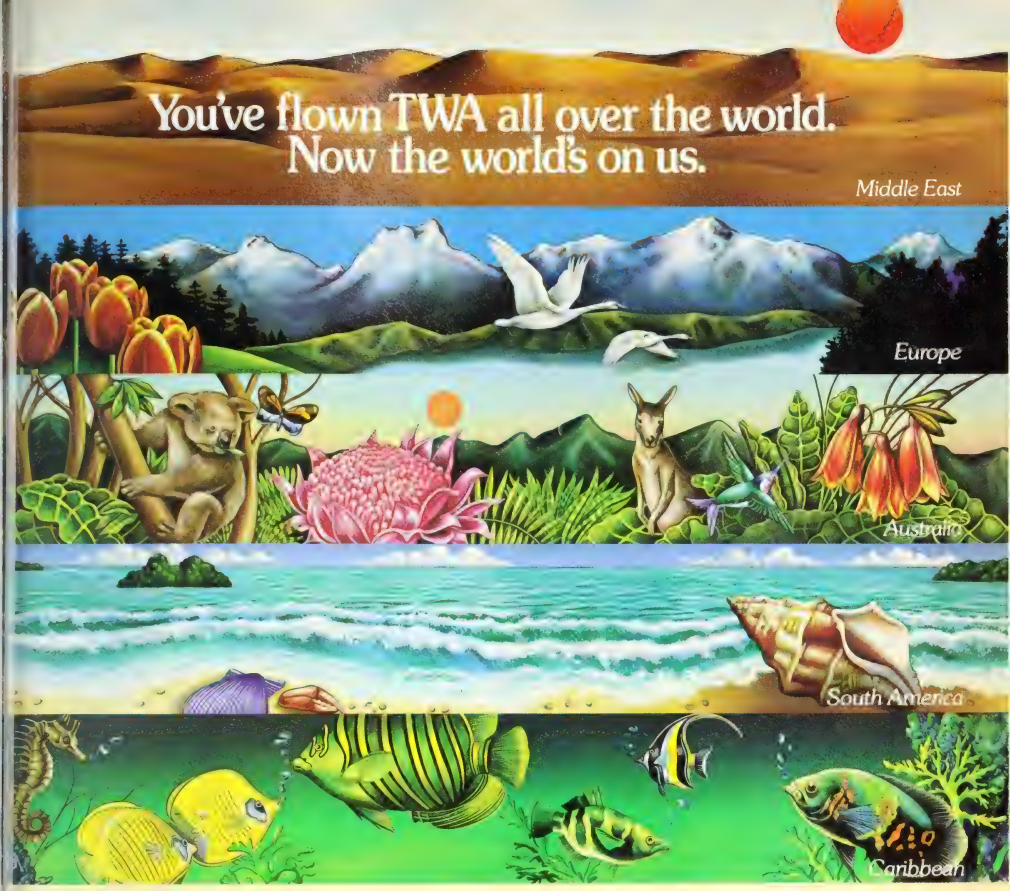
"We make money, lots of it," continued Mr. Astorbilt. "But excellence in business is more than making money. It's thinking big, daring to be creative, taking chances with exciting new products, and guessing correctly what the future holds. It means encouraging talented people and then richly rewarding their vision and their effort. Business can be good for everyone, if you approach it the right way. Always make excellence your goal, Ernie. That's the ultimate key to business success."

[Discography]

SANTA'S HELPERS

The Washington Post *published this list of "Santa's favorite Christmas novelty songs" in December 1982.*

"Yingle Bells/I Yust Go Nuts at Christmas," by Yorgi Yorgesson
"All I Want for Christmas Is My Upper Plate," by Homer and Jethro
"Pancho Claus," by Lalo Guerrero
"I Saw Mommy Smooching Santy Claus," by Spike Milligan
"Santa Jaws" and "C.B. Santa," by Homemade Theatre
"Santa Claus Comes to the Ghetto," by James Brown
"Christmas Dragnet (Yulenet)," by Stan Freberg
"Can You Fix the Way I Talk for Christmas?" by Vincent and Pesci
"Santafly" and "Santa Doesn't Cop Out on Dope," by Martin Mull
"Kung Fu Christmas," by National Lampoon
"Santa and the Purple People Eater," by Sheb Wooley
"Jingle Bells," by the Singing Dogs
"Christmas Blues/Chipmunk Song," by Canned Heat and the Chipmunks
"Snoopy's Christmas," by the Royal Guardsmen
"Santa Claus Wants Some Good Lovin'," by Rufus Thomas
"Christmas with Satan," by James White
"Back Door Santa," by Clarence Carter
"The Merry Old Philosopher," by Eddie Lawrence
"Santa Claus Is Watching You," by Ray Stevens
"Happy Hairy Hippy Harry Claus," by Rocki Lane
"Nuttin' for Christmas," by the Chipmunks
"Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer," by Elmo and Patsy
"I Found the Brains of Santa Claus," by Moms Mabley



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[Short Story]

DUCKWALKING

By Joe Ashby Porter, from The Pushcart Prize, IX: Best of the Small Presses, *an anthology edited by Bill Henderson and published by the Pushcart Press. Porter is the author of* Eelgrass, *a novel, and* The Kentucky Stories, *a collection of short fiction. "Duckwalking" originally appeared in* Contemporary American Fiction, *published by Sun & Moon Press.*

I was down in the mouth, Martha was upstairs with the kids, in his first tube series Rick Montalban was playing a DA—a welcome switch from the detective cycle according to Hearst Motion Picture Editor Dorothy Manners (HMPEDM). I'd had flak that day from the boss about some quantification, it was quite a flap and I was feeling like chucking it. Being a 'puter programmer (PP), I knew I wouldn't lack for work. I'd popped a Quaalude and Rick was wrapping up a smack baron when down the stairs comes Martha doing it. I said, "Oh really?" She gave me a Bronx cheer through the banister rails.

We'd talked about it but I hadn't expected her to start just like that. I think she'd been practicing in secret cause she got down the stairs okay. She kicked off her mukluks and came over and stood with her elbow on the coffee table. A laxative ad, a Melmac ad, some gag-rule claptrap on the news before she looks away from the screen. "Doc Purdy says forget bursitis."

"Purdy's no doc, he's—"

Martha interrupted: "I've made up my mind, Bill, and I'm not backing out. Noon news showed Jackie doing it at a function. If you want to look like a cracker that's your problem." They were showing Iraqi quake damage footage before back to Rick, who was in hot water. Catherine Spaak, a skyjacker, had winged him. Martha said, "It's easier than I thought though."

"You fracture me. Five'll getcha ten you don't make it through the weekend." That was a Friday.

That weekend we backpacked with Arch and Tiffany Drake. Arch was a PP too, freelancing at the time. We'd talked about leaving kids home but decided not to. Bill Jr. was fifteen and Martha Jr.'d've been eleven, with Arch and Tiff's in the same bracket. Ours had tried it now and again around the house, and Martha Jr. could already roller-skate doing it. Saturday morning when we took stuff out to the car they and their mother were all doing it. They all stayed down most of that weekend and from then on, except that for half a year Martha Jr. might pop up for a laugh.

Arch and Tiff tooted and waved (T&W): "Let's book." I backed out and followed them to the wilderness area parking lot. The kids didn't stop yakking. They were playing tick-tack-toe in the back and when one won he or she would give the other a good thwack. I was too sicky-poo about employment snafus to mind. Arch parked his Wankel Mach II smack-dab at the end of the lot and when he and Tiff stepped down out I saw that they were doing it. Their kids were too.

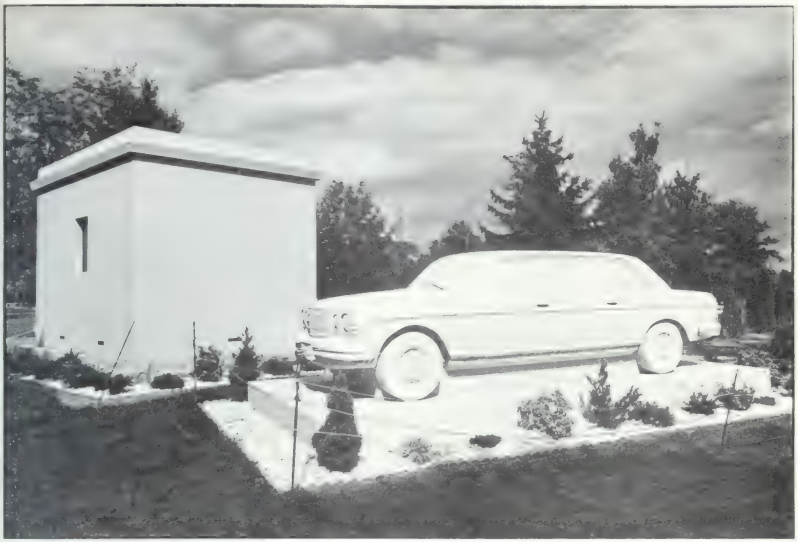
The Joy of Cacking, the conglom that owned the one I'd been PP-ing for for a couple of years, had a knack for diversification. They'd just bought into Cunard, and office platitude had it the next step was to work some Peking action as a decoy to wangle tax shrinkage. That would draw ack-ack, but J of C had a gaggle of tricks up its sleeve and its future looked anything but lackadaisical. It was playing glitz ball, so what was racking my brains that Saturday was all I stood to lose or gain moving to a new conglom or freelancing like Arch. Arch and I'd been chums years and so had Tiff and Martha. Arch and Tiff are Quakers but you wouldn't want to meet a wackier couple, so I aimed to bend Arch's ear about my job sometime during the weekend.

All the rucksacks but mine dragged, and seeing how slow the going up the trail was didn't make me eager to get down. On the other hand they all chatted like mad and I kept having to bend over to follow. We hit the site about two and pitched camp. After a macaroon snack the kids waddled off to gather kindling, the girls were chewing the cud about a boutique, and Arch and I broke out a six-pack and axes and split a few logs. Handling the ax down there was easier for him than I'd expected. Then we sat on the woodpile and rapped.

"What's eating you, Bill? You look like you want to duke it out with somebody." I got worked up letting off steam about the job but Arch didn't crack a smile. He said, "Listen, Mac, that's hooey. I'd hang tight in your place. This rickrack with the boss'll blow over. You and Martha should invite him and Khakeline bowling." He said J of C's quark angle looked good and in fact he himself planned to hook up on a permanent basis since freelancing was getting too flaky too quick. The kids were moving back into the clearing over by the douches. Martha Jr. missed a softball from Arch Jr. that would've beaned me if I hadn't bobbed my head down in time. Arch grinned—"Dangerous up there, Bill"—as he scooted off his log and started toward the fire. I rose to follow and old Arch

[Photograph]

CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION IN DEATH



This life-size granite Mercedes-Benz and mausoleum were built recently in Rosedale Memorial Park in New Jersey, one man's monument to his brother. From the Village Voice, *September 25.*

looked up and said, "Why not give it a try?"

It was dusk, and I remember the crackling of the campfire as I thought, "Why not?" And I remember how the trees wagged as I squatted. Arch and I ambled over to the fire, where the wives were cooking a lip-smacking wokload of sprouts. "I knew you were up to it," Martha cooed, and she planted a peck on my kisser. I stayed down the rest of that weekend, kayaking through quagmires and brackish shallows, nearly losing tackle to a bull mackerel I finally landed, relaxing at Tiff's after-lunch songfest cacophony, I stayed down. It sure was good to take a gander right or left and ogle smirks instead of empty air.

That was, oh, seven or eight years ago, when to lots like me duckwalking (DW) looked weak on staying power and thin on consequence. Little did we know. To backtrack, I had first heard of it a year or so before on a wrap-up of what older young adults had been into. One segment dealt with a Texas Air Force base brouhaha where a Big Mac maitre d' who'd channeled incoming customers flat south of a DW-ing waitress got hooted by a WAC claque. I remember I said, "Those squirts." Martha said yes, but she'd scanned a Sunday-supplement piece a while back about it that made it sound fun. Later you heard about it more frequently and then somebody said he'd seen a gentlemen doing it here in town, over on Thirty-third near the shellac factory. The exact reason why it eventuated is still in question, but discos were one of the places it seemed to catch on first. The Cow-cow Mooie, the Wigwag, and the Macaque were only three of the steps it hatched. *TV Guide* ran a New Year's spread about it with a snap of that month's Neilsen pinup doing it with the Whackers' quarterback at New York's Bimbo's overlooking Central Park. Videoland in fact was a pacesetter. A daytime game show anchorlady sometimes came on doing it, and then on a novelty series about a paramedic and his favorite Tommy gun the whole cast did it. Flicks caught on and novelizations followed fast on their heels.

In the sports world the change raised a few hackles. Most squawks centered on the gridiron, cause it slowed the game so much. But

was true of all the running sports, and rule changes must've had umps cracking books even when they went potty. Fans groused but there was no denying that tactics, especially blocking and tackling, were easier to qualitate. Backboards got lowered for hoopsters; batters' and pitchers' styles underwent more far-reaching changes than catchers'. With these like other team sports the field of play naturally shrank so playtime could approximate foregoing commitments to duration length. Ditto for track, double-dog ditto for broad and high jump. The underhand disappeared from tennis, but in swimming the breast stroke and backstroke needed only slight kick modifications. Billiards survived intact on a lowered table, and jockeys required minimal stirrup strap hitches.

The president's lackey squad gave out he personally affirmed DW's gassiness for some months until after one State of the Union Gossipcast (SUG) he slid off the official banquette and didn't stand but instead did it off the stage. Some hacks penned quasi clucks, others marked it up to sprightly daffiness. The short podium at his next confab told us we were eyeballing the beginning of an era. Armed forces were quick to follow suit. I recall some bivouacked Cossacks surviving a surprise attack with no more than dented helmets.

Of course it infused new fuel into the economy. Take slacks: looser knees cried out for alterations in factory process-components that themselves had to be designed and produced in other factories. Ripples big as tidal waves raced every which way.

My own life has taken several new tacks. For a month after that memorable weekend I sometimes thought of standing back up, but I stayed down and my relations with Martha and the kids waxed smoother pronto. One evening as we gathered on our tatamis around the dindin table Bill Jr. turned to me and cackled, "Pap, hunkering here with you and the big M and Sisface makes me sure I'm the luckiest little pecker alive." My ticker got gooey.

As far as old Martha and me are concerned, that weekend beside the picnic table we started to re-relate (RR) and as the new stance grew on us we found ourselves chitchatting more. The mechanics of sex haven't had to change too much of course, and the actual act gets done at least as often as before duckwalking (BD). At the drop of a hat she'll say, "Drag those knackers over here, Bill"—she's still in bed, it's Sunday, I've showered and before I even dry my back we're banging. We sleep streetcar. Sometimes in the beginning I'd stretch the gams in bed but now the fronts of my knees nuzzle the backs of hers. She's still stacked. The other day we were readying to step next door for drinky-poos and an *Also Sprach* tape. Old Martha had on a black Shantung poly mini and platform flippers. The placket wobbled like a raccoon tail, and I went gaga all over again when she sidled over for a buss.

Like everybody, we enjoyed a spate of redecorating in the beginning. We were in a semidetached bungalow in hock up to our necks so we made do with ladders and step-ups, our old gimcrack furniture, lowered macramé and spice racks, and shorter wastebaskets. Now we're in the condo with all new chopped Louis XIV and a recessed water bed. Marth's acquired some slick bric-a-brac at the Knickknack Shack down the block. A set of Now Faces in Composition Matter Plaques (NFCMP) tops the period baseboard.

Bosso got kicked upstairs soon after my little contretemps and with the new helmsman things have been cricket. Work's the same, but better. Puters' capacities explode monthly simultaneous to monthly hardware shrinkages, and programming's several magnitude notches above prior, but office routine's distinctly similar. So wall urinals have become straddle troughs, so what: everybody still wears baseball caps, gagsters stock whoopee cushions, and the Muzak's never run dry.

As to social life. The fam and I get off on floor tubefests with the neighbors now and again, as I've hopefully specified. Roller rink Saturday matinees are a hoot, especially when we tap a keg. Golf is always golf even with lateral swings, and the Cheer Club plays nine when it's not hawking loquat pie and sausage for the subteen skate-o-ramas. Bill Jr. and Martha Jr. have Trans Ams with glass packs. He plays wahwah in the marching band and shortstop in the summer. She majorettes—her squad's the Whirlybirds. They both have part-time jobs and heartthrobs.

J of C's had more than its share of the DW prosperity. Somebody must've had an inside line, cause just at the start, when most congloms had kissed off construction for a cash-flow bottleneck cork, and starts were scarcer than hen's teeth, J of C shifted its diversification exactly that way. As DW became a fait accompli, other gloms moved in for some pie too. Horizontal bisection of existing units was the rule, though some spaces accommodated tri- and hypertrisection, and none of the new plexes and rises has ceilings above four feet. Housing's had megabucks for a demidecade now, and J of C's led the pack so I have plenty to crow about. True, some Jack or other over cocktails occasionally still gets nostalgic about the upright posture we abandoned. But I say, after all, was it ever really more than a posture?

[Poem]

ALPHABETS

By Seamus Heaney. "Alphabets," an earlier version of which was published in the July/August issue of Harvard Magazine, *was written for the Phi Beta Kappa literary exercises at Harvard in June. Heaney, the author of* Field Work, Poems: 1965–1975, *and* Sweeney Astray, *lives in Dublin. He is a senior visiting lecturer at Harvard.*

I

A shadow his father makes with joined hands
And thumbs and fingers nibbles on the wall
Like a rabbit's head. He understands
He will understand more when he goes to school.

Once there he draws smoke with chalk for a week,
Then draws the forked stick they call a Y.
This is writing. A swan's neck and swan's back
Make the 2 he can see now as well as say.

Two rafters and a cross-tie on the slate
Are the letter some call *ah*, some call *ay*.
There are charts, there are headlines, there is a right
Way to hold the pen and a wrong way.

First it is "copying out" and then "English"
Marked correct with a little leaning hoe.
Smells of inkwells rise in the classroom hush.
A globe in the window tilts like a colored O.

II

Declensions sang on air like a *hosanna*
As, column after stratified column,
Book One of *Elementa Latina*,
Marbled and minatory, rose up in him.

For he was fostered next in a stricter school
Named after the saint of the oak wood
Where he changed classrooms to the sound of a bell,
Leaving paved Latin for the branchy shade

Of an alphabet with letters named for trees.
Here capitals lifted heads in blossom
From lines scrolled thick as briars on the ditches—
Calligraphy which made him feel at home.

Here in her snooded garment and bare feet,
All ringletted in assonance and woodnotes,
The poets' dream stole over him like sunlight
And passed into the tenebrous thickets.

He learns this other writing. He is the scribe
Who drove a team of quills on his white field.
Round his cell door the blackbirds dart and dab.
Then self-denial, fasting, the pure cold.

By rules that hardened the farther they reached north
He bends to his desk and begins again.
Christ's sickle has been in the undergrowth.
The script grows bare and Merovingian.

III

The globe has spun. He stands in a wooden O.
He alludes to Shakespeare. He alludes to Graves.
Time has bulldozed the school and school window.
Balers drop bales like print-outs where stooked sheaves

Made lambdas on the stubble once at harvest
And the delta face of each potato pit
Was patted straight and moulded against frost.
All gone, with the omega that kept

Watch above each door, the good luck horseshoe.
Yet shape-note language, absolute on air
As Constantine's sky-lettered IN HOC SIGNO
Can still command him; or the necromancer

Who would hang from the domed ceiling of his house
A figure of the world with colors in it
So that the figure of the universe
And "not just single things" would meet his sight

When he walked abroad. As from his small window
The astronaut sees all he has sprung from,
The risen, aqueous, singular, lucent O
Like a magnified and buoyant ovum—

Or like my own wide pre-reflective stare
All agog at the plasterer on his ladder
Skimming our gable and writing our name there
With his trowel point, letter by strange letter. ■



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PROPHETS OF THE HOLY LAND

When in 1947 the UN handed down the Solomonic judgment that to resolve the "Palestine problem" the Holy Land would be divided into two nations bound together in "economic union," the laughter on Sinai must have been loud indeed. Chronicles of the terror and bloody reprisals of that time by Arabs and Jews hardly bespeak cooperation; they read more like accounts in today's newspapers, suggesting that all the wars and earnest diplomacy of the past forty years have done little to change, let alone ameliorate, what the editorialists now describe as the "Middle East conflict."

What prophet, brooding on the chaos and violence of 1947, would have predicted the chaos and violence of today? Two peoples remain bitterly intermingled in one land: Jews, archetypal exiles, struggling still to possess fully—and righteously—their "promised land"; and Arabs, newly exiled even within the borders of Palestine, struggling to transform their own myth of return into a workable politics.

However hazardous or foolhardy the business of prophesy, today's statesmen, if they are to see the Middle East without illusions, must search for its reflection in the future. Only then can they form the premises of a coherent policy. With this goal in mind, *Harper's* invited Arabs, Israelis, and others long involved in the region to imagine scenes from the Middle East of 1994.

FOUAD AJAMI *was born in southern Lebanon and raised in Beirut. He is now the director of Middle Eastern studies at Johns Hopkins University's School of Advanced International Studies.*

Men often entrust "the future" with this mission: that it draw limits and bring out hidden contradictions, thereby enabling men to change in profound ways. Sometimes the future is obedient; more often it disappoints. It brings neither redemption nor apocalypse. But men, stubborn and insecure as they are, continue to cling to familiar things: they prefer the troubles they know.

In 1994, Yasir Arafat and his principal lieutenants will be old men in their sixties. They were young boys when the first struggle for Palestine ended in the creation of Israel in 1948. It was the world of their fathers, with its habits and patterns of authority, that collapsed in 1948 and lost out to the Zionist claim. So much of the struggle of the Arafat generation has been about patricide: Arafat and his men have had to struggle with the legacy of their fathers' flight from their homeland. That generation's story has been one of traumatized and energetic men searching for a political vocation in the face of superior Israeli power, on the one hand, and Arab armies and intelligence services seeking to control them, on the other. With the establishment of the PLO, a political vocation of sorts became possible, bringing with it what such endeavors generally bring: power and disappointment, a string of defeats interrupted by occasional consolations. Today Arafat and his lieutenants, banished from the power and corruption of Beirut and southern Lebanon, know they have lost their final possession—a border with an enemy they could see and hope to fight. Their political venture has ended in the banal isolation of a Tunis hotel.

No great changes can be expected in the politics of the Arafat generation. It is the product of a particular era in Arab politics, the nationalist 1950s and 1960s. On any given day, it was then believed, Arab society could be engaged on behalf of the Palestinian claim—if only that society had been taught enough about Palestine and the Palestinians, or been defiled enough by Israel's victories. But the Arab world today is too numb, too burdened, and too cynical to come to the rescue of the Palestinians. The Arabs will risk their new consumer society, the dizzying world of wealth and privilege they have created in the last decade. The old Arab fidelities—to traditional dress and mores, no less than to traditional political beliefs—have been shattered. The ruthless regimes in Iraq and Libya and Syria, and the Arab states of the Gulf, now have other concerns than the plight of the Palestinians. The sky will not fall, Arab rulers surely know, if the Palestinians are left to fight for themselves against Israel, if Israeli settlements continue to spring up on the West Bank. One by one, the Arab states are freeing themselves of their Palestinian burden.

The cold peace between Egypt and Israel will hold, even as Egyptian intellectuals complain about it and Israelis speak of their disillusionment with it. The wealthier states of the Gulf will continue to play the role they have played in the past: providing the money that keeps the world of the Palestinian diaspora intact and floats the PLO. Those states thereby gain a kind of absolution: no further exertion can be asked of them. Lebanon, too, has been freed of its Palestinian burden, a result of the bloody disorder of the last decade and the political order that has emerged from it. The three groups that will dominate Lebanon's politics in the coming decade—the Shiites in the south and greater Beirut, the Druse in the Shouf Mountains, and the Maronite Christians in East Beirut and Mount Lebanon—are agreed on one point: there is no place for the Palestinians in Lebanon. It was West Beirut, with its Pan-Arab politics, that had made room for the Palestinians. And it was the weakness and disorder of the Shiites in southern Lebanon—and their sympathy for the Palestinians—that had allowed the PLO to rule there. But West Beirut and its politics have been overwhelmed; and the Shiites are no longer the quiescent people they once were (thanks in large part to the Israeli invasion and occupation).

Syria alone continues to speak the old language about the conflict with Israel, to claim for itself the role of "principal confrontation state." But the old slogans now serve the prerogatives of the political class that rules Syria. Syria has become a status quo power. Greater Syria and Greater Israel have emerged as the Fertile Crescent's two dominant powers; they will continue to oppose each other and, as adversaries always do, to need each other. They have agreed to the de facto partition of Lebanon. Syrian troops will most likely remain in the Bekaa Valley. Israel will withdraw its troops from the south (the price of outright occupation has proved prohibitive); but it will continue to play a role there through a proxy force, as it did before the 1982 invasion. Syria will remain the broker of Lebanese politics, having won that dubious prize from Israel and the United States. But Israel and Syria agree that there will be no Palestinian state on the West Bank, nor any arrangement restoring Jordanian sovereignty there.

The Jordanians will remain entangled with Palestine and the Palestinians. But King Hus-

sein will not risk his country's social peace and economic achievements in a hopeless bid for the West Bank. Even if Israel is willing to give up some of the territory, which is doubtful, it will not be enough for the Jordanian monarch, who must bring it all back to the Palestinians and the other Arabs, ready, as always, to shout betrayal. In ten years the "Reagan plan" of September 1982, which sought the return of the West Bank to Jordan, will be a dim memory—just one more diplomatic proposal in a conflict that has seen the most lofty international pronouncements overtaken by events.

There are really two Palestinian dilemmas, as will become clearer in the next decade. The first is that of the Palestinians under Israeli control on the West Bank and in Gaza; the second is that of the diaspora Palestinians. The first dilemma has become the moral and political burden of Israel and, by extension, America. The second is the burden of the Arab states and the PLO.

For the foreseeable future, surely for the next decade, Israel will remain in possession of the West Bank. A generation of Israelis has come into adulthood thinking of the West Bank as part of Israel. In the eyes of these Israelis, the "green line" separating Israel from the West Bank has been obliterated, and the history of Israel after 1967 is simply an extension of the struggle that culminated in statehood in 1948. Some argue, of course, that such perceptions can be reversed. But how could they be? For the political issue need not be brought to a head: no official act of annexation—which would result in the national trauma of offering true citizenship to hundreds of thousands of Palestinians—will be passed by Israel's parliament. Rather, matters will be left to speak for themselves.

Rabbi Meir Kahane's utopia of a "pure" Jewish realm will not come to pass. Israel will remain a Jewish state with an Arab minority: a dual society. There will continue to be grave moral costs to maintaining dominion over a million Palestinians; no pretty edifice can be built on the ruin and bitterness of other men. But societies have a way of living with moral ambiguity . . .

America will continue to finance the Israeli settlement policies it claims to abhor. The Arabs will continue to assert a "metaphysical" claim to the West Bank and then go on with life as usual. No one need stand up and proclaim that the land has been lost; no one need say that the second struggle for Palestine has been fought and lost. After all, no one in the Arab world (except Sadat) ever stood up and proclaimed that what happened in 1948 is irreversible. Reality never begs to be ratified by men.

GEORGE W. BALL

was under secretary of state during the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. His most recent book, Error and Betrayal in Lebanon, *is an analysis of the 1982 Israeli invasion and its consequences for U.S.-Israeli relations.*

So long as Israel bases its policies toward the Arab world on two faulty assumptions, I cannot be optimistic about its future or the prospects for peace in the Middle East. The first faulty assumption is that the Arab nations will ultimately reconcile themselves to Israel's increasingly repressive occupation of the West Bank and Gaza, its formal annexation of East Jerusalem and the Golan Heights, and its continued control—whether directly or through a Lebanese proxy army—of a large part of southern Lebanon. In view of the political stalemate now paralyzing Israeli policy, there seems little chance that any of these territories will soon be traded for peace. On the contrary, Israel's present jerry-built government will almost certainly expand the settlements on the West Bank, absorbing that territory into Israel in fact if not in law; the only question is how long that absorption will take.

Although to most observers the occupation of the West Bank, with its 900,000 Palestinian inhabitants, remains the paramount issue, Israel's annexation of the Golan Heights in 1981 and its invasion of Lebanon the following year may have more seriously prejudiced its future. If it is true, as the Israelis claim, that Syria's control of the Golan Heights posed an unacceptable threat to Galilee, it is also true that Israel's possession of that high ground now poses a critical threat to Damascus (a point driven home to the Syrians by General Ariel Sharon when he attacked them in Lebanon in 1982). As President Hafez el-Assad's vigorous defense program suggests, Syria does not intend to let that strategic territory remain permanently in Israeli hands.

Unhappily, Israel and its supporters in the United States are increasing the likelihood of military conflict by taking actions that diminish U.S. influence in the region. While the Israeli lobby has effectively pressured the United States to provide more and more arms to Israel, it has blocked the sale of even modest defensive weapons to Arab states long friendly to America. When it does yield on some innocuous sale, often after vituperative public debate, it insists that the United States attach conditions embarrassing to the Arab purchasers. As a result, Arab states—including Jordan—are turning to other arms suppliers, principally the Soviet Union. The strategic-cooperation agreement announced by Washington in 1983, a measure

...ly supported by the Israeli lobby, has also ...much to alienate traditionally friendly Arab states. The agreement is ostensibly intended to counter the Soviet threat in the region by promoting military cooperation between the United States and Israel, but Arab leaders view it—realistically—as directed against them and designed to protect Israel's territorial conquests.

In the short run, our alienation of Arab states will strengthen the Soviet Union's influence in the Middle East. In the long run, it may help create the conditions for an Arab-Israeli war that we shall have lost all ability to restrain. The prospect of such a war is particularly disturbing in light of Israel's second faulty assumption—that its forces will always be able to defeat any combination of Arab forces without direct military involvement by the United States. Ever since the Camp David accords neutralized Egypt and thus blunted the threat of a two-front war, this postulate has been central to Israeli strategy. But in the aftermath of Israel's ill-conceived adventure in Lebanon, it needs to be re-examined.

By using advanced American weapons to destroy Syria's Soviet planes and missiles, General Sharon not only recklessly revealed the tactics Israel had been secretly developing since the 1973 war; he also committed the unforgivable error of humiliating a superpower. The Soviet Union responded by supplying Damascus with $2 billion worth of its most advanced weapons and providing 12,000 advisers to train Syrian troops. Today Damascus is protected by perhaps the densest antiaircraft defenses in the world, and Syria's arsenal includes missiles able to strike Israeli cities with great accuracy.

In every war it has fought, Israel has managed, despite its relatively small population, to deploy more troops than its adversaries. But the Arabs' frustration at the outcome of each conflict has led their governments to improve the training of their troops and officers and expand the size of their armies. Thus Israel's advantage has steadily dwindled. At the end of 1984, Israel should still be able to marshal 675,000 troops against 600,000 for its probable opponents, Syria (with 500,000) and Jordan (with 100,000). But President Assad recently announced that Syria would expand its forces to 800,000 troops by 1986; and King Hussein of Jordan, amid widespread speculation in Israel that in any future war with Syria Israeli troops would be forced to pass through Jordan, is increasing the size of his regular army and establishing a 200,000-man militia. Within four or five years, Israel's projected strength of 725,000 troops may be countered by at least a million Syrians and Jordanians; and this number does not include any troops from Iraq, Lebanon, the PLO, the Gulf states, or Egypt.

It is unlikely that Israel, actually outnumbered for the first time, would be able to deliver a quick knockout blow to the Arabs. Instead, any conflict could develop into a war of attrition, in which Israel's staying power would be severely limited by its smaller manpower reserves and its fragile economy. In such circumstances Israel would have no choice but to request U.S. troops. (Indeed, concern over this scenario may explain why some of Israel's American friends are pressing to expand the military collaboration provided for by the strategic-cooperation agreement. Thomas A. Dine, president of AIPAC, the main pro-Israel lobbying group, has said that the Israeli lobby must concentrate its efforts to "finish building the military and economic alliance" with Israel.)

American politicians make a ritual of declaring their commitment to Israel's security. Still, I can think of nothing more divisive for this country than a decision to send American boys to defend a beleaguered Israel seeking to preserve its territorial conquests. Such a step would stir prejudices and ethnic enmities and provide a field day for demagogues, and it could inflame the hostility between Jews and blacks that surfaced during the presidential primaries last spring. A decision to send U.S. troops to the Middle East would force all Americans to confront an agonizing dilemma: Should we reject the tragic lesson of Vietnam and again send young men to die for a cause that a majority of Americans do not wholeheartedly support?

Can we avoid this lamentable choice? That depends on four developments. First, an Israeli government must emerge that wants peace more than territory and is politically strong enough to conduct effective diplomacy to achieve it. Second, the United States must develop a coherent Middle East policy and take advantage of its great unused leverage with Israel and its rapidly declining influence with friendly Arab states to press for a peaceful solution. Third, the institutions that speak for America's Jewish community must stop indiscriminately supporting the policies of whatever Israeli government is in power and begin strongly encouraging Israel to seek peace rather than hegemony. Finally, Israel's Arab neighbors must achieve enough unity to come forward with proposals that could lead to fruitful negotiations.

Merely to list these essential but improbable developments is deeply discouraging.

LEON WIESELTIER *is literary editor of the* New Republic *and the author of* Nuclear War, Nuclear Peace. *He has written widely on the history and politics of the Jews.*

For the seekers of peace between Israel and the Arabs, the task is to hold fast to the distinction between pessimism and fatalism. There is no reason to believe that there will be a war during the next decade, though the recent emboldenment of Syria, the creeping chiliasm of Iran, and the geopolitical intrigues of the Soviet Union might, any or all of them, create a crisis that concludes in armed hostilities. There may be peace between Israel and the Arabs, then, in the sense of an absence of war. (The same prediction cannot be quite so confidently made about peace between the Arabs and the Arabs.) But peace in the sense of a cordiality between peoples, of a regional community—there does not now exist the foundation for that particular blessing. Nothing illustrates that fact so dramatically as the frayed state of Israel's peace with Egypt. Camp David was a rare act of reason, a great redirection of a grim past; but a normalization of relations—the full exchange of human resources that is the sign of real friendship—has not occurred.

A state may reconcile with another state for reasons of self-interest; during the next decade the strength of Israel or the pressure of the superpowers may produce some kind of agreement between Israel and Jordan, or even between Israel and Syria. The problem of the Palestinians, however, is less tractable. Israel must find a way to live with a population that is new to nationalism, and rarely is such a population distinguished by realism. For Israel, solving the problem is more than a question of its security; it is a question of its fate. But the prospect of concluding an agreement that will satisfy the requirements of Israeli security as well as of Palestinian nationalism is remote indeed.

The Palestinians, for their part, must find a way to live with Israel. The history of Palestinian politics since the return of the Jews to Zion is a phenomenon difficult to understand; it is the history of a people acting, year after year, decade after decade, against its own interests. No doubt the Zionist success in Palestine was a serious shock for Palestinians. No doubt, too, the Zionists never fully understood the nature of that shock. Still, the perdurability of the Jewish presence in Palestine was there in the 1930s for anyone with eyes to see. The Palestinians refused to accept it, and so they practiced a politics that almost never consisted of anything except bombs and boycotts. In 1947 the United Nations called for a Jewish state *and* a Palestinian state; but the Arabs, instead of creating the latter, tried destroying the former. Twenty years later they tried again, losing in six days of successful Israeli self-defense the territories whose occupation they now impute to Israeli imperialism. It will be a great day in Palestinian history when the Palestinian responsibility for Palestinian misery is recognized by Palestinians. Perhaps they might take a lesson from the Zionists, who did not leave Jewish refugees festering in Cyprus camps while they waited for their national dream, in its every detail, to be realized. Nor did the Zionists work themselves up into revolutionary frenzies and systematically kill innocent people. Consider, moreover, the Palestinians' response to Camp David. In 1978 they were offered autonomy. They refused. They wanted sovereignty. Fair enough. But autonomy was supposed to last only five years, after which sovereignty would be negotiable. A year ago autonomy would have ended. The Palestinians on the West Bank could have raised a national flag with the sympathy of the world. Instead they have nothing; or, worse, they have the Israeli destruction of the PLO in Lebanon. Was holding out for everything really worth it? Was the imperfection of the treaty's provision for the Palestinians really worse than their life in the camps?

The prospects for peace on the Palestinian side remain meager, and not merely because of the radical rhetoric of all their leaders and almost all their intellectuals. The West Bank has been occupied for seventeen years now. An entire generation of Palestinians has grown up in what feels like a classic colonial reality, ignorant of the moral and political complexity of its own past—that there was supposed to have been a state called Palestine, that Jordan also ruled the West Bank by force of conquest, that there is another Zionism that does not rule out territorial compromise and mutual self-respect. During the next decade, it is this Palestinian generation that may thwart even the most forthcoming of Israeli governments.

But forthcoming Israeli governments do not seem forthcoming. *That* is the new factor in the Arab–Israeli fight: the new Jewish hardening. In 1947 most Jews accepted partition and most Arabs did not. Now most Jews do not accept it either. This hardening is the product of something more than the natural vigilance of the victim. It is the product of the rise of one kind of Zionism and the fall of another. The moral, political, and intellectual ascendancy of Revisionist Zionism, better known as the Likud, has been accompanied by the moral, political, and intellectual exhaustion of Labor Zionism; the presence of Shimon Peres in the prime minister's office cannot hide this fact. Revisionist Zionism, founded by the great, misguided Vlad-

ky, was never satisfied with the establishment of a Jewish state. It was obsessed with the size and shape of that state: unless its borders coincided with those of its Biblical ancestor, as they did not, the state was unfinished. Had the Revisionists dominated the Zionist movement in the 1930s and 1940s, the Jewish state would not have been born, because the partition plan did not sate their appetite for national symbolism. The capture of the territories in 1967 was a great fortuity for the Revisionists, led by Menachem Begin. Moreover, the intransigence of the Arabs, and the paternalism of the Labor governments, gradually produced the political and social reasons for the rise of the Likud to power in 1977. Suddenly it seemed possible to dust off the old dream, and to realize it.

The argument commonly made on behalf of the Likud position is that neither the king of Jordan nor a responsible Palestinian authority has come forward for a territorial compromise. Absolutely right; except that the absence of an Arab interlocutor does not justify *anything* that the Israelis do. The settlement of the populated areas of the West Bank does nothing to enhance Israeli security but does a great deal to make a political solution impossible. Jews have a legal right and a historical right to live in "Judea and Samaria." Still, the possession of a right is not sufficient reason for its every exercise. Since nobody has yet provided an answer to the question of how Israel can absorb more than a million Arabs and still stay both democratic and Jewish, the prudent thing for Israel to do is to stay its hand on the West Bank, to meet the requirements of its security but not of its right-wing chauvinists, so that annexation does not become a historical inevitability.

Two changes must take place before a territorial compromise will be possible. First, the king of Jordan must cease his displays of petulance and come forward to negotiate. That is to say, he must become a brave man. His region is paying dearly for his cowardice. To be sure, his risk is great; but so, too, is the risk of the final loss of the West Bank, and of a Palestinian claim upon his kingdom. Second, the Labor Party in Israel must recover its identity. Instead of trying to finesse its differences with the Likud, it must finally state them plainly. For the third time in three elections, however, Shimon Peres appears to have escaped the fact of his own defeat. As for the government of national unity over which Peres presides, it has already succeeded in lowering the temperature of Israeli politics, which is no small thing. The technocracy is rather tranquilizing. But it is not designed for decisions about principle, and the Palestinian problem requires such a decision.

ABBA EBAN *is a former foreign minister of Israel. He is currently chairman of the Knesset's Security and Foreign Affairs Committee. His most recent books are* The New Diplomacy *and* Heritage: Civilization and the Jews.

Israel is the only democratic country in the world with a question mark poised over its national identity. What is conventionally described as the Palestine problem is really the problem of Israel itself. What is Israel? What are its dimensions and its boundaries, who belongs and who does not belong to the Zionist enterprise, what is the degree of its commitment to its democratic principles and to its Jewish character? All these questions flow from the dilemma involved in exercising a coercive jurisdiction over another nation whose population amounts to some 38 percent of Israel's and which is joined to Israel by no cement except that of military power.

No democratic country resembles what Israel would look like, socially and politically, if it were to incorporate the Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza. If it were to offer the Palestinians an unwanted Israeli citizenship as a substitute for an Arab political destiny, Israel would resemble Algeria before De Gaulle cut it loose from French rule. If it were to incorporate the territories without offering the Palestinians full suffrage, Israel would resemble South Africa. An Israel in which a man's rights were defined by his ethnic identity would be one of the most startling paradoxes of history: an Arab population would be living under Israeli rule in a condition similar to that against which the Jews themselves struggled in many lands over many generations. The political crisis would be that of Israel; the moral crisis, that of Diaspora Jews who support it. The late Yigal Allon described the dilemma with stark realism in 1967: "If we give them citizenship we shall cease to be a Jewish State because the balance of decision in parliament will be taken by Arab members who have no real allegiance or devotion to our Zionist purposes and are Israelis against their will. . . . If we do not give them the vote we shall cease to be a democratic state and we shall be infected with a colonial image." From this analysis the Labor movement concluded that, after some territorial changes for the sake of security, Israel should release the bulk of the territories for an Arab destiny, in association with Jordan. This was to be done not only for altruistic motives of compromise and international harmony but also, and chiefly, for enlightened self-interest—the preservation of Israel's cohesion and national identity.

There are those who assert that this option has already disappeared. They invoke an "irre-

versible" process of integration arising from the settlements already established in the heart of Arab-populated areas; an allegedly "irresistible" dynamism in the settlement process, powered by radical and fundamentalist movements in the Israeli political system bitterly opposed to territorial compromise; and immutable changes already made on the ground, such as the roads and electric grids that "integrate" the West Bank with Israel. They conclude that the issue is already won for coercive integration of the territories and that Israel as a strictly Jewish de-

One way of losing a cause is to assume that it is already lost. The defeatists become the objective allies of the annexationists. I do not accept the theory of "irreversibility." Roads and electric grids do not prevent a government from deciding to renounce sovereignty; and even those who oppose annexation, including myself, advocate a large measure of economic integration and mutual accessibility between an Israel within secure boundaries and whatever jurisdiction will ultimately control Judea, Samaria, and Gaza. The decisive factor here is that the attempt to deny the Arab character of the West Bank and Gaza by demographic and other changes has failed. A territorial compromise leading to demilitarized territories under Arab rule is not only feasible but inevitable.

After seventeen years of Israeli occupation, including seven years of control by an avowedly annexationist Likud leadership, the territories remain tenaciously unintegrated. The Jewish population has increased from zero to 29,000, an average of 1,700 a year. But the Arab population increase has far outstripped this, despite the many Arabs who have emigrated; Arabs now number 1.3 million, constituting "only" 98 percent of the population of the West Bank and Gaza. And this meager Jewish population was achieved under optimal conditions—vast funds were provided for politically motivated settlements that were strongly encouraged by the prime minister and the defense minister. These conditions no longer exist; financial stringency makes further huge investments in settlements impossible, and last July's election left Israel with a prime minister and a defense minister from the Labor party, which rejects incorporation of the territories. And there is now visible public disquiet on the question of more settlements, partly as a result of recent excesses, including bombings and other terrorism against West Bank Arabs, attributed by the courts to a "Jewish underground" made up of militant settlers. Some Israelis may still point to the prospect that the settlers will be 100,000 strong in a decade, but many realize that their numbers may well remain static.

The Israeli Declaration of Independence sets out the model of a free nation accepting the burden and challenge of its own destiny without imposing that destiny on others beyond the call of its own security. To accept a somewhat more compact territorial configuration in favor of a return to Israel's visionary origins will not be an easy task. But it is far from being a lost cause. That this is no longer contrary to Israeli government policy is the most important result of what was otherwise an indecisive election. And King Hussein's statesmanlike act in renewing diplomatic relations with Egypt indicates that Jordan may be aware of the new and crucial challenge it faces. Unfreezing the deadlock affecting the West Bank and Gaza is impossible without active Jordanian participation in the peace process, and it is more realistic to hope for this now than it was even a few months ago.



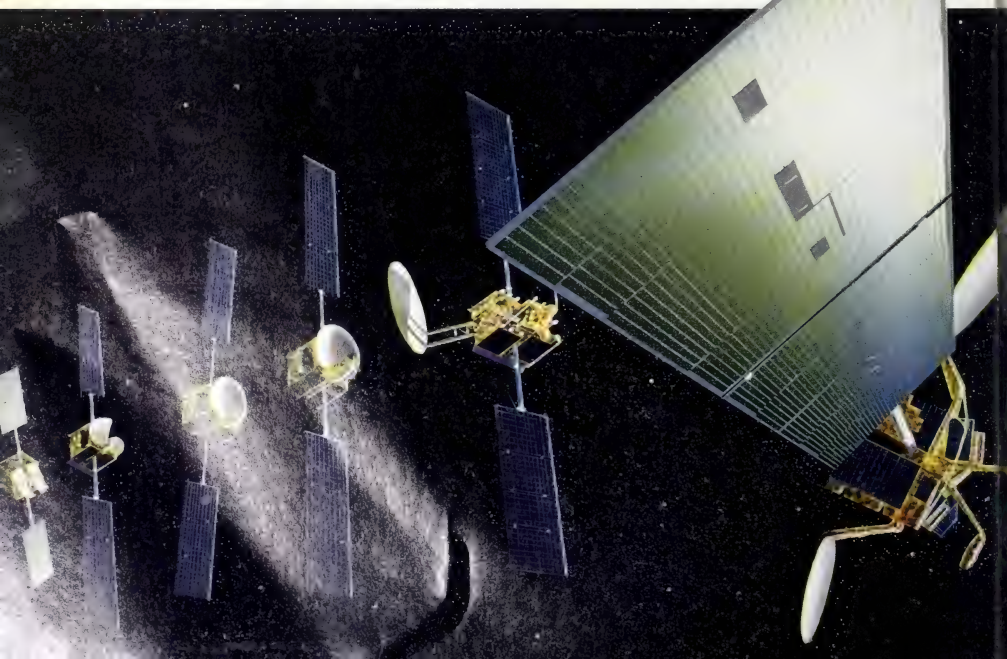
Sources: United Nations; West Bank Data Project. The 1948–49 war left Jordan in possession of the West Bank, which it annexed in 1950, and Egypt in possession of Gaza. Israel conquered both territories in 1967.

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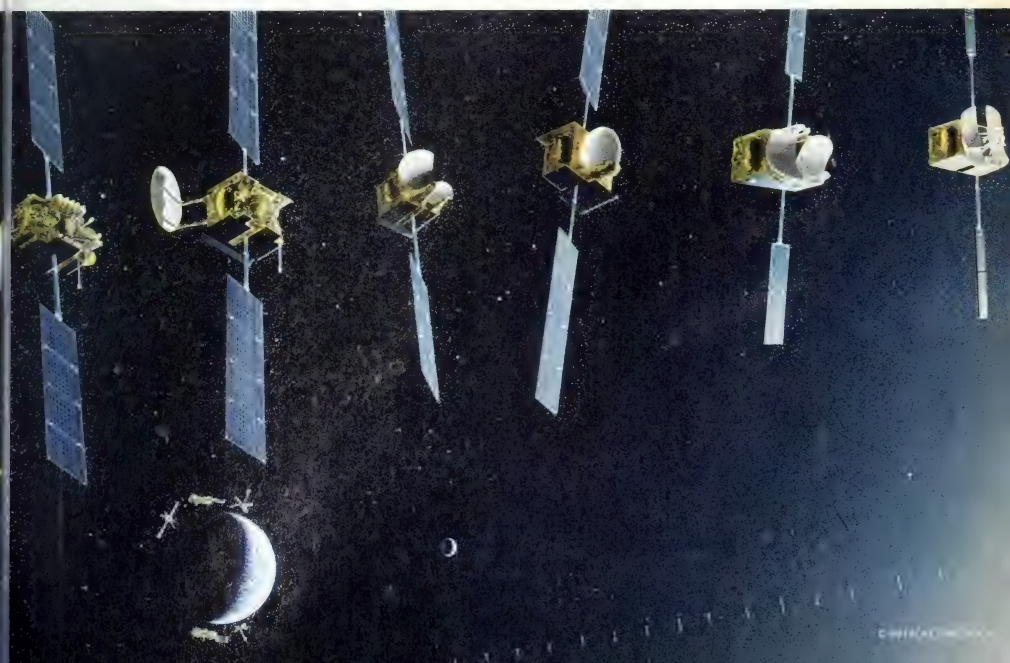
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CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN *was formerly editor in chief of the* Observer *in London. His book* The Siege: An Outsider Looks at Zionism and Israel *will be published in the spring.*

One prediction can be made about the Middle East of 1994 with something approaching certainty: Israel will still control the West Bank and Gaza, and its presence there will still be challenged. This conclusion is inescapable when one considers a basic question: Are there *any* results at all likely in a general election in Israel, ever, that would lead to Israel's withdrawal from all or almost all of the West Bank and the creation of some kind of Palestinian political entity there (perhaps in association with Jordan, linked to Israel by treaty, as proposed in the "Reagan plan" of 1982)?



Source: West Bank Data Project. West Bank population figures do not include East Jerusalem, which Israel annexed in June 1967. Thirteen thousand residents of East Jerusalem are estimated to have fled the city.

Consider the most favorable of all election results (that are at all conceivable) with respect to the territory-for-peace idea embodied in the Reagan plan: a coalition government made up of Labor and the two dovish parties to its left, Shinui and the Civil Rights Movement. Such a government could offer Jordan *some* of the West Bank in exchange for a peace treaty, as envisioned in Labor's famous "Jordanian option," which is in fact nothing more than the old "Allon plan," first put forward as early as 1967. Under this plan Israel would keep Jerusalem as its united capital, retain its line of defenses and Jewish settlements along the western bank of the river Jordan, and reserve the right of military access across the territory of the West Bank. This plan, in all its versions, has been consistently rejected by Jordan for more than fifteen years. King Hussein would be running very serious risks if he concluded *any* peace treaty with Israel, even one that gave him back all of Jordan's lost territory. But signing a treaty leaving Israel in possession of all Jerusalem, and of the line along the western bank of the river, would be political suicide.

It is widely assumed that the United States could persuade, or pressure, a Labor coalition to "up the ante" on this offer so as to make it more attractive to the Jordanians and to most of the Arab population of the West Bank. But in the face of such American pressure, even a Labor government is likely to prefer resistance—with the backing of a great majority of Israelis—to the grisly internal consequences that would probably follow any proposal to "improve" its Jordanian option. For a Labor coalition would be in dire political trouble if the actual handing over of even parts of the West Bank and Gaza to Arab control came to be debated in the Knesset. The Likud and its allies on the further nationalist right would brand Labor and its allies as traitors for their willingness to abandon any part of the sacred soil of Judea and Samaria. The debate within Israel would become superheated and envenomed, with incidents of violence and the overtones of incipient civil war. Facing this tremendous emotional assault from the right, Labor would not be able to count on unity within its ranks. Recent polls show that 30 percent of *Labor* supporters oppose giving up any part of Judea and Samaria. The effort to implement the Jordanian option would precipitate not only a major political crisis in Israel generally but an agonizing crisis within Labor as well.

How, under these conditions, could Labor *improve* on its Jordanian option? Offer to dismantle the defense line along the river Jordan (which would break the party's repeated pledges and bring down upon it the weight of Israel's military establishment)? Offer to abandon East

Jerusalem and the Wailing Wall? Invite the PLO to join the negotiations? If Labor attempted any of these things, it too would be committing political suicide. In fact, the Jordanian option is only really safe for Labor so long as the Jordanians refuse to touch it, and thus the Labor leaders are likely to continue to emphasize precisely those aspects of their Jordanian option that are most unpalatable to the Jordanians.

So the West Bank, by all indications, will still be under Israeli rule in 1994. But will the Arab inhabitants still be there? It is on this question that there is a real debate (as distinct from an ostensible or formal one) inside Israel. And it is because of this question that it matters whether right or left predominates in the Israeli government. Any future Labor government would likely return to the policy of minimal interference with the Arab population of the West Bank that was instituted by Moshe Dayan after the 1967 war. If such a policy prevails during the next ten years, 1994 will likely see the West Bank under Israeli military control, with a large and growing Arab population looking to Amman as its de facto capital.

But if the right again becomes dominant in Israeli politics, the future of the Arab population could be very different. Although Rabbi Meir Kahane's Kach party won only a single seat in last summer's Knesset elections, there is no doubt that the policy for which Kach is best known—forcing the Arabs out of the West Bank—has considerably wider support than the 20,000 votes required to elect a member of the Knesset. There is support for such ideas, in various shadings, on the right wing of Likud, in the ultranationalist Tehiya party, and on the religious right. Under a Likud government, these groups are likely to exert considerable leverage. They will aim to provoke an Arab revolt, then to punish it, thus creating a cycle of violence that will lead—so the far right hopes—to a mass flight of the Arab population.

The irony of this is that international pressure on Israel to withdraw from the West Bank strengthens right-wing extremists like Kahane, and thus increases the threat they pose to the West Bank Arab population. The greater the international pressure appears, the greater will be the appeal, to the Israeli right, of taking steps to preempt it by creating a major new "fact" of population—not only an increase in the number of Jewish settlers, but a sharp decrease in the number of Arab inhabitants. Those in the West who argue that the effort to rule over large numbers of Arabs may eventually destroy Israel itself might do well to note that Meir Kahane is making the same point—while drawing from it an inference radically different from what the Western critics have in mind.

HASSAN BIN TALAL *is Crown Prince of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, brother of King Hussein, and heir to the throne. He is the author of* A Study on Jerusalem, Palestinian Self-Determination, *and* Search for Peace.

There are really only two visions of relations between Israel and the Arab world in 1994, two real alternatives to a continuation of the impasse now paralyzing the region. The first is a vision of peace and tranquillity and regional cooperation, of a Middle East where nations will at last be able to devote their full energies to reconstruction and development. The second is a vision of war and upheaval and continued enmity. We greatly prefer the first of these visions, but it can become the reality of 1994 only if a just and comprehensive settlement is concluded between Israel and its Arab neighbors. To achieve such a settlement will require not only a spirit of moderation and compromise from the parties directly involved but the active participation of the world community, particularly the United States and the Soviet Union.

How can such a settlement be reached? First, sanity and common sense must guide our conduct in public affairs, for only farsighted men who realize the inherent dangers of the politics of extremism can produce a lasting peace in the Middle East. Peace *is* within reach: since 1967, attitudes in the Arab world toward Israel have changed radically, becoming increasingly moderate and thus making a comprehensive, lasting solution possible. Jordan recently strengthened the Arab peace constituency by restoring diplomatic relations with Egypt. We did this in a positive spirit, in the interest of Arab unity, a unity that is essential if we are to move decisively toward peace with justice for all countries in the Middle East.

Unfortunately, the spirit of moderation and determination growing in the Arab nations has not been accompanied by a similar evolution in Israel. On the contrary, Israeli society has begun to spawn the kind of political extremism, and to practice the kind of political repression, that was only too common in the Arab politics of the past. Israel steadfastly refuses to withdraw from the West Bank, Gaza, and East Jerusalem, basing its intransigence on dubious religious and nationalistic claims. Israel does not want to settle the Palestinian problem. It wants to eliminate it—by obliterating Palestine as a nation and the Palestinians as a people.

The Palestine question is at the core of the Israeli-Arab conflict. Without a settlement that respects cultural values and human dignity by granting Palestinians the right of self-determination, cooperation between the nations of the

Middle East will remain far out of reach. At the 1982 Fez summit conference, the Arab nations reached a consensus (to which the PLO also subscribed) that was based on UN resolutions 242 and 338. These resolutions call for the "respect and acknowledgment of the sovereignty, territorial integrity, and political independence of every state in the area, and their right to live in peace within secure and recognized boundaries free from threats or acts of force," and they call on Israel to withdraw from the Arab territories occupied in the war of 1967.

Jordan has declared repeatedly that the principles of "peace for territory" and "total peace for total territory" must be the basis for any negotiations. Indeed, this quid pro quo arrangement was the essence of the peace treaty signed by Israel and Egypt in 1979, in which Israel returned the Sinai to Egypt in return for peace and full diplomatic recognition. Israel stubbornly refuses to apply this principle to the other Arab lands it occupies, claiming that it must maintain a military presence in the West Bank to ensure its own security and that of its settlements there. But many of Israel's policies in the West Bank, especially its settlement program, are difficult to justify as necessary for security. Israel still has overwhelming military superiority over all the Arab states in the region, over and above its nuclear capability—the myth of an Israeli David confronting an Arab Goliath that was propagated in 1948 has long since been discredited. Israel wishes to live in peace with its neighbors and to be recognized by them as a state; it should therefore acknowledge the legitimate rights of its neighbors to such recognition, and give up freely land it may one day have to yield by force or as a result of internal political conflict.

Once Israel accepts the territory-for-peace principle, the full provisions of international law can be applied in the occupied territories, and the Palestinians' cultural, religious, economic, and political rights will at last be recognized. After Israel has withdrawn from the West Bank, Gaza, and East Jerusalem, measures can be taken, perhaps similar to those worked out between Egypt and Israel in the Sinai involving multinational forces, to ensure that peace will prevail. Last April, His Majesty King Hussein affirmed that any future Palestinian political entity in the occupied territories would be closely linked to Jordan, an objective shared by the Palestinians, including the PLO. A confederation between the two banks of the river Jordan will be achieved.

Only then can the enormous task of reconstruction and development begin. I believe that, in time, the area might be transformed into the economic center of the Middle East, a middle ground that would combine the enormous human resources of Jordan, Israel, Lebanon, and Palestine with the huge financial power of the oil-producing states of the Gulf. My vision is of an economic union in the region, a commonwealth similar to that formed by the Benelux countries, which would facilitate the free movement of people, goods, and capital among the member states. The nations of the region would bind themselves together in order to promote progress and economic development, instead of tearing themselves apart by war and destruction.

But this vision of prosperity and cooperation could easily be frustrated. Religious fanaticism and national irredentism threaten the peace of the region, as well as the social fabric of every country in the Middle East. Israel's nationalistic claims to Arab lands will inevitably undermine the spirit of moderation and compromise among the Arabs. Recent public demands in Israel—now voiced even by a Knesset member—that the Arab inhabitants of Israel and of the occupied territories be forcibly expelled in order to create a "pure" Jewish state only strengthen the belief among Arabs that the only solution to the conflict will come through military force. Like the Arab youth of the 1950s and early 1960s, young Arabs, confronted with Israeli intransigence and aggression, will conclude that they have no alternative but to prepare for another war. Meanwhile, since extremist politics feed extremist politics, radicals and fundamentalists of all kinds will grow in power and influence in the Arab countries and within Israel. Is it not obvious where such a dynamic will lead? Terrorism will triumph. Local wars will spread, endangering the fragile stability of the Middle East and polarizing the region along East–West lines. The Middle East of the future could become the focal point of a permanent war.

These, then, are my two visions of 1994: peace and cooperation on one side, war and enmity on the other. There is no doubt which of these we prefer, but we need the help of the world community to achieve it. We must not allow our constructive vision to disappear in the morass of endless confrontation. Future generations, of all our peoples, will never forgive us.

RAJA SHIHADEH *is an attorney practicing in the West Bank town of Ramallah and director of Law in the Service of Man, the West Bank affiliate of the International Commission of Jurists. His books include* Samed: A Journal of Life in the West Bank *and* Occupier's Law: The Annexation of the West Bank Without Its Inhabitants.

Hebron, 1994

I was brought to meet Moshe, a Jewish settler from Hebron, on a deceptively calm night in 1994. It had been another week of bloodshed in the West Bank, another tragic turn in the cycle of violence that had continued for months: terrorist bombings and murders, brutal arrests and banishment orders, noisy protests and bloody confrontations. I was meeting Moshe at the insistence of a mutual friend, who wanted to "promote understanding" in the West Bank. I had thought no one in Israel still believed in such empty phrases: it seemed a throwback to the early 1980s, a mockery. When I think back to my talk with Moshe, I understand why.

"I come from a very religious family," Moshe began. "My parents brought me to live in Hebron when I was very young, when the Jewish quarter was nothing but a handful of determined Jewish settlers surrounded by a sea of Arabs. My parents believed in settling the Holy Land, as I do. But Judaism to me is first of all a religion of justice and righteousness; all over the world, it is Jews who have led the fight for human rights and equality. I can't close my eyes to the injustice that goes on around me—the injustice that we Jews do to you Arabs. I see this injustice, and I have no choice but to do something about it. That is why our friend brought me to see you—I have organized a group of Jews who support greater civil rights for Arabs in the West Bank and Gaza. I'm sure I don't need to tell you that starting such a group has isolated me from my people; I often have to keep silent to avoid being condemned as a traitor by other settlers. But our cause is important. . . ."

"You say this 'group' of yours calls for 'greater civil rights' for Palestinians," I said. "Do you mean you want to grant us full Israeli citizenship? Does your group call for annexing the West Bank to Israel?"

Moshe looked a little less sure of himself now. He shook his head.

"So," I continued, "your sense of 'justice' will not allow you to accept being a citizen of a state that subjects two groups to two different legal systems on the basis of their religion. You find this situation repugnant. Yet you do not demand that the non-Jewish inhabitants of the West Bank be granted full citizenship. Why not?"

"You are asking me to betray what my parents fought for all their lives: the right to live in the land of Eretz Israel—all of it—under the jurisdiction of a Jewish state. If we granted the Arabs citizenship, you would constitute 40 percent of Israel's population. You would have the right to vote in our elections and would eventually control the country. How could I ever agree to that?"

"On this point you and I agree: I do not want your citizenship. Besides, why should Israel change everything by annexing the West Bank now? I remember only too well the legal changes that took place during the early 1980s, how different laws came to be applied to Jewish settlers and to Palestinians, laws that let you take our land. Why should Israel create problems by formally annexing the territory? Unless, of course, those Jews who want to force us to emigrate take power, and succeed in chasing many Palestinians from the country by passing more repressive laws and allowing Jewish terrorists to operate freely."

"You do not want full citizenship. You smile at my demands for more civil rights. What do you want, then?"

"I think you know: I want to be allowed to exercise my basic human right of self-determination—to live in a Palestinian state."

"And what about me, with my home in Hebron? Do you expect me to stand idly by, to turn over my home and my community to foreign hands, to live under your rule?"

"You, a member of a minority on this land, consider it unbearably oppressive to live under the rule of the Arab majority. Why should we accept being ruled by a Jewish minority, by people who conquered the West Bank and appropriated—stole—our land?"

"We do not steal. It was all done legally."

"Please do not confuse the law, as dictated by your state, with true justice. I know all about your 'legal' acquisition of our land."

"The legal aspects of this are of no interest to me. I know one thing, the most important thing: the goals my parents and their community tried to achieve here, the goals I am trying to achieve, are laudable and well-intentioned."

"If that is what you believe, why not join those who want to expel *all* the Palestinians from the land? Then your parents' 'laudable' goals will have been fully achieved."

"I condemn terror, on either side."

"Your government banishes Palestinians from their homeland every day, forbids those who remain to travel from one town to another, fails to protect them from the murderers and terrorists of the Jewish underground, and stifles their economic growth through discriminatory laws. Do you condemn *these* acts of terror?"

racist. I despise discrimination. ... sometimes we are left with no choice."

"There is always a choice. Do you value equality and human rights above all else, or do you prefer power and land? Is justice more important than land?"

"The situation is not so black and white, as you well know."

"No, it is not black and white. We are all Semites here. The discrimination is based on religion, not color."

"Israel is *not* South Africa! I've had this self-righteous comparison waved in my face more and more frequently since the 1980s, and I bitterly resent it. For us Israelis there is little choice. I will not speak for the South Africans, but I expect they feel the same way. When people fear domination by others who are unwilling to accept them, they are justified in passing laws to protect their interests and safeguard their future. It is easy to moralize, to pretend we can follow some abstract code of behavior. But each situation dictates its own moral standards. I wish it could be otherwise, believe me. Can't you see I'm in anguish when I see the violence around me, the hatred and the bloodshed? When I see what is necessary for our self-defense? But I don't have the luxury of closing my eyes to reality, of trying to impose on it your unrealistic rules."

"Why come to see me, then, if your mind is made up?"

"I was led to believe that you would be more appreciative of my struggle, that you might support what my group is trying to do. But I see that I was wrong."

We left each other then, Moshe and I, and returned to our homes. Our houses were not far apart—we were neighbors, really—but we were subject to different laws, judged in different courts, and shared unequally in the fruits of the land.

EHUD OLMERT *is a Likud member of the Knesset's Foreign Relations Committee.*

Many people condemn Israel's policies in Judea, Samaria, and Gaza by arguing that these policies—in particular, Israel's continuing settlement program—aim toward the eventual annexation of these territories. But those who advance this argument entirely ignore recent history—especially the fact that from 1967 to 1977 the official policy of the Israeli government, as articulated in 1967 by Yigal Allon, then foreign minister, in his "Allon plan," was "territorial compromise" in the West Bank and Gaza. Under this plan, Israel would withdraw from the heavily populated parts of the West Bank, retaining military installations only in strategic positions along the Jordan River. During those ten long years, while Israel yearned for some dialogue with Jordan on the future of the West Bank, the Israeli government approved only one settlement that would not have been acceptable under the terms of the Allon plan. But in his many secret encounters with Israeli officials during that time, King Hussein rejected various versions of the Allon plan as "totally unacceptable." Jordan's position was then—and remains today—that the only basis for negotiating with Israel is that "every inch of the holy Arab land must be recovered."

In 1967, territorial compromise was a workable solution, although even then there was strong resistance to it by many Israelis and Arabs alike. But solutions that might have been acceptable in 1967 are not realistic in 1984. Because of the Arabs' continued rejection of any compromise and the perceptions among many Israelis that the establishment of new settlements in Israel's ancient homeland was not only a historical right but essential to the security of the Jewish state, Israel began increasing its settlements in Judea, Samaria, and Gaza. The settlement program was greatly expanded by the Likud government of Menachem Begin, which took power in 1977. The settlements, whose population is now about 30,000, are no longer confined to the banks of the Jordan; they make any Israeli withdrawal much more complicated—especially after the controversy over withdrawal from the Sinai settlements, whose population was only about 4,000, in 1982. In the meantime, hundreds of thousands of Israelis have grown up considering the territories a part of Israel. Prime Minister Shimon Peres is one of a dwindling number of Israelis who still believe a territorial compromise might work. And none of the present Arab leaders will be satisfied with anything less than a complete Israeli withdrawal, a step no one in Israel supports.

This is the reality of the Middle East in 1984: territorial compromise on Judea, Samaria, and Gaza is no longer possible. Once this is acknowledged, our challenge will be to create a new solution, one that will ease tensions and lay the groundwork for a new political reality. Compromise is still needed—indeed, it is essential—but the compromise cannot be based on the partition of land. Rather, it must rest on the division of governmental functions.

The compromise I have in mind would be based on the Camp David accords signed by Israel and Egypt, although it would give Jordan a greater role than that envisioned in the accords. Jordan and Israel would become full partners in governing the West Bank, sharing responsibility for the future of the territories while dividing the governmental and administrative functions between them. The civilian interests of the Arab inhabitants of the West Bank (many of whom would retain Jordanian citizenship) would be supervised by Jordan, while Israel would be responsible for the security and defense of the territories. Such an arrangement would allow Israel to withdraw its forces from the major West Bank cities and towns and deploy them in strategic positions in the territories, as stipulated in the Camp David accords. The Arab inhabitants of Judea, Samaria, and Gaza would elect their own governing body, and (still according to Camp David) Jordan would be responsible for overseeing all autonomy arrangements. It would also exercise independent powers within the guidelines of the accords—for example, Jordan might have authority over health care and education and the regulation of commerce. Under this plan, the actual sovereignty of the territories would remain undetermined for an indefinite period. On two fundamental issues, the plan might diverge from Camp David: I believe Israel could afford to be flexible about the size of the self-governing body and about the right of residents of East Jerusalem to participate in the election of that body—if the right of Israelis to settle in the West Bank (provided, of course, that they do not expropriate private property for that purpose) is respected. According to this proposition, the Jewish settlers would remain full Israeli citizens and be subject to Israeli law, even though they would not live within the formal boundaries of Israel.

These are just a few of the ingredients that might go into a comprehensive solution, the details of which would need to be negotiated by Israel, Jordan, and representatives of the inhabitants of the territories. But if King Hussein continues to insist on a complete Israeli withdrawal and a return to the 1967 borders, Israel will have to consider implementing the autonomy plan unilaterally. West Bank Palestinians would then control their own civilian affairs without any involvement on the part of Jordan. And in the meantime, the political and human circumstances in Israel may change entirely. By 1994, if a political solution to the West Bank problem has not been concluded, an overwhelming majority of Israelis will have come to consider the territories integral parts of the Jewish state. There is now the opportunity, if the Arab leaders would only recognize it, to start a process that would reduce the tensions of the area and give the Palestinian Arabs a political identity. Failure to grasp this opportunity might eventually force Israel to annex the West Bank, which would perpetuate the conflict without offering any political outlet to the West Bank Arabs—an outlet that the autonomy plan I have described would provide.



Sources: West Bank Data Project; State Department; United Nations. The settlement program was greatly expanded under the Likud government, which was in power from 1977 to 1984. Not all settlements are indicated on the map.

MEIRON BENVENISTI *is director of the West Bank Data Project, an organization that studies Israel's policies in the West Bank. He was deputy mayor of Jerusalem from 1974 to 1978.*

Doomsday scenarios are so common in the Middle East that any prediction of incremental change seems anticlimactic. All signs, it is true, point to imminent disaster—perhaps a war between Israel and Syria, or a bloody Palestinian revolt in the West Bank, or a major upheaval in the Persian Gulf. And the regional situation is extremely unstable: the Lebanese civil war and the Iran-Iraq conflict drag on; Israeli and Syrian troops maintain an uneasy cease-fire only twenty-five miles from Damascus; Israel's seventeen-year-old occupation of the West Bank and Gaza continues.

But this chaos is nothing out of the ordinary. Indeed, any lull would seem unreal. We are so transfixed by major and minor conflagrations that we pay little attention to the fundamental changes that have transformed the situation in the Middle East. All the preconceptions that molded our understanding are now obsolete and misleading. The future is already here, and in the next decade we shall witness a gradual realization of the nature of this new reality.

Israel in the 1980s is a country transformed. The pioneering Zionist ethos has dissipated, and a managerial class, drawn from the top ranks of what is now an advanced consumer society, runs the country. After much struggle, this class extricated itself from the old ideologies and negotiated a grand Likud-Labor coalition. The ideological wars that remain in Israel are fought by fundamentalists and socialists. The fundamentalists, represented by the right-wing Tehiya party and Gush Emunim ("Bloc of the Faithful"), offer a simple philosophy based on the absorption of the West Bank into Israel through a vigorous program of Jewish settlement. To the fundamentalists, the settlements are the cells of a new society founded on Orthodox Jewish values—values that are implacably anti-Western and xenophobic. The Israeli left, meanwhile, is composed of loose coalitions that seem to agree only in their criticism of the right; they remain unable to formulate a positive platform. The left's extreme critique has done little more than provoke a violent counterreaction from the right. The Israeli right, which is largely made up of working-class Sephardic Jews with traditional religious values, is outraged by what it considers the elitist, unpatriotic excesses of the left, most of whose members are middle-class Ashkenazi Jews who do not share those traditional values.

Most of the Israeli electorate, however, views both ideological camps as fringe groups. Likud and Labor have received almost the same number of votes in recent elections, demonstrating that the Israeli public is indifferent, to say the least, to the current prospects of seeking a solution to the festering problem of the occupied territories. Most Israelis appear to accept the status quo—continued Israeli domination over 1.3 million Palestinians. Even moderate and liberal Israelis no longer hold the belief that the Israeli-Arab conflict will significantly influence the future of the Middle East.

In this they are not alone. The almost axiomatic conviction that the 100-year-old dispute between Jews and Arabs over possession of the Holy Land lies at the heart of that conflict is now being questioned in Arab circles, let alone in the West. The Arab states care little about the Palestinians, as was demonstrated quite clearly during the siege of Beirut. They feel powerless to influence events in the occupied territories; moreover, they believe they have done for the Palestinians what they could. Besides, they are faced with more urgent problems, such as the spread of Ayatollah Khomeini's influence. The West, and especially the United States, increasingly views the Palestinian question as a local one, unrelated to the major geopolitical issues that directly affect Western interests in the region. The Palestinian predicament is perceived as a human rights issue, not a problem of *Realpolitik*.

The conflict that once engulfed the entire region is now shrinking to its pre-1948 size. But the new phase of the dispute is less amenable to solution, and its urgency is felt only by those who are directly involved in it: the Arabs and Jews who reside between the Jordan River and the Mediterranean. And even they, blinded by obsolete perceptions, do not see the real predicament. The Palestinians still hope for a comprehensive solution based on the establishment of their own state. The Israelis, having attained their territorial goals, do not perceive the price they will have to pay for that victory: the abandonment of their other national objective, a Jewish and democratic state. The Israel of the future, with its enormous Arab minority, can be a democratic state or a Jewish state, but it cannot be both. In the meantime, the horse-and-rider coexistence of the Palestinians and the Israelis is becoming quasi-permanent. The Palestinian horse suffers inequities and the Israeli rider's moral and social integrity steadily disintegrates.

There is no reason to feel optimistic about Israeli-Arab relations. The only hope—if hope it is—is that young Israelis and Arabs will free themselves from the perceptions of their elders, and mold a new world in a new image. ■

STORY AT ANAKTUVUK PASS

At the junction of landscape and narrative

By Barry Lopez

One summer evening in a remote village in the Brooks Range of Alaska, I sat among a group of men listening to hunting stories about the trapping and pursuit of animals. I was particularly interested in several incidents involving wolverine, in part because a friend of mine was studying wolverine in Canada, among the Cree, but, too, because I find this animal such an intense creature. To hear about its life is to learn more about fierceness.

Wolverine are not intentionally secretive, hiding their lives from view, but they are seldom observed. The range of their known behavior is less than that of, say, bears or wolves. Still, that evening, no gratuitous details were set out. This was somewhat odd, for wolverine easily excite the imagination; they can loom suddenly in the landscape with authority, with an aura larger than their compact physical dimensions, drawing one's immediate and complete attention. Wolverine also have a deserved reputation for resoluteness in the worst of winters, for ferocious strength. But neither did these attributes induce the men to embellish.

I listened carefully to these stories, taking pleasure in the sharply observed detail surrounding the dramatic thread of events. The story I remember most vividly was about a man hunting a wolverine from a snow machine in the spring. He followed the animal's tracks for several miles over rolling tundra in a certain valley. Soon he caught sight ahead of a dark spot on the crest of a hill—the wolverine pausing to look back. The hunter was catching up, but each time he came over a rise the wolverine was looking back at him from the next rise, just out of range. The hunter topped one more rise and met the wolverine bounding toward him. Before he could pull his rifle from its scabbard the wolverine flew across the engine cowl and the windshield, hitting him square in the chest. The hunter scrambled his arms wildly trying to get the wolverine out of his lap and fell over as he did so. The wolverine jumped clear as the snow machine rolled over, and fixed the man with a stare. He had not bitten, not even scratched the man. Then the wolverine walked away. The man thought of reaching for the gun, but no, he did not.

The other stories were like this, not so much making a point as evoking something about contact with wild animals that would never be completely understood.

When the stories were over, four or five of us walked out of the home of our host. The surrounding land, in the persistent light of a far northern summer, was still visible for miles—the striated, pitched massifs of the Brooks Range; the shy, willow-lined banks of the John River flowing south

Barry Lopez is the author of Arctic Dreams, *a book about landscape and imagination, to be published next fall.*

The shape of the individual mind is affected by land as it is by genes

from Anaktuvuk Pass; and the flat tundra plain, opening with great affirmation to the north. The landscape seemed alive because of the stories. It was precisely these ocherous tones, this kind of willow, exactly this austerity that had informed the wolverine narratives. I felt exhilaration, and a deeper confirmation of what I had heard. The mundane tasks that awaited me I anticipated now with pleasure. The stories had renewed in me a sense of the purpose of my life.

This feeling, an inexplicable renewal of enthusiasm after storytelling, is familiar to many people. It does not seem to matter greatly what the subject is, as long as the context is intimate and the story is told for its own sake, not forced to serve merely as the vehicle for an idea. The tone of the story need not be solemn. But I think intimacy is indispensable—a feeling that derives from a listener's trust and a storyteller's certain knowledge of his subject and regard for his audience. This intimacy deepens if the storyteller tempers his authority with humility, or when terms of idiomatic expression, or at least the physical setting for the story, are shared.

I think of two landscapes—one outside the self, the other within. The external landscape is the one we see—not only the line and color of the land and its shading at different times of the day, but also its plants and animals in season, its weather, its geology, the record of its climate and evolution. If you walk up, say, a dry arroyo in the Sonoran desert, you will feel a mounding and rolling of sand and silt beneath your foot that is distinctive. You will anticipate the crumbling of the sedimentary earth in the arroyo bank as your hand reaches out, and in that tangible evidence you will sense a history of water in the region. Perhaps a black-throated sparrow lands in a paloverde bush—the resiliency of the twig under the bird, that precise shade of yellowish-green against the milk-blue sky, the fluttering whir of the arriving sparrow, are what I mean by "the landscape." Draw on the smell of creosote bush, or clack stones together in the dry air. Feel how light is the desiccated dropping of the kangaroo rat. Study an animal track obscured by wind. These are all elements of the land, and what make the landscape comprehensible are the relationships between them. One learns a landscape finally not by knowing the name or identity of everything in it, but by perceiving the relationships in it—like that between the sparrow and the twig. The difference between the relationships and the elements is the same as that between written history and a catalogue of events.



The second landscape I think of is an interior one, a kind of projection within a person of a part of the exterior landscape. Relationships in the exterior landscape include those that are named and discernible, such as the nitrogen cycle, or a vertical sequence of Ordovician limestone, and others that are uncodified or ineffable, such as winter light falling on a particular kind of granite, or the effect of humidity on the frequency of a blackpoll warbler's burst of song. That these relationships have purpose and order, however inscrutable they may seem to us, is a tenet of evolution. Similarly, the speculations, intuitions, and formal ideas we refer to as "mind" are a set of relationships in the interior landscape with purpose and order; some of these are obvious, many impenetrably subtle. The shape and character of these relationships in a person's thinking, I believe, are deeply influenced by where on this earth one goes, what one touches, the patterns one observes in nature—the intricate history of one's life in the land, even a life in the city, where wind, the chirp of birds, the line of a falling leaf, are known. These thoughts are arranged, further, according to the thread of one's moral, intellectual, and spiritual development. The interior landscape responds to the character and subtlety of the exterior one; the shape of the individual mind is affected by land as it is by genes.

In stories like those I heard at Anaktuvuk Pass about wolverine, the relationship between separate elements in the land is set forth clearly. It is put in a simple framework of sequential incidents and apposite detail. If the

Illustrations by Martim Avillez

exterior landscape is limned well, the listener often feels that he has heard something pleasing and authentic—trustworthy. We derive this sense of confidence I think not so much from verifiable truth as from an understanding that lying has played no role in the narrative. The storyteller is obligated to engage the reader with a precise vocabulary, to set forth a coherent and dramatic rendering of incidents—and to be ingenuous.

When one hears a story one takes pleasure in it for different reasons—for the euphony of its phrases, an aspect of the plot, or because one identifies with one of the characters. With certain stories certain individuals may experience a deeper, more profound sense of well-being. This latter phenomenon, in my understanding, rests at the heart of storytelling as an elevated experience among aboriginal peoples. It results from bringing the two landscapes together. The exterior landscape is organized according to principles or laws or tendencies beyond human control. It is understood to contain an integrity that is beyond human analysis and unimpeachable. Insofar as the storyteller depicts various subtle and obvious relationships in the exterior landscape accurately in his story, and insofar as he orders them along traditional lines of meaning to create the narrative, the narrative will "ring true." The listener who "takes the story to heart" will feel a pervasive sense of congruence within himself and also with the world.

Among the Navaho and, as far as I know, many other native peoples, the land is thought to exhibit a sacred order. That order is the basis of ritual. Rituals themselves reveal the power in that order. Art, architecture, vocabulary, and costume, as well as ritual, derive from the perceived natural order of the universe—from observations and meditations on the exterior landscape. An indigenous philosophy—metaphysics, ethics, epistemology, aesthetics, and logic—may also derive from a people's continuous attentiveness to both the obvious (scientific) and ineffable (artistic) orders of the local landscape. Each individual, further, undertakes to order his interior landscape according to the exterior landscape. To succeed in this means to achieve a balanced state of mental health.

I think of the Navaho for a specific reason. Among the various sung ceremonies of this people—Enemyway, Coyoteway, Red Antway, Uglyway—is one called Beautyway. In the Navaho view, the elements of one's interior life—one's psychological makeup and moral bearing—are subject to a persistent principle of disarray. Beautyway is, in part, a spiritual invocation of the order of the exterior universe, that irreducible, holy complexity that manifests itself as all things changing through time (a Navaho definition of beauty, *hózhóó*). The purpose of this invocation is to recreate in the individual who is the subject of the Beautyway ceremony that same order, to make the individual again a reflection of the myriad enduring relationships of the landscape.

I believe story functions in a similar way. The purpose of storytelling is to achieve harmony between the two landscapes, to use all the elements—syntax, mood, figures of speech—in a harmonious way to reproduce the harmony of the land in the individual's interior. Inherent in story is the power to reorder a state of psychological confusion through contact with the pervasive truth of those relationships we call "the land."

These thoughts, of course, are susceptible to interpretation. I am convinced, however, that these observations can be applied to the kind of prose we call nonfiction as well as to traditional narrative forms such as the novel and the short story, and to some poems. Distinctions between fiction and nonfiction are sometimes obscured by arguments over what constitutes "the truth." In the aboriginal literature I am familiar with, the first distinction made among narratives is to separate the authentic from the inauthentic. Myth, which we tend to regard as fictitious or "merely metaphorical," is as authentic, as real, as the story of a wolverine in a man's lap. (A distinction is made, of course, about the elevated nature of myth—and fre-

Distinctions between fiction and nonfiction are sometimes obscured by arguments over what constitutes 'the truth'

For a storyteller to insist on relationships that do not exist is to lie

quently the circumstances of myth-telling are more rigorously prescribed than are those for the telling of legends or vernacular stories—but all of these narratives are rooted in the local landscape. To violate *that* connection is to call the narrative itself into question.)

The power of narrative to nurture and heal, to repair a spirit in disarray, rests on two things: the skillful invocation of unimpeachable sources and the listener's knowledge that no hypocrisy or subterfuge is involved. This last simple fact is to me one of the most awesome aspects of the Holocene history of man.

We are more accustomed now to thinking of "the truth" as something that can be explicitly stated, rather than as something that can be evoked in a metaphorical way outside science and Occidental culture. Neither can truth be reduced to aphorism or formulas. It is something alive and unpronounceable. Story creates a pattern in which it can reveal itself. For a storyteller to insist on relationships that do not exist is to lie. Lying is the opposite of story. (I do not mean to confuse ignorance with deception, or to imply that a storyteller can perceive all that is inherent in the land. Every storyteller falls short of a perfect limning of the landscape—perception and language both fail. But to make up something that is not there, something that can never be corroborated in the land, to knowingly set forth a false relationship, is to be lying, no longer telling a story.)

Because of the intricate, complex nature of the land, it is not always possible for a storyteller to grasp what is contained in a story. The intent of the storyteller, then, must be to evoke, honestly, some single aspect of all that the land contains. The storyteller knows that because different individuals grasp the story at different levels, the focus of his regard for truth must be at the primary one—with who was there, what happened, when, where, and why things occurred. The story will then possess similar truth at other levels—the integrity inherent at the primary level of meaning will be conveyed everywhere else. As long as the storyteller accurately describes the order before him, it is even possible for the story to be more successful than the storyteller himself is able to imagine.

I would like to make a final point about the wolverine stories I heard at Anaktuvuk Pass. I wrote down the details afterward, concentrating especially on aspects of the biology and ecology of the animals. I sent the information on to my friend living with the Cree. When, many months later, I saw him, I asked whether the Cree had enjoyed these insights of the Nunamiut into the nature of the wolverine. What had they said?

"You know," he told me, "how they are. They said, 'That could happen.' "

In these uncomplicated words the Cree announced their own knowledge of the wolverine. They acknowledged that although they themselves had never seen the things the Nunamiut spoke of, they accepted them as accurate observations, because they did not consider storytelling a context for misrepresentation. They also preserved their own dignity by not overstating their confidence in the Nunamiut, a distant and unknown people.

Whenever I think of this courtesy on the part of the Cree, I think of the dignity that is ours when we cease to demand the truth and realize that the best we can have of those substantial truths that guide our lives is metaphorical—a story. And the most of it we are likely to discern comes only when we accord one another the respect the Cree showed the Nunamiut. Beyond this—that truth reveals itself most fully not in dogma but in the paradox, irony, and contradictions that distinguish compelling narratives—beyond this there are only failures of imagination: reductionism in science; fundamentalism in religion; fascism in politics.

Our national literatures should be important to us insofar as they sustain us with illumination and heal us. They can always do that so long as they are written with an understanding of why the human heart and the land have been brought together so regularly in human history. ■



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KITSCH, CASH, AND TH

Architecture as sal

A hoary developer's adage runs thus: To build a bad building, hire a good architect; to build an outrageous building, hire a distinguished one. This particular ensemble of outrages, the big new Forty-second Street development project, is the work of Philip Johnson—Peck's Bad Boy of the *haute bourgeoisie*, erstwhile collaborator of Mies van der Rohe on the Seagram building, lately avatar of postmodernism. The mansard roof used here four times is the absolute totem of kitsch good taste. Think of McDonald's: the original burger outlets were, like Times Square, glitzy, exuberant, awash in neon. But before long, the chain, courting the ersatz respectability of Middle America, topped its stands with the mansards that crown so many gas stations, branch banks, and other architectural effluvia on the strip. Johnson takes them Forty-second Street: the homogeneous overwhelms the genius loci.



These big squares are known in the business as scaling devices. The basic "problem" in designing big slab office buildings is devising ways to obscure their bulk—camouflage. Johnson uses three decorator tactics to this end: shifts in material; appliquéd ornaments; and shifts in proportion. The last works like this: if one assigns one of the little grid squares in the black glass background the value of "one," each small window, with four squares, will have the value of four of these; each big central window, then, with sixteen squares, will have the value of four windows. This modulation makes the tower look positively lithesome, yes? True, Johnson's system is somewhat lacking in sophistication, requiring, as it does, no more than mastery of the lower reaches of the two-times table. Then again, no such two-dimensional configuring can ever really bulk too large in reducing too-large bulk.

This red granite base is an evasion of one of the key recommendations in the design guidelines. Instead of offering a five-story "street wall" base, with the tower set back above it, Johnson presents buildings that rise straight up—thereby capturing a greater volume of leasable space for the developer. The change in materials is offered as a graphic substitute—as if that could compensate for the daylight kept from the street by the absence of setbacks.

LEANSING OF 42ND ST.

nting, *by Michael Sorkin*



Ornament is crime—or so said the architect Adolph Loos. These pathetic rooftop gewgaws are merely misdemeanors. Aggressive bad taste has always been a potent tool of the gentrifier. Like all kitsch, this is an address from above to the teeming, threatening, consuming masses. Here, from the very top, a bit of smug Johnsonian camp: *Let them eat wedding cake!*

The stepped forms encourage one to read these limestone faces against the dark glass backgrounds as if they were, in fact, *separate buildings*. Cruel joke: Johnson "pastes" on his thuggish towers imaginary buildings of a more appropriate scale and skinniness. Yet another graphic substitute for real design activity that, instead of admitting air to the street, simply gives the air to the public.

Square is the preferred window shape of the 1980s, a vogue largely attributable to the Italian cult-architect Aldo Rossi, for whom such openings represent near ur-fenestration. The crossbars in Johnson's windows connote operability, but their real purpose is graphic. The cross does abet an additional conceit—the illusion that the stone face is actually laid over a background of dark, gridded glass. The conceit, a popular one in New York these days, has been rendered with great panache by Cesar Pelli, from whose buildings Johnson shamelessly, if ineptly, appropriates it.

Johnson's current signature is the arched entry portal, and to make sure it isn't missed, he repeats it four times—a multiple in the manner of, say, Gloria Vanderbilt. The arched entranceway here is taken, of course, from Johnson's own best-publicized icon, the AT&T building on Madison Avenue in midtown Manhattan. *That* entry was itself cribbed from the late, great Brunelleschi.

Michael Sorkin, an architect, teaches at Yale and Cooper Union and writes for the Village Voice.

Redevelopment as po

A boondoggle from base to capital, the $1.6 billion Forty-second Street development project supposedly will "eliminate blight on Forty-second Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue." Most of the thirteen-acre project area, better known as Times Square, will by 1986 have been demolished (the Times Tower included), to be replaced by four huge office towers, a 700-room hotel, and a two-block-long wholesale trade mart—all this courtesy of the New York State Urban Development Corporation. The UDC's sweeping condemnation powers made land acquisition cheaper and easier. UDC involvement also means that the two biggest buildings (the biggest is fifty-six stories) can soar twice as high as heretofore allowed in the area—which translates as twice as many rentable floors for developer George Klein. Klein also gets a fifteen-year tax abatement, which comes to at least $650 million. Incentives indeed. A prominent developer, Klein figures prominently in Ed Koch's best seller, *Mayor*. George, says Ed, is "at the top of the list of my campaign contributors."



It won't be all work, no play for the young despots in training spending their days here. High-priced lunch time diversions will replace fast food and double features on the street. At present, "users of the street," as the planners say, are mostly black and/or poor. Some are criminals, though the UDC is careful to note that "the distinction between legitimate and illegitimate uses of the street is not easily made. . . . Those standing around . . . in front of a movie theater often appear as ominous as the pushers." Solution? Can't discriminate between, discriminate against: give them what they don't want (fern bars, boutiques) and you accomplish wholesale Negro removal.

The porno venders chased from Forty-second Street will end up here, north of Times Square, where there is already a smattering of peep shows and adult bookshops. Unlike the younger, poorer, and darker crowds drawn to Times Square for big-screen action, those after erotic thrills tend to be white, middle-class males. On the street, they look just like respectable businessmen.

D. D. Guttenplan has written about New York for the Economist *and other magazines.*

rel, *by D. D. Guttenplan*



Nearly one fifth of all clothing made in the USA comes from New York's garment district, a twenty-block area just south of this tower. More than 140,000 people work there. But not for long. The half-million square feet of apparel showroom space to be available in the project's Eighth Avenue merchandise mart is an open invitation to cheap imports and out-of-town manufacturers. And the rise in demand for higher-rent office space in the area may well force low-rent manufacturing lofts out of the city. The result? According to both the ILGWU and the Federation of Apparel Manufacturers, the end of New York's largest manufacturing industry.

Just west of these towers will remain the twenty-five-story Candler building. In February 1980 the building was sold to former New York City Taxi and Limousine Commissioner Michael J. Lazar—a bargain at only $1.3 million. Just how much of a bargain became clear not long after, when, as one of the only structures in the project area not scheduled for condemnation or demolition, the Candler building suddenly became an extremely valuable piece of real estate. While the fortunate Lazar waits for the neighborhood to improve around him, he has been given a helping hand by his friends at the Taxi and Limousine Commission, which rents out four floors of what would otherwise be a mostly empty building. Another floor has been taken by the Vera Institute, a research group once headed by Herbert Sturz, who now serves as New York's planning commissioner. It may be that Lazar's political benefactions since acquiring his building—$7,500 to Governor Mario Cuomo, $7,600 to Mayor Koch, $5,000 to city Comptroller Harrison Goldin—are his way of sharing his happiness with those who (in a very real way) made it all possible.

Twenty-one thousand new jobs for Times Square—this according to project boosters. These are new jobs like the '72 Impala I bought last summer is my new car. Most of those who will come to work in these towers—like the lawyers at Dewey, Ballantine, Bushby, Palmer and Wood, the only tenants so far—will simply be changing Manhattan addresses.

Many of the new breed hanging out in Times Square will walk home from work. Clinton, better known as Hell's Kitchen, is just a few blocks away and ripe for gentrification and further speculation. But that is the point of all this, isn't it?



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THE LAST GOLD RUSH

In Brazil a prospector can still find El Dorado

By Norman Gall

The gold rush is a modern phenomenon. Only in modern times has this thirst for gold inspired vigorous peoples to seek it out by hard labor in the waste places of the earth.

—W. P. Morrell, *The Gold Rushes*

Each spring, the melting snows of the Andes wash eastward to awaken a thousand streams. Swollen by tropical rains, these torrents pour into the jungle rivers of Bolivia and Peru—great rivers like the Beni and the Madre de Dios—which eventually form and feed the swift, violent Rio Madeira just as it begins to cut through the ancient volcanic crust of the Brazilian shield, washing veins and grains of gold away from river banks, along with masses of rock and earth. As it runs northeast through Amazonia, the Madeira carries along as well the giant floating trees and logs for which it is named.

At the beginning of this century, when the Madeira-Mamoré railroad was being built, the river was called the long cemetery; shortly after the railroad was completed, in 1912, the English author H. M. Tomlinson, in *The Sea and the Jungle*, described the Madeira region this way:

> The track went from Porto Velho into outer darkness. Men came back to the settlement through that hole in the forest . . . to tell us, in long hot nights, something of what the forest of the Madeira was hiding; and they were bearded like Crusoe, pallid as anemic women, and speckled with insect bites. These men said that where they had been working the sun never shone, for His light was stopped on the unbroken green which, except where the big river flowed, roofed the whole land.

The violence of the Madeira, one of the great tributaries of the Amazon, subsides for only a few months each year. This is when the violence of men begins. For the processes of nature have created great riches. Over the last 100,000 years, the billion-year-old Precambrian rocks of the Brazilian shield have undergone continuous tropical weathering, undisturbed by such upheavals as the creation of new mountain ranges or the scouring by glaciers such as those that covered much of North America 18,000 years ago. Surface rocks have been broken up by this weathering process and carried away by the combined leaching effect of intense heat and rain. The cycle of birth and decay, jungle vegetation sprouting and growing and dying, has contributed acid solvents to percolating ground water, which after so many millennia has washed away lighter earth material and left behind concentrated gold deposits, which today crown the stumps of eroded mountains and enrich the alluvial beds of the rivers of Amazonia.

The Madeira's gold is concentrated around eighteen cataracts, along 230 miles of wild river. The gold is in the gravel in the riverbed, and it is dug by men in diving suits, who descend through 100 feet of rough water, scoop aside sand, and hope other men will not prevent them from pumping their new found riches to the surface. Last summer there were about 1,000 rafts working the Rio Madeira, operated by men from all over Brazil, from all walks of life, many having never before searched for gold, but now desperate for it. And the Madeira is not the only lure of Amazonia. There is Serra Pelada, the great pit in the jungle in which between 50,000 and 80,000 men crawl and climb at any one time in a scene that brings to mind Dante's *Inferno*. Farther west, there is the basin of the Tapajós River, rich with gold and scarred with mining boom towns and rough-hewn airstrips. There are sights that might be conjured by Latin America's novelists: students in search of gold dig up parts of a new university campus in Mato Grosso; in Minas

Norman Gall has been a reporter and consultant on Latin American affairs for two decades. He lives in São Paulo.

Gold mined in Brazil during the past eight years has been sifted from gravel by near-naked men digging in the jungle

Gerais, after a summer rain, small boys pan for gold on village streets.

According to Brazil's Ministry of Mines and Energy, more than 250,000 prospectors, called *garimpeiros*, have fanned out along the rivers and through the interior streams and bush of the Brazilian frontier. It is the biggest gold rush the world has seen since the discovery of the South African Rand a hundred years ago. What is exciting the prospectors is the fact that the sources of gold on the Brazilian shield are largely unexplored greenstone belts of volcanic rock, like those on shield areas elsewhere—South Africa, Canada, Siberia—from which most of the world's gold has come.

The earth's great gold mines are not yielding as they once did. Production appears to be on a downward trend for the first time in 300 years. South Africa, the world's biggest gold producer—it produces two thirds of the output of the noncommunist countries—has seen a falloff of 33 percent since its peak year of 1970, when its mines produced 1,000 metric tons. Canada, the world's third-largest producer (the Soviet Union being the second largest), does not expect its production, which has averaged sixty-four metric tons annually in recent years, to make up for much of the drop-off in South Africa. Only Brazil seems to have a chance of substantially reducing this loss. Today it ranks fifth among the world's producers, just behind the United States, and output in recent years has grown rapidly. Since the big new discoveries in northern Brazil began in 1976, gold production in the country has roughly quadrupled. In 1982 Brazil produced thirty-five metric tons of gold; in 1983, the last year for which figures are available (and even when available, such figures are but the roughest estimates), production rose to fifty-one metric tons—or a little less than 1.8 million ounces, worth at current prices about $600 million. Even more spectacular, perhaps, is the way the gold is gotten. There may soon come a time—very soon, some argue with an intention to warn—when much of Brazil's gold will have to be mined by companies with access to big capital and the latest technology. And it is true that in the last few years many jungle prospectors have availed themselves of more sophisticated and efficient tools. But the fact remains that almost all the gold mined in Brazil during the past eight years has been sifted from gravel by men crouching along river banks, or perched on tiny shelves in huge mining pits, or



PETER FREY/THE IMAGE BANK

outfitted with diving gear 100 feet down in muddy water. In effect, near-naked men are digging beneath jungle streams to preserve gold's bedrock role in the world's monetary system.

Portuguese settlers first found gold in Brazil in the early sixteenth century, but it was not until the 1690s that the country witnessed the first and longest-lasting of modern gold rushes—a fevered surge that set in motion the enormous expansion of world gold production over the ensuing three centuries. In contrast with later gold rushes elsewhere, which usually lasted about a decade, Brazilian production grew steadily for forty years (1700–40) and did not begin to fall sharply until after 1760. The problem was not finding gold but a lack of capital and technology—resources necessary for getting men into the bush and getting the gold out at a cost that would make the mining profitable.

Airplanes, helicopters, earthmovers—man today in Brazil is using his new tools to penetrate the jungle. The first signs one sees of the gold rush in Amazonia are the landing strips, essentially rough clearings, that from the air spread like fresh roots into the jungle. These strips tend to begin as little more than targets onto which vital supplies can be dropped from single-engine planes by bush pilots who will do anything for a few ounces of gold. These targets can soon become the bumpy and precarious landing strips that serve as gateways to the outside world. Small planes bring in, at great cost, food, drink, prostitutes, fuel oil, tools, machinery, and merchants, who "grubstake"—extend credit in return for a share of discoveries—the *garimpeiros* who want the goods. After just a few minutes on the ground, the pilots fly out again with little bags of gold dust, a few miners on board who have *bamburrado* (struck it rich), and many more physically broken by malaria, yellow fever, or hepatitis after months in the jungle. From today's rush at jungle airports, a stranger might conclude that there are more pilots than Indians in Amazonia, and he could be right. If the plane he was on was not too dangerously overloaded, or the pilot not too drunk, a stranger might be treated to spectacular dives and banks a few dozen yards above the *garimpos* (wildcat jungle diggings) before bouncing down on another runway. In some places the runway grows, serving as the main street of a new mining community, a strip lined with the wreckage of crashed airplanes rusting before the densely packed rows of bars, discos, and trading establishments with loudspeakers going twenty-four hours a day, issuing raucous blasts of rock music and songs of sadness and lust.

Gold rushes have long been important in opening up and settling new country. It is the same in Amazonia today as in eastern Siberia in the 1820s, California in the 1850s, New Zealand in the 1860s, and South Africa, the Klondike, and the Yukon in the 1890s. Towns and mining camps appear and disappear like bubbles. The forty-niners gave their new diggings such quaint names as Dead Man's Bar, Mad Mule Gulch, Rough and Ready, and Whiskytown. Among the jungle enclaves of Amazonia are Vietnam and Little Rat.

Most of the *garimpeiros* and the girls who prance provocatively in shorts or brightly colored polyester-satin dresses at the edge of the landing strips come from the same farms and villages of the Brazilian northeast. Many thousands of young men and women of the region, which has been blasted by drought for the past five years, now wander Amazonia, drawn from one place to the next by a rumor, a hint of fresh gold, what the *garimpeiros* call a *fofoca*.

Along the Madeira last summer, the *fofocas* ran as swiftly as the currents—and as dangerously. Armando Eduardo Silveira Clemente is a thirty-nine-year-old economist and scion of one of São Paulo's 400-year-old patrician families. He joined the gold rush last year along the Madeira when his construction business went bad, along with the rest of the debt- and recession-plagued Brazilian economy. He explained to me how one *fofoca* swept him up.

"All of a sudden, a *fofoca* appeared just two hours downstream from where I was, across some dangerous rapids that were every day eating up two rafts and killing people before we found a way of crossing," he said. "At the foot of the rapids, there was easy gold, shallow and heavy in a quiet pool beneath only ten feet of water. Already this summer we have produced sixteen kilos of gold from my rafts"—worth $190,000 at world prices—"ten of them in just two weeks at that pool below the rapids."

Of those sixteen kilos, Clemente said, he kept four after paying off his divers and suppliers—a $48,000 net. All the divers were weak with malaria, he said, but they kept working anyway because they were on top of the gold. They took serum all day long while resting. When their turn came to begin each three-hour underwater shift, they plunged hypodermic needles into their own veins with huge vitamin injections Clemente called "cocktails." "The dose was so big that they heated up as they dived," he said. "When they came out, they would be in a malarial crisis again."

Of the thousand or so rafts on the Rio Madeira last summer, only half were working at any one time because of mechanical problems. Perhaps only 100 were producing gold. The rafts

A runway can grow to a main street—a strip lined with crashed airplanes, bars, and discos with their songs of sadness and lust

per, Jamal Al Cure. "Gold is so heterogeneous. One man can get rich by digging on a small spot on a hill or a river bank, while all those a few feet around him find nothing. Men on the ground must probe very small areas. That's why the garimpeiro is so important."

Of the thousands of nomadic garimpeiros wandering about Amazonia, many have no previous mining experience. But there is a hard core of professionals whose knack for exploration comes from decades of working jungle streams—some of the very streams worked centuries ago by garimpeiros and fugitive slaves—in search of gold, tin, diamonds, rare industrial metals, and precious gems. Ari Navas had been wandering like a condemned man among the 150-odd garimpos of the Tapajós River basin, Brazil's leading gold-producing region, for the years before the landing strips began to proliferate. "On the Rio Maripá, a branch of the Tapajós, we found a lot of gold in 1982," Navas said. "The price of gold then was very low, and there was no landing strip, there wasn't anything. Today it takes eleven minutes for a small plane to fly from the market town of Itaituba, on the Tapajós, to the garimpo of the Maripá. In those days it was a long journey aground on a small boat. Until the planes began to ding boat and land on our clearings, hundreds of men could be stuck there in the jungle without anything to eat. But there was lots of gold."

But gold is only as valuable as the market for it. The contours of the gold rush in Amazonia depend on near-frantic speculative and volatile price movements—the daily London gold fix, which is transmitted to the garimpo each morning by government shortwave radio, and the black market price of the dollar in Brazilian cruzeiros. To stimulate gold production and to buy the gold cheaply at the marginal cost of printing a few billion more fast-depreciating cruzeiros, inflation was running above 200 percent. Brazil's central bank began in 1982 to buy gold dust at roughly above the world dollar price—at the black market cruzeiro equivalent—through its agents in the garimpos and in nearby towns. If it had not done this, most of Brazil's gold output would have been smuggled out of the country, as it had been in the past. Through most of 1983 the black market dollar was so high—thanks to Brazil's deepening debt crisis, that is—that it stimulated a huge increase in gold output—the biggest contribution of any country to the surprising jump in world gold production.

The real fall of gold prices that began in 1980—the price of gold remained level through the 1970s—forced Ari Navas and garimpeiros like him to abandon the sites on the Tapajós that they had discovered only a few years before. But now they are back in strength. It was

following the sharp rise in gold prices in the late 1970s that the *garimpos* of the Tapajós, supplied expensively by small planes at isolated airstrips, became Brazil's leading sources of gold production. To get its hands on this gold, the government is now building a new road, called the Trans-Garimpo highway, deep into this jungle. Following the advance of the heavy construction equipment is a new wave of *garimpeiros* taking advantage of the new overland access to make new gold discoveries along the way. "The great interest of the government is that gold is not smuggled out, and this is going to affect us," says a gray-haired bush pilot known simply as Pai Velho (Old Father), the proprietor of a fourteen-plane air-taxi service, who "owns" six airstrips in the Tapajós region, as well as several supply stores, bars, and gold-buying establishments. As a supplier of key goods and services to the *garimpeiros*, who must ride his planes and pay an "airport tax" to use his landing strips, Pai Velho has made out well from the gold rush. However, with the building of new roads, the nature of the business is sure to change.

Much else has already changed in the frenzy of the past two years. *Garimpeiro* technology has been upgraded enormously. Over the centuries, and until very recently, all gold prospectors worked in much the same way. Indeed, the basic technology is so old that the sluice box used in Amazonia (called the smoking cobra) is essentially the same as that used by California's forty-niners—which itself bore a striking resemblance to the sheepskins used to trap grains of gold 3,000 years ago along the Black Sea (giving rise to the Greek legend of the Golden Fleece). Now, thanks mainly to the high gold prices of recent years, many *garimpeiros* have been able to capitalize themselves and upgrade their traditional working methods. With oil-burning water-and-gravel pumps, portable stamping mills, and high-pressure water hoses for knocking down hillsides, *garimpeiros* are now able to dig deeper, recover more gold from ores, and stay longer at a *garimpo*.

With their new technology, *garimpeiros* can compete better with larger enterprises. Some of them have established "clandestine companies" of their own—"clandestine" because they are formed in a flash, never legally incorporated, and quickly disbanded if gold proves elusive. These companies share risk and production with their workers, with low capital costs and effective labor costs ($40 monthly) that are about one fifth of the money wages of an unskilled black worker at a South African mine. The entry cost is low, with basic machinery costing about $5,000, often provided by local merchants, gold buyers, and owners of air taxis who grubstake *garimpeiros* in exchange for production shares, as suppliers have done over the centuries since gold rushes began. One of the clandestine capitalists I met at the *garimpo* of Cuca, in southern Para, is João Rosa Godoi, a construction worker who began as a laborer three years ago and now owns ten gravel pumps operated by seventy men in three different *garimpos*. "I bought my first machines on credit and repaired them myself," he said. "Gold is scarce, and must be well managed. I'm a Protestant and don't spend much money. I don't smoke, drink, or gamble, and don't allow workers to bring liquor, women, pornographic magazines, firearms, or playing cards into my diggings."

The rewards of the gold rush and its investment needs have attracted many middle-class and professional men to the *garimpos*, particularly men from the crisis-stricken cities of southern Brazil. Among the laborers I met on one twenty-man digging crew were a real-estate salesman from São Paulo and a fourth-year economics student.

"I was working as an agronomist for a multinational drug company in the state of Maranhão, at the edge of the gold rush country," says Carlos Armando Bantle, a husky, twenty-seven-year-old Brazilian of German descent from the southernmost state of Rio Grande do Sul, whom I found running two gravel pumps and a team of twelve peons at the *garimpo* of Cuca. "Many *garimpeiros* come from Maranhão. So many were joining the gold rush that I started wondering why I was staying behind. My dream is to get enough gold for me to study in Germany for a doctorate."

The Brazilian government has neither the will nor the muscle to enforce mining claims. Garimpeiros work outside the law

In a treetop survey of Amazonia, any casual visitor would be compelled to pause over an enormous pit in the jungle that was once a mountain but has been transformed in recent years into a teeming hive of *formigas* (ants)—tens of thousands of half-naked men carrying plastic sacks of earth and rock in endless chains up the continually improvised and deepening escarpment of the pit; muddied bodies climbing precarious wooden ladders perched like matchsticks on each shelf of the pocked diggings.

The great pit is Serra Pelada, Brazil's largest gold mine. Gold at the site was first discovered accidentally in 1980 by a pioneer farmer and his workers. Mining rights to the area were held at the time by a subsidiary of the giant state corporation Companhia Vale do Rio Doce (CVRD), whose geologists had camped on Serra Pelada while searching for other minerals. Such "rights" mean little, however, in the jungles of Amazonia. The Brazilian government has neither the will nor the muscle to enforce laws having to do with land claims. During the mining rushes of the American West, any small prospector could stake a claim by marking the ground clearly—as small as ten square feet in a

a hydroelectric project, clearing jungle. Now he has $5 million in the bank

rich area—and registering name, date, and location with the district recorder, usually a local saloonkeeper or merchant. In the mining camps of the West, prospectors lived and worked under an informal code: theft, murder, and claim jumping were major crimes; all claims had to be worked to remain valid; and no miner could interfere with his neighbor's diggings. The unwritten code of the Brazilian *garimpeiro* is pretty much the same, but with one major difference: the mining-camp codes of the West were eventually incorporated into the common law by courts that widely recognized the rule of first possession. The *garimpeiro* who finds gold can rarely pass the financial and technical means tests required by Brazilian law to register a claim. Unable to work within the law, the *garimpeiro* works outside it—in the jungle, beyond the law's reach.

Since being invaded by *garimpeiros*, the Serra has yielded some thirty-three metric tons of gold over the past four years—worth about $400 million at world prices—mined *by hand* and carried away by a human chain. The gold concentrations seemed to become richer as the *garimpeiros* dug deeper. In 1981 one of them found a fifteen-pound nugget. In late 1983, nuggets weighing 79 and 137 pounds were found deeper in the pit, the larger being the second-biggest found anywhere in the recorded history of gold mining. This bonanza has kept the *formigas* busy and prosperous—at least until this year, when flooding forced the closing of the pit. At the bottom of the pyramid of clandestine capitalism built at Serra Pelada, the ants were earning $10 daily, against an official minimum wage in the region of a dollar a day.

Within three months of the discovery of gold at Serra Pelada, as the fevered news spread throughout Brazil, some 30,000 men had crowded into the pit. To keep order in a concentration of this size in what had been virgin jungle until then, and to enable the debt-ridden military regime to buy the gold cheaply, Brazil's National Intelligence Service took over Serra Pelada and began running it as a kind of Indian reservation for *garimpeiros*. The boss of this reservation is an army counterinsurgency specialist, Major Sebastião Rodrigues Moura, who played a key role in putting down a guerrilla insurrection in the region a decade ago. Idolized by the *garimpeiros* as "Major Curio" (after the name of a beautiful black bird), he has seen to it that liquor, women, and firearms are banned from the *garimpo* and that the *garimpeiros* are able to buy food and supplies at reasonable prices from government supermarkets instead of being robbed by the suppliers who traditionally grubstaked them. Nevertheless, financial control of the tiny diggings that cover Serra Pelada has passed more and more into the hands of outside speculators. "Shares" of the Serra are held by speculators in many cities of Brazil, and "titles" to these shares can be found scrawled on the inside covers of matchbooks and on the reverse sides of photocopies of identity cards.

Such shares are the talk of Marabá, a jungle town beside the Tocantins River whose population has tripled since the discovery of the nearby Serra Pelada. "Everybody here is putting his money in the Serra," said Juvenal, a middle-aged taxi driver and ex-*garimpeiro*, as his old VW Beetle labored its way over the unpaved, dust-blown streets of Marabá's new suburbs, past the fancy homes and supermarkets just built for those who had struck it rich. "I have just invested $500 of my own money to buy one percent of a small digging in Babilonia." Babilonia is the richest part of the Serra. It was there, Juvenal told me, that Marlon, who was just a common laborer, found three tons of gold. Before he started digging on the Serra, Juvenal said, Marlon had been working on a hydroelectric project, clearing jungle and laying transmission lines. Now he has 12 billion cruzeiros ($5 million) in the bank. "He bought several farms and a Coca-Cola bottling plant, built a new house, divorced his wife, got a beautiful girlfriend in São Paulo, and flies to see her in his new twin-engine plane." For his one percent of the *barranco* in Babilonia, Juvenal hopes to get one percent of the gold.

When I traveled through Amazonia in 1981, on the new paved road to Marabá from the jungle mountain of Carajás, I passed a small roadside cluster of stores and whorehouses that was called simply Kilometer 30. When I returned this year, Kilometer 30 had become a city of 60,000 people and been renamed Curionópolis, in honor of the legendary "Major Curio," who by then had become a national political figure, having earlier been elected to Congress in 1982 with the *garimpeiros*' votes.

Last May, two security guards were killed in a gunfight with *garimpeiros* trying (successfully) to block construction of a water-storage dam by a small company with a government license to mechanize its diggings in the Tapajós River basin. This is one of many conflicts that have erupted lately as the number of *garimpeiros* multiplies and the technology improves—and as more and more companies join the Brazilian gold rush on the heels of the *garimpeiros*. Unstable politically and financially, the Brazilian government cannot enforce its own mining laws in these vast jungles without sacrificing the cheap gold it buys in the *garimpos* as well as the votes provided by the *garimpeiros*. So it leaves

more and more space for confrontation between prospector and corporate man.

In his hungry and dangerous search for gold, the *garimpeiro*'s choice between digging deeper and moving on is often one of desperate urgency and not subject to the customary delays of governments and large business organizations. On the other hand, the corporate man is accustomed not only to civilized comforts in the field but also to the support of computers, satellite imagery, diamond drills, complex financial operations, heavy mining and earth-moving equipment, and fancy tools of laboratory and geophysical analysis. "It's very expensive to keep a crew in the jungle," one foreign geologist told me. "Company exploration personnel can have a 40 percent monthly turnover in the jungle. You can spend as much as $100,000 to move a small exploration camp and its equipment from one site to another nearby. Companies have such huge jungle tracts to explore, with problems of access so great, that even with satellite imagery they don't know where to begin. So company geologists often just wind up tracking the path of the *garimpeiros*."

At the same time, the *garimpeiros* haunt the company camps, trying to benefit from the use of sophisticated technology to find new diggings of their own. In recent years, they have successfully invaded and taken away the work sites of such big companies as Utah International, St. Joe Minerals, and British Petroleum/Brascan. In most cases, the *garimpeiros* skim off the richest surface deposits and then move on. But this high-grading has taken away enough gold to make many alluvial deposits uneconomical and has discouraged more foreign investment in Brazil. The mining camps most vulnerable to invasion are the surface operations mounted by Brazilian banks and construction companies, inexperienced in mining and using simple machinery, some of which defend their claims with uniformed guards using automatic weapons and police dogs. Some have even preferred to fly in all people and supplies to their camps rather than open feeder roads that might make it easier for *garimpeiros* to invade.

Mining professionals are in broad agreement on two points about the *garimpeiros*. One is that they are incomparable and perhaps indispensable prospectors for new jungle mining sites. The second is that if company sites are not protected from invasion, the enormous mineral potential of the Brazilian shield will not be developed, because capital and technology will not be available to get at the deep deposits beneath the sites that today are providing a short-term bonanza.

The *garimpeiros* have played a crucial role in Brazil's gold boom, and will have no small part in the expected expansion of production. But their importance will eventually wane. In the past, nearly all gold rushes were short-lived. They were quickly followed by the entry of companies that were able to mobilize capital and technology to mine ore in larger volume but of much lower grade than in the deposits at or near the surface, which had been rapidly exhausted by crowds of small prospectors. (In Brazil today, for instance, the major South African mining houses are investing hundreds of millions of dollars in deepening the eighteenth-century colonial mines of the back country.)

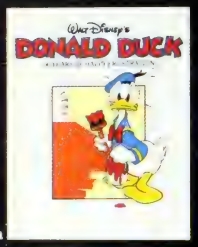
Brazil's Ministry of Mines and Energy claims that the country's gold reserves may be as large as South Africa's. These estimates are thought to be wildly exaggerated, but independent industry sources do believe that Brazil may be producing 125 metric tons of gold annually by 1990. (Last year, South Africa produced about 680 metric tons.)

No one seems to doubt that there is much more gold beneath the jungle than can be skimmed off by the *garimpeiros*. To get at these greater riches, and to provide for a much more stable settlement of Amazonia, some kind of political formula must be found to allow both *garimpeiros* and mining companies to work effectively. Otherwise, Brazil will again be plagued by the same technological backwardness that curtailed its eighteenth-century gold rush. One of the few foreign engineers who witnessed this deterioration was Wilhelm Ludwig von Eschwege, a graduate of the renowned Freiburg school of mining that produced the engineers who developed the Comstock Lode and other great mines of the American West. In the early nineteenth century he observed in despair: "The ambition and lack of experience of the government, combined with its ignorance of a badly organized and almost unpopulated country, generated many wrong laws that caused the rapid ruin of this important source of income for the State."

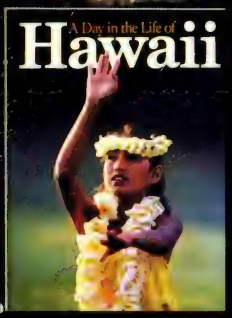
Mismanagement on this scale could happen again. Whether or not it does occur depends on how well Brazilians meet the legitimate needs of capital and raw hunger. Fortunately, these demands are not irreconcilable. There is no inevitability to conflict between big mining companies and the clandestine capitalism of the *garimpeiros*. Much of Japan's economic development over the past century has come from cooperation between large firms and tiny, informally constituted economic units. This kind of cooperation can come only under a clearly defined institutional framework. Brazil's ability to develop this framework may be a key to its own future stability and growth, as well as to the future role of gold in the world economy. ■

In recent years, garimpeiros *have invaded and taken away the work sites of several big mining companies. Claims are being defended with dogs and guns*

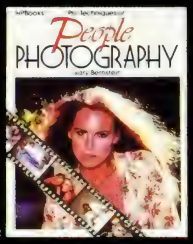
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TWILIGHT OF THE TENURED COMPOSER

The new music and its public

By Richard Sennett

Suddenly, in the last two or three years, a group of young composers has found a way to engage the public with serious music. The audiences are, indeed, deadly serious themselves: they behave as if performances of this music were as important as premieres of Stravinsky's work in Paris during the era of the Ballets Russes. The new composers may not draw the crowds today's rock stars do, but their listeners are not a tiny coterie—concerts of the new music do sell out, in European as well as American concert halls. In New York, the scenes for this new music are the Brooklyn Academy of Music and the tawdry Symphony Space, housed in an old movie theater on Manhattan's Upper West Side—both venues attracting crowds that are young, louche-chic, and avid, often remaining absolutely still for pieces that run eighty minutes without a break.

The music that exerts this almost hypnotic power over them has been given many names; as usual, the art doesn't fit neatly under any label. But all this music shares a rejection of certain shibboleths of the old—that is, high-modernist—musical avant-garde. Some of this new music is tonal, conservative—Mahler could have listened to it without surprise. He would probably have listened with pleasure to the American composer David Del Tredici, whose obsession with the *Alice in Wonderland* story has produced such works as *The Final Alice* (1976), recently recorded by Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony—a lush, lyrical piece that composers of the previous generation would have found too embarrassingly "emotional." In England, a composer of similarly traditional musical tastes, Michael Berkeley, has worked with writer Ian McEwan to produce an oratorio, of all things, called *Or Shall We Die?* (1983)—a moving piece on the subject of nuclear war that played in London to an ecstatic, packed house.

Richard Sennett is the author most recently of An Evening of Brahms, *a novel.*

The new connection between composer and public is not simply a joint retreat into the past. Composers totally different from Del Tredici or Berkeley, writing austere, complicated music that Mahler could have made no sense of, are also reaching a wide, enthusiastic audience. Two such composers are Steve Reich and Philip Glass, both once referred to as "New York minimalists," since they use the simplest of musical materials, combined and recombined in intricate ways. Their work has also been called "the higher disco," since it can have a similar visceral effect on its listeners. But neither the pairing nor the labels have continued to make sense as these artists have developed. What Glass and Reich do continue to share is a capacity to arouse audiences through very demanding work; and, like the traditionalists at the other end of the spectrum, their work is well recorded and widely sold.

In its spring new-music festival of 1983, the New York Philharmonic toyed with giving the new spirit official certification. The festival was titled "A New Romanticism?" and included works by Del Tredici, Peter Maxwell-Davies, and Barbara Kolb. The title was meant to suggest not that the new music sounded at all like Chopin, but that an emotional relationship between composer and listener, like that between the Romantic artist and his audience, might have again appeared. By the spring of 1984, the Philharmonic had decided. This year's festival was simply, emphatically called "The New Romanticism."

And yet, I very much doubt that it is possible today to regain that electric, traumatic, almost hysterical connection between composer and

modernist composer, music-as-text meant a new security, the warmth of Mme. Verdurin's salon

public that existed between Chopin or Liszt and his audience. Of course, we can never—nor should we want to—repeat the culture of the past. My doubt lies elsewhere. I wonder whether the public for all this new music is really hearing what the composers are wanting it to hear—or if it is hearing this music merely as an extension of the musical syrup pouring out of the radio every day and the discos every night.

Before the advent of this New Romanticism, the relationship between composer and public had come to be marked by mutual incomprehension and contempt. The truth is that the high-modernist heirs of Schönberg—the avant-garde composers of the 1940s, 1950s, and 1960s—inflicted this wound upon themselves. They forgot, or chose to forget, that music is a performing art. There were in the past composers—Schubert, for instance—who were largely ignored by the public, but these composers always struggled to be played. There can be no splendid isolation in music; no composer can honestly declare, as some poets and painters do, that making art is enough. During the early days of musical modernism, both Schönberg and Stravinsky fully acknowledged this fact. Their high-modernist heirs, however, developed a different attitude toward performance, based on a new idea of what music is all about.

By the end of the Second World War, composers were putting ideas down on paper, and the ideas were staying there. Musical notation was no longer a means to an end, the directions a composer gave to a player; it was now an end in itself. This change in attitude came about in part because of advances in electronics; Edgard Varèse could, in works like his 1958 *Poème électronique*, create sounds on tape that no musician with a traditional instrument could ever make. The tape was at once the composer's score and the only possible performance. The change also reflected the influence of Dadaism on music; beginning in the 1950s, John Cage wrote music that provided directions as to when, say, a performer should sip champagne in the course of playing his part—playful irony meant to question the traditional notion of performing well or correctly. Finally, twelve-tone music, written after the Second World War, was so intricate that composers like Charles Wuorinen seemed engaged as much in creating a new form of *printing* as in inventing new sounds. Thus the most advanced composition moved ever closer to literature. "A day will come," a serial composer once remarked to me, "when we will think of *reading* new music rather than hearing it."

This change in the conception of composition had great psychological advantages for the composer: it did away with the risks of taking performing seriously and with the humiliation of witnessing people coughing and squirming in boredom. Music-as-text meant a new security, the warmth of Mme. Verdurin's salon. By the 1960s, academia was providing physical manifestations of this salon: departmental colloquia, composers' symposiums at academic congresses. To be a professor of composition removed much of the risk in being avant-garde. The high-modernist composer avoided the sufferings of Schönberg, Bartók, and Varèse. *Poète maudit* he was—and in middle age may still be, to himself and his psychiatrist, pets, and colleagues—and he could also pay the bills. These tenured professors of musical art can still be found instructing advanced graduate students who hope someday to become tenured composers themselves. The reputation they have for writing difficult, inaccessible music often helps them gain esteem among their nonmusical colleagues. Worldly deprivation, in other words, is no longer the price one pays for being misunderstood.

The emergence of the university as the primary patron of and shelter for the artist, a transformation that occurred in America, Great Britain, and, to a lesser degree, the rest of Western Europe after the Second World War, profoundly changed the conditions under which artistic experimentation occurred. This was true not only in music but also in dance and theater, as well as in literature and the visual arts. It represented a new stage in the social history of art: the artist was protected from the stupidity, the desire for pleasure, tears, and amusement, the wavering attention and sudden, unpredictable enthusiasms of an audience—which is no more and no less than a spoiled mixture of humanity itself. In 1958 the composer Milton Babbitt wrote an article for *High Fidelity* that the magazine decided to call "Who Cares If You Listen?" The title was an apt, unvarnished description of the mentality of tenured art: the artist should be thought of as a researcher, and his listeners, if any, should feel the same thrill that people at a dinner party feel when an honored guest deigns to explain what earned him the Nobel Prize in physics.

If the artist without an audience had prospered as an artist, or if the lack of a public had made no difference to the substance of his work, there would be nothing more to say. Hunger and anxiety are indeed painful spurs to the creative drive; one might have expected the artist, now freed of financial care and the pressures of public approval, to cut loose, to take risks, to grow. In music, however, nothing of the sort happened. Security brought about a new kind

of provincialism, the provincialism of the college town.

Tenured composers closed the door on the outside world. In his book *The Agony of Modern Music*, Henry Pleasants said that "serious" modern music must maintain a vital connection to jazz and popular folk art, but the tenured composer found Harlem too remote from the cool lawns and mellow brick buildings of the campus. Virgil Thomson challenged the stereotypes that began to emerge in much of the music of the Age of Tenure: the predictable abruptness of phrase endings, the avoidance of clear rhythmic repetition, and the absolute fear of writing consonance. But the professors knew Thomson wrote tonal music, and so they casually dismissed his calls for expressiveness as little more than sour grapes at being left behind.

This was a unique moment in the history of provincialism, if there is such a history: artists indifferent to the complexity possible in their art because they were in the avant-garde. This defensive avant-gardism showed up in music as a series of prohibitions; and since one knew what was forbidden—sensual sound ("cheap"), repeated rhythm ("commercial"), tonality ("outdated")—one was seldom surprised by the experiments heard in the music. And so avant-garde became predictable. It was a logical turn of events, once the campus salon replaced the music hall.

The tenured avant-garde was ambushed by the late 1960s—by composers who had never taken a composition course, such as Ornette Coleman; by those who didn't teach, such as La Monte Young; and by those who'd dropped out, such as Philip Glass. These challenges were in a way inevitable, given the spirit of the time.

There was the impact of the East on serious music, which was something much more than the instant Buddhism of the dropouts. To learn to play the tabla (an Indian drum), for example, Western musicians had to forget everything they had learned about how the ear controls the movements of the wrist and forearm. In the late 1960s, Philip Glass began submitting himself to this discipline; he studied in New York with tabla player Allah Rakha and began to travel frequently to India. Frederic Rzewski learned the harmonic intricacies of Javanese phrasing and performance. Through these journeys east, musicians discovered not only new rhythms and sounds but the jazz and popular roots of their own musical culture. There's a marvelous piece by Rzewski called *Les Moutons de Panurge* (1969) that sounds like Count Basie playing the gamelan, and the style Glass evolved after working with Allah Rakha is—if it can be said to resemble anyone else's concept of how to compose music—in the American iconoclastic vein of Charles Ives.

Composers turned not only to the East but to politics. Steve Reich's *Come Out* (1966) uses part of a recorded statement (a five-word phrase) by a black who was hurt in a scuffle with police; the phrase of the injured man is made, through tape looping, to serve as an aria upon which the composer builds a set of electronically generated sound variations. Frederic Rzewski wrote similarly politically inspired music; his *Coming Together* (1972) uses the words of a prisoner as a kind of dirge, repeated over and over.

It was the newfound concern for The People that did most to topple tenured music. By the late 1960s, Rzewski and the German composer Hans Werner Henze had become convinced—and were beginning to convince others—that music could speak to the masses only by abandoning the traditions of the academic avant-garde. Henze in particular, through his writings (collected in his 1976 *Musik und Politik*) and his numerous speeches, succeeded in putting the cat among the pigeons. Even though most musicians didn't buy Henze's political analysis (*the hegemony of the bourgeoisie exerts an imperialistic control over the production of new music . . .*), his focus and passion got many musicians thinking about the composer's relation to the audience as a *musical* question. Living music had to connect.

Communication was no longer a dirty word in describing an artist's relation to an audience. Indeed, the 1960s made a kind of moral imperative of communication. Yet the problem remained as to how this desire for communication could be satisfied, and whether it was the composer who could solve it—bridge the gap. For communication means not only that an artist reaches out to the audience, but that those listening to the art in turn reach back—that they, too, give something. This is exactly where the nineteenth-century Romantics stumbled in their dealings with the public: What has that flawed mass of humanity called the public to give an artist?

In the nineteenth century, problems in communication arose because of the moral expectations the bourgeoisie had of art. Art, it was held, could refine taste, could remove one from the sordid world of small-mindedness and material striving. The Romantic musicians struggled constantly against these restraints of "good taste." One way they did so was by performing music as a form of theater. In 1839, writing to his mistress about his new invention, the solo piano recital, Franz Liszt proclaimed, "I have ventured to give a series of concerts all by myself, affecting the Louis XIV style and saying

Communication was no longer a dirty word in describing a composer's relation to an audience. Indeed, the 1960s made of communication a kind of moral imperative

Listen to the score for Einstein on the Beach *and the harmonies begin to shift subtly, the rhythms become more elaborate. The ear that began by resisting finally surrenders*

cavalierly to the public, 'The concert is—myself.'" In his early performances, when he was at his most excessive, Liszt would visibly tremble under the spirit-shaking impact his own genius was having upon him as he played. His listeners returned the compliment with frequent little cries of ecstasy; occasionally, as a popular phrase of the 1830s put it, they "swooned away." Even such Romantics as Chopin, who disdained these excesses, understood them: music existed only when the inkblots of the score were, through performance, brought to life.

Along with this emphasis on the concert, the Romantic era witnessed a new and larger music public. By 1842, when the Vienna Philharmonic gave its first concert, all major concert organizations in Europe were selling tickets to anyone who had the money to buy them. The age of the concert controlled by aristocratic patrons was over, even in the Dual Monarchy of the Hapsburgs. The artist was no longer restrained, and the public was no longer refined. The concert hall provided the audience with a safe zone in which to experience intense, erotically charged feelings that would have been considered improper, if not obscene, in the home. And in these concert halls the musician, no longer bowing and scraping to a count or duke for payment, was free: he *would* arouse this public. The more he could excite them, thrill them, the more of them there would be (and the more money he could demand for a ticket). Something more, however, was involved in this exchange than just eros on one side and economics on the other. Berlioz and the young Wagner, who believed themselves misunderstood, found in provocation a way to break through to their listeners: inspired, highly charged performances would shock their listeners into really hearing. This is the musical side of what the critic Walter Benjamin conceived to be the dominant mode of communication in all the arts of the nineteenth century: the aesthetic of shock.

One of the most intriguing aspects of the New Romanticism is the very different use now being made of performance-as-theater to establish a bond with the audience. It is very important to understand the climate in which the New Romantics emerged—a climate very different from that which spawned the nineteenth-century Romantics. In the late 1960s, "good taste" was no longer an issue; if anything, it was a joke. And the bourgeois culture evoked in *Buddenbrooks* was just that—some strange form of antediluvian life you read about in books, if you read at all, not a reflection of real life. For the chief forms of communication—the ways in which most artists were connecting with their public—were those of mass-media culture: records, movies, radio, and television.

And so it is that in the Romanticism of our time, "pure" music—the solo sonata, the string quartet, the symphonic piece—is no longer the form in which the composer shows what he can really do. To get the public to really hear now, the composer has to use everything and anything at his disposal—dancers, slides, film projections, lights, and more—to arouse. No New Romantic work contrasts more sharply with those of the nineteenth-century Romantics than Philip Glass's *Einstein on the Beach*, which had its American premiere at the Metropolitan Opera in 1976 and is being restaged this month at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Glass collaborated with director Robert Wilson and choreographer-dancer Lucinda Childs to produce a piece that might be considered an opera, a violin concerto with dancers obbligato, or a ballet in which the violin soloist, the chorus, and the instrumental players are all choreographed. The piece is divided into four acts, each surrounded by what Glass calls knee-plays, formerly known to you as preludes, interludes, and postludes. The violinist is dressed as Albert Einstein; he appears in both the knee-plays and the acts. The "action" of the acts is the evocation by the cast of certain images: a train, a trial. There is a huge spaceship with flashing lights near the end of the performance. The libretto in each act is a deliberately banal text containing, of course, no plot.

Described thus, *Einstein on the Beach* would seem to have all the cliché elements of collage and discontinuity, the requisite display of self-consciousness, to qualify as a work of high modernism, antipodal to a great Romantic epic, such as Berlioz's *Les Troyens*. But the peculiar passion Glass evokes in his music lifts this piece out of the realm of the merely arty. This music, like the dancing of Lucinda Childs, has been called minimalist, the term seeming to indicate bare art—and barely a hint of passion. Minimalist music sounds at first like a broken record, a chord progression or melodic fragment repeated over and over in a fixed rhythm. But listen to the Glass score for *Einstein on the Beach* long enough and the harmonies begin to shift subtly, the rhythms to become more elaborate. The ear that began by resisting the repetitions finally surrenders. The listener enters a kind of trance state, within which it becomes easier to hear those changes in harmony, melody, and rhythm. This is the Eastern, mystical root of minimalism: the music, stripped of all conventional action and drama, endlessly battering against one's threshold of boredom, induces finally a meditative suspension in the listener, and he attains a new level of musical awareness.

Glass's audience includes no swooning ladies. The reaction is more along the lines of a Zen glow. In terms of sheer compositional technique, Glass succeeds here brilliantly.

It is rare, of course, that a great work is parent to a large family of other great works. But what is so striking about minimalism is how particularly fragile it is—how easily its techniques can be misused and abused. Minimalist composition can be reduced to a recipe. Here's the basic minimalist soufflé, as prepared by David Cope in his textbook *New Music Composition*:

> Compose a work of three-measure duration for solo piano. The materials should be polytonal in nature. Add a repeat sign with no less than one hundred repetitions notated. Perform the work at the composer-indicated tempo. Shift performers (spell them) if necessary. Do not consciously vary any aspect of the written material.

It's that simple. And hundreds of young composers today are following such directions. It's a plague, rather than a form of flattery, because audiences seem to respond to the work of Glass's imitators as though it were important—they appear to be every bit as moved by work that does not "consciously vary" at all, as Cope would have it, as they are by Glass's intricate structures.

If, using the techniques of repetitive accumulation, Philip Glass has created great art and his followers something closer to Oriental kitsch, what disposes the audience to respond with equal fervor to both? Why does repetition elicit such a feeling of communion between the artist and his audience today? "Although I don't want to be derogatory," Pierre Boulez, the modernist composer and conductor, said in a recent interview, clearly meaning to be, "I think today's type of minimalist and repetitive music appeals to an extremely primitive perception. . . . If an audience wants to get high with this kind of music . . . that's OK with me. But I don't consider that a very high level of enjoyment."

Boulez states the problem exactly but doesn't explain it. The audience for the new music is seeking release and meditative transcendence, and getting as stoned on schlock as on great art. One might say, as the avant-garde composers did, that the public is inherently unworthy. But whether or not that is true, the question remains: Why does the audience seek this music?

The answer I have come up with owes much to a seventeen-year-old, prematurely knowing relative. I took him to the Brooklyn Academy last year to a performance of another Philip Glass work, *The Photographer*, a mixed-media piece based on the life, and organized around the photographs, of the nineteenth-century photographer Eadweard Muybridge. The Brooklyn Academy was, as ever, packed with the reverent louche-chic. My young informant effortlessly explained it all to me as we waited for a taxi to take us back to Manhattan. "It's very simple," he said. "This is what television should be."

Maybe it is that simple. Certainly the mass media have prepared people for this new aesthetic. Radio and television programs are constantly being interrupted—by advertisements, station breaks, and filler. Interruption has its own logic, one that writers of TV scripts have to study carefully. The story that gets cut into pieces by commercial breaks cannot be so powerful in any one segment that the viewer will be furious when the break comes—an angry viewer is not a receptive buyer. A rhythm of content is established by the people who contrive mass entertainment: the "show" is broken into regular short segments, each of which terminates at a point at which the viewer (or listener) wants to see (or hear) more but isn't so overwhelmingly engaged as to resent the break. This is why so many mystery shows on TV begin by showing the culprit committing the crime—if you didn't immediately know who did it, your mounting sense of anxiety (the "suspense") might get you too involved in the story.

The breaks work in a similar and complementary way. The message of an advertisement must be just a little too complex to sink in completely in a single viewing or listening, for it will be repeated over and over again. This very familiarity is what makes the advertisements mesh so smoothly with the show they break apart; the ads thus become a point of stability, of continuity, amid so many pieces of chopped-up "program." Not that the program can be *too* chopped up. The show must resume in such a way that the viewer can pick up the thread, and will remain tuned in.

In saying that the mass media in this way have prepared a new generation to enjoy new music, I do not mean to say that the music is simply a phosphorescent reflection. Other aspects of our aural culture emphasize repetition and trance also: discos, for instance, which are places where the whole point is to dance on a carpet of sound, the dancing itself not discrete and shaped, as was eighteenth-century quadrille, but flowing and simple, the dancers putting their bodies through repetitive movements until overcome by exhaustion. And the allusive connection that has been drawn between drugs and minimalist art, while idiotic if used to characterize the sensibilities of the artists at work, is perhaps useful in explaining the audience's response.

People in the music business call a successful

The audience for the new music is seeking release and meditative transcendence, and getting as stoned on schlock as on great art

serious music what popular culture is failing to give them

artist like Glass a "crossover" phenomenon, a lucky artist who has caught the fancy of a new and wider audience. But in fact mass culture prepared people to cross over to *him*. That crossover might explain why the vulgar are as easily embraced as the first-rate—why Glass clones are making it too. Mass culture might make an audience ready and willing to surrender, but it also renders it sadly unable to make any further distinctions.

Before the nineteenth century the distance between high and low culture reflected the lines of social privilege. Marie Antoinette enjoyed singing the ditties of dairy maids as she sat in her miniature cowshed—but only as a diversion. One way in which the political upheavals that launched the modern era were reflected in the music of that time was through the incorporation into serious music of the songs and airs of the masses. The Romantic composers of the nineteenth century, especially Brahms and Mendelssohn, often used folk themes as material for even the most demanding compositions; the Scotch tune that opens Brahms's op. 117 Piano Intermezzi is no charming "quote," but a dark, brooding theme that the composer explores, gets inside.

Minimalism draws not so much on the folk art of our day as on what could be called the folk art of *listening*. The new music connects to how people hear. This connection is as political as the nineteenth-century highbrow–folk link. The great Romantic composers believed their art could be nourished by the musical materials of ordinary people. In our century, matters may be reversed. The people seem to be seeking in high art what the ordinary instruments of communication—our popular culture—are failing to give them. Thus, art as something TV "should be."

Respite—this is what the best of the new music offers. It is perhaps a terrible sadness that the conditions of daily existence in our civilization are such that people feel compelled to "relax" by dropping into a trance, rather than by enjoying the various rhythms of their days. Pierre Boulez, who continues to defend the academic avant-garde, believes that serious art cannot and should not address this need to trance out—that the desire created by the mass media and their failures is not for an art of aesthetic engagement but for an art of neutrality, of disengagement, of switching off. The audience born into and indoctrinated by mass culture may respond to the surface sound of minimalism, Boulez would acknowledge, but they will go no further—they will not hear art.

I know that, rationally, Boulez is right. Artists are so convinced of the doctrine of redemption through art, so willing to believe that art has a magical, transforming power over others, that there exists as well the belief that an audience unsatisfied by the garbage of mass culture can begin attending concerts and be remade as human beings. Ascribing almost religious properties to art is the besetting sin, Lionel Trilling thought, of modern artists. Fourteen hours a day of canned music wiped out of the mind by hearing *Einstein on the Beach* once? The great error of high modernism, the very indulgence that permitted it to become an art with a siege mentality, was its belief that art ultimately would reform taste, would make a new listener.

Rationally, there can be no equal engagement between high and mass culture, and the artist should not in any event consider himself a savior. Yet this would be so much more persuasive an argument if the art at issue were poetry or painting. For every composer, no matter how much he reviles the public, has, in attending a concert of his own work or performing it himself, experienced the moment when suddenly a thousand people fall silent, the notes begin to sound, there is no possibility of going back: a moment of absolute engagement, of presence, which in this medium the artist cannot contrive for himself, which he owes to others. Whatever has brought his audience to the concert, he is indebted to them for being willing to listen, for giving him the chance for that moment of presence. Perhaps this is the gift, then, that the new music receives from its public. If the gulf between high art and mass culture remains, then in the renewed importance of performing, the value of all music has been reaffirmed. ■

LETTERS

Continued from page 5

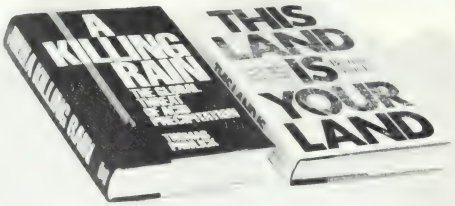
What followed was a blood bath. During the next three months, in rural Java and Bali, PKI members by the tens of thousands were seized and summarily killed. Virtually the entire party leadership and much of its rank and file were destroyed. The slaughter was carried out not by the army itself but largely by conservative Moslem peasants, often with army acquiescence, encouragement, and, on occasion, complicity.

How many were killed? John Stockwell, in the Forum, claims 800,000; most cite a figure of 500,000. No one will ever really know, because no one counted the dead. Yet there has always been a hollowness about those figures. Java is a small island; one would have expected the remains of a half-million people to have been horribly evident in the wake of the slaughter. They were not. Officers from our embassy and our consulate at Surabaya traveled throughout Java to investigate the reports of mass killings. Their conclusion was that, yes, there had been widespread killings, but there had also been widespread overreporting of numbers, most of it by village heads anxious to impress the world with how many communists they had eliminated.

There are no firm U.S. government figures, CIA or otherwise, of the number killed in 1965–66. President Sukarno, whose friends and supporters were the victims, put the total at 80,000. Probably the best estimate, derived from an informal study I requested in the late 1960s when I was deputy director of the State Department's office of intelligence and research for East Asia, is that about 100,000 died. In recent years, however, the figure of a half million has taken on a life of its own, and I expect that it is the one the history books of the future will use.

Now, what about the CIA? I believe I have seen the CIA documents Ralph McGehee alludes to in the Forum, and they do *not* show CIA involvement. I can testify that on October 1, 1965, the CIA didn't even know who Suharto was. Where in all this turmoil could there have

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SOLUTION TO THE NOVEMBER PUZZLE

NOTES FOR "PLAIN PUZZLE"

ACROSS: 1. USURPS, anagram; 5. PRO L(I)X; 9. NICE-NELLYISM, anagram; 10. TRUDEAU, homophone; 11. REGNA, reversal. 13. B.A.-L-MORALS; 14. AA-RON; 16. B-OT TOM, reversal; 18. WH(IN-CH)AT; 21. SAG UAROS(anagram); 22. DI-ADEM(anagram). 23. DR(E.G.)S; 24. BI(LLAB-ON)G, reversal of NO BALL; 27. OAKUM, homophone; 28. RI FLING, two meanings; 29. WHIG-MALE-E.R I.E.; 30. L(ONE)LY; 31. STROPS, reversal. DOWN: 1. UNTHAWED, anagram; 2. SIR RAH-S, reversal; 3. REDBONE, anagram; 4. SEAL, two meanings; 5. P...-LUMBAGO; 6. (m)OYER(s); 7. LIGATURES, anagram; 8. X M.A.S; 11. ROOT, two meanings; 12. GRIMALKIN, anagram; 15. CHAMBRAY, homophone. 17. MAS(SAGE)S; 19. G-ARGLE(anagram)-R. 20. POGONIP, anagram; 21. SEAM, homophone; 24. BOWL, two meanings; 25. LUGE, anagram; 26. (r)OILS.

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SOLUTION TO NOVEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 23): If you are hidebound with prejudice, you can go through the wards of a hospital and be as ignorant of man at the end as you were at the beginning. If you want to get any benefit from such an experience you must have an open mind and an interest in human beings. —(W.) Somerset Maugham: *The Summing Up*

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 24, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the January issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 22 (October) are Bernard Seekler, Great Neck, New York; Susanna Smith, Bradenton, Florida; and Barbara J. Warner, Spring Valley, California.

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been a role for the CIA? Does McGehee believe that the spooks precipitated the original coup, the one that killed the generals? Or was it really the CIA that marched into Jakarta with General Suharto? Or, more deviously, was it the CIA that instructed the army to encourage the peasants to kill the PKI members?

The unfortunate thing in all this is that McGehee and Stockwell, in charging the CIA with an operation in Indonesia in which it had no part, ignore an earlier one that should serve as a prime example of the futility of such operations. Seven years before the 1965 upheaval, in 1958, the CIA made a covert attempt to overthrow Sukarno's government by force. It provided arms to dissident regional military leaders in the outer islands, induced them to form a rival government, and even gave them a small air force, manned by American pilots. The CIA-backed dissidents, however, were quickly routed by government forces, and the movement collapsed. The final chapter in the fiasco was the capture of a CIA pilot, shot down while flying for the rebels, who was released by Sukarno a few years later at President John F. Kennedy's personal request.

In trying to figure out why McGehee and Stockwell ignored this disastrously botched operation and resorted instead to the canard about CIA involvement in the 1965 upheaval, I can only guess that they must have their dates mixed up. You'll have to do better than that, gentlemen!

Edward C. Ingraham
Bethesda, Md.

Edward C. Ingraham was Indonesian desk officer at the State Department from 1962 to 1965 and the department's deputy director of intelligence and research for East Asia from 1969 to 1971.

Ralph McGehee replies:

I am in the unenviable position of denying accusations by B. Hugh Tovar and Edward Ingraham—in addition to accusations made at the Forum by former CIA director William Colby—that I am uninformed, mistaken, or lying about the CIA's role in Indonesia. At the same time, the CIA and the courts prohibit me, under claims of protecting national security, from telling what I know. (I was required, as are all CIA employees, to sign a secrecy agreement upon joining the agency. This agreement orders, among other things, that I submit all my writings, including this letter, to the agency's Publications Review Board, which is empowered to censor classified material.) To the degree permitted, I offer the following:

I agree with Ingraham's assessment of the political situation in Indonesia prior to the events of September and October 1965. Now, as to the matter of the study Tovar says does not exist: From 1973 through early 1977 I was the CIA's East Asia division representative to the International Communism Branch (ICB). My duties included custodianship of studies prepared by the ICB that examined communist strengths and weaknesses and described CIA operations against various communist parties. Its study about the agency's operation in Indonesia in 1965 was so heinously fascinating that I read it many times. It boastfully outlined how a simple covert action had been decisive in destroying the PKI. This study, as is true of the vast majority of operational documents, probably was not circulated outside the Directorate of Operations, and would certainly not have gone to Ingraham at the State Department.

Tovar cites an agency study, *Indonesia—1965, The Coup That Backfired*, produced by the CIA, and claims it gives a balanced account. This study, he says, was released through action by the Library of Congress. The strained account in that document is about as accurate as a State Department white paper or a covert CIA ploy. Its rapid progress from internal CIA study to official release suggests an assist by the covert-action staff. Beyond this, Tovar's mention of *Indonesia—1965* intrigues me. I believed that this study was a companion piece to the operational study. I assumed both had been written by ICB, since their binding, print, and publication dates were all similar except that the operational

study claimed to present the real facts. Tovar acknowledges knowing about one volume, including the details of its release; it seems unlikely he would not know about its companion volume.

Ingraham suggests that John Stockwell and I confuse the CIA's 1958 operation with the events of 1965. He is apparently unaware that I wrote an article for the *Nation* ("Foreign Policy by Forgery," April 11, 1981) in which I discussed both the failed 1958 CIA-backed military uprising and the 1965 operation. The CIA, always willing to shoot itself in the foot, censored that article, deleting the adjective I used to describe the 1965 operation and other specific operational details. Although this prevents me from explaining, as Ingraham asks, what exactly the CIA's "role" there was, it does imply that my account is accurate, since the CIA, by law, is prevented from deleting lies in the prepublication-review process. I filed suit to have those deletions restored, but the courts upheld the agency's claim that disclosure of the deleted material would damage national security. Obviously, someone is hiding something.

Ingraham is surprised that there are no firm U.S. government figures on the number of people killed in Indonesia. Would he be surprised to learn that the CIA is not keeping count of the number of Central Americans being killed today as a result of its operations there? I refer him to Amnesty International's 1977 yearbook, which states: "At that time [Indonesia, 1965–66], as the military took over . . . vast numbers of people were taken prisoner. Of these more than half a million were killed. This figure was quoted in October 1976 by the head of the Indonesian State Security."

Tovar's career in the CIA focused on covert operations, a major part of which is the art of lying. His last assignment was as chief of the covert-action staff. [One sentence deleted.]* I understand his desire not to be branded as the overseer of events that culminated in the deaths of so many

*Deletion by the CIA's Publications Review Board.

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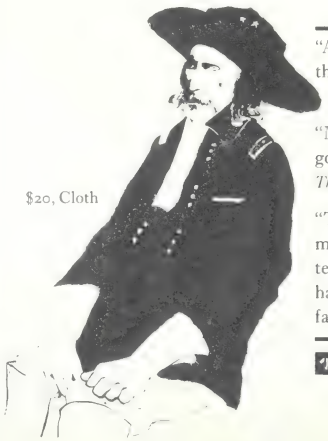
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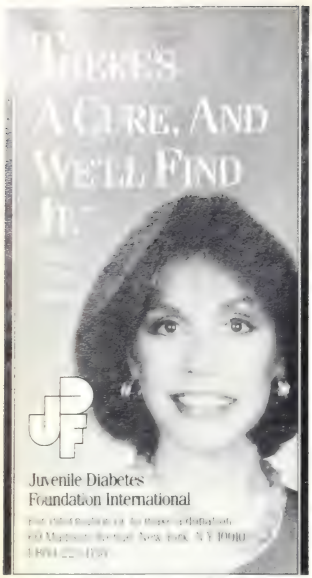
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people. However, the CIA's role is clear. Hugh Tovar knows it, William Colby knows it, and I know it. Now Tovar, Colby—and the CIA?—are trying to stuff this horrible genie back in the bottle. It's too late, gentlemen!

John Stockwell replies:

B. Hugh Tovar's protest is not surprising. Could we expect Tovar and the CIA to admit responsibility now for an operation that contributed to the death of thousands of people? It is CIA policy to deny responsibility for *all* covert actions, despite findings published by the Senate oversight committee that show the CIA has run several thousand such operations.

The specific questions that have been raised, in *Harper's* and elsewhere, about Indonesia in 1965 are the following: before the bloodbath, did the CIA arrange to cache arms and incriminating forged documents? to publish inflammatory articles in the local press? to bribe Indonesian generals, politicians, and political activists and direct them to take provocative action? Unfortunately, current U.S. censorship laws prohibit McGehee, myself, and everyone else in this country from publishing whatever we know about this and other covert actions. It does not matter whether knowledge of these actions comes from our personal involvement in them, our reading of secret CIA reports, or our access to information that is common knowledge among CIA covert-action specialists.

As Edward Ingraham aptly points out, the Indonesian covert action of 1965 is only one of many, some of which are more thoroughly documented. The toll of the dead, maimed, raped, and traumatized in these operations must be counted in the millions, with or without Indonesia. This should be the point of our debate on covert action: Do Americans want these brutal activities, conducted by a secret branch of our government, to continue?

Four More Years

Re: Lewis H. Lapham's "Autumn sermons" [*Harpers*, October]

Permit me to fantasize a scenario for four more years of Reagan:

It has its Byzantine aspects.

Our man on horseback is going to reveal himself in his true colors as never before, having no reason to dissemble further. The Great Land Grab will get more outrageous. (Public lands and resources quietly made available to cronies of the Kitsch Cabinet, new strip-mining and offshore oil leases.)

The creeping attrition of civil liberties will continue quietly, with further narrowing of people's rights by Reaganite Supreme Court decisions and administrative fiat.

The CIA will continue its un-American activities hidden from Congress and the populace.

The military-industrial perplex, like a blind juggernaut, will steamroller more and more of the environment, with greed in the driver's seat. Industry will more than ever need armaments to keep it out of the red. (War is good business, invest your son.)

During his terminal years our hero will reassert with less and less camouflage the "will to power" in all its Teddy Roosevelt glory (harking back to another horseman). He has the cavalier arrogance of a man on horseback with gun at the ready, whirling his lasso over the heads of the pedestrians.

In his imperial will to power, he may turn out to be the greatest Roman of them all. The secret of his hair is Roman Formula, and he may well wear a toga for his final inauguration. Our dollar bills state, in Latin, "The world's great age begins anew." Patriotism is back in fashion. The Statue of Liberty is being rewired; its torch will burn red, white, and blue. Kitsch culture will reign, televised nightly. It'll be Grant Wood on the White House lawn, pitchforking jellybeans.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti
San Francisco, Calif.

Correction

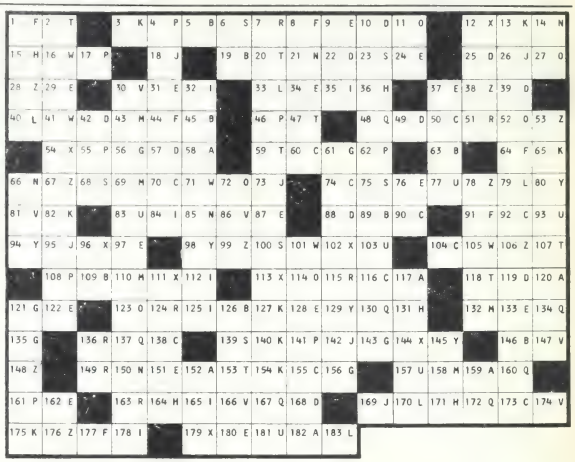
The November issue incorrectly identified Steven Levy as having written for *Personal Computing* magazine. He is a columnist for *Popular Computing*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 24

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 73.



CLUES

A. Members of the Bryophyta — 159 152 58 182 120 117

B. Solemn ecclesiastical curse — 5 19 89 146 109 126 45 63

C. Fierce Highland chief of Scott's "The Lady of the Lake" (2 wds.) — 60 92 116 173 138 104 74 50 / 90 70 155

D. "To sport with Amaryllis—" (3 wds.; Milton, "Lycidas") — 22 10 25 88 57 42 119 49 / 168 39

E. 1954 film for which Brando, Kazan, Eva Marie Saint et al. got Oscars (3 wds.) — 133 151 76 87 24 97 9 128 / 29 122 162 180 31 34 37

F. Character who appears in *Henry IV, Part 2*; *Henry V*; and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* — 64 1 91 177 44 8

G. Flaherty's Nanook, for instance — 143 156 135 121 56 61

H. Father of the centaurs, bound eternally to a flaming wheel — 171 164 15 36 131

I. Growing vigorously; economical — 35 84 112 125 165 32 178

J. Soldier of a light cavalry regiment — 95 169 73 142 18 26

K. Outpouring — 82 127 13 65 175 140 154 4

L. Young member of a family; offshoot — 183 40 33 79 150

M. Outer integument or coat of a seed — 43 110 69 132 158

N. Usual course of one's life or range of activities — 150 14 66 85 21

O. Having unpleasant smell or taste, as from decomposition — 72 114 52 123 27 11

P. Japanese admiral (1884–1943), mastermind of the Pearl Harbor attack — 4 17 141 55 62 46 108 161

Q. Cathedral city of Umbria, on the Poglia River — 134 167 172 130 160 48 137

R. Vogue; make — 136 7 149 124 51 163 115

S. What O. Nash said no McTavish ever was ("Genealogical Reflection") — 100 75 23 68 6 139

T. Open insult; indignity — 20 59 47 153 107 2 118

U. English churchman, R.C. cardinal (1801–90), a founder of the Oxford movement — 157 181 83 93 77 103

V. Crank, crab, sorehead — 30 174 166 81 86 147

W. "O my prophetic soul! My —!" says Hamlet — 41 105 16 101 71

X. A planet's farthest point in its orbit from the sun — 12 179 113 102 144 111 96 54

Y. Faux pas — 80 129 145 98 94

Z. Nerd, clod, duffer — 148 176 53 38 106 28 99 67 / 78

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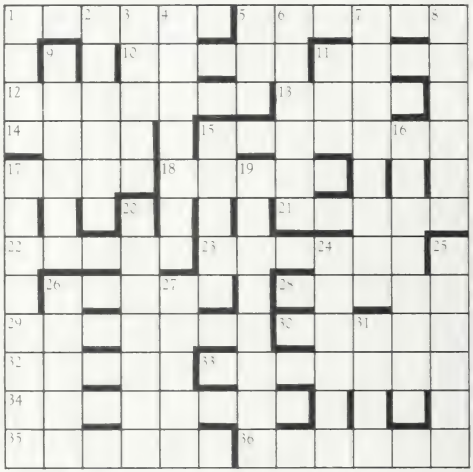
Jump Starts

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.
(with acknowledgments to Afrit of The Listener*)*

Two different words are defined in each Across clue. They are simple definitions, without any cryptic indications. One of the words fits in the appropriate place conventionally. The other defined word also fits there, but begins in a different square, continues to the end of the allotted space, then resumes at the beginning. Thus AL/PEN and PEN/AL, or L/EASE and EASE/L, would fit the requirements.

Among the dual answers to the Across clues are five proper nouns, three foreign words, and an uncommon word at 5 and 36. Down clues are the normal cryptic type; there are two proper nouns among the answers. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 73.



CLUES

Across

1. Bahamian resort with hot bathing places (6)
5. Fruit fibers (6)
10. Kind of dish? Rubbish! (5)
11. Touch on Prohibition (4)
12. Mammal in the river spring (7)
13. Ship is in trouble (4)
14. Dash part of the race course (4)
15. Particular shade (7)
17. Henry, king of the Mongols (4)
18. Unspoken word Italian has for Rome, e.g. (5)
21. Hop in Paris carrying chair (5)
22. Get hot stove (5)
23. E.g., Hamburger place for eating (6)
26. Take the car and split (5)
28. Scandinavian Spaniard? (5)
29. Look over the jelly ingredients (7)
30. Gut the joint (5)
32. Hairs of the hip bone (5)
33. Implant giving in abundance (7)
34. Ducks dive (8)
35. Go along with explorer (6)
36. Herb Swift (6)

Down

1. Famous resident of Pan-America (4)
2. Voiced sibilant on insect (6)
3. Switzerland's first vehicle of war was offensive (5)
4. Contract stipulation could make it clear (7)
5. Parrot's back in the park (3)
6. Basset, snakes, etc.? (6)
7. Work for the judge free and clear (8)
8. Cut off grape for harem master: . . . (6)
9. . . . "Master, bring up girl with a grape" (6)
11. Inside information upsets mine (3)
15. "Crest" is taking facing off denture (5)
16. Songs issue from the Chinese detective! (8)
17. Hopper in silly dance (8)
19. Revolutionary girl embraced by those people in Greek district (8)
20. Musical direction insinuates: "Drag it atonally" (7)
24. Writer of plays . . . normal plays (6)
25. Gee, we flipped over comic on the rise, a trifle (6)
26. Sandwich shops: symbol of France? Not half! (5)
27. Six-vehicle clergyman (5)
31. Alcoholic drink is said to be what could put you in your grave (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Jump Starts," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the February issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "Eight to the Bar II," are James F. Devine, Bethel Park, Pennsylvania; Kelley Hayden, Lawrence, Kansas; and Jack Scheumann, Tamarac, Florida.

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